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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JANUARY 1997

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The International Magazine for Men

January 1997

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FEATURES

12
FAST FORWARD

18
RIGHT STUFF
Last-minute gifts

25
MEN'S HEALTH & FITNESS

30
CYBERSPACE
Information on the Internet wants to be free and sleazy. By Gerard Van der Leun

33
VIEW FROM THE TOP
Essays by Emily Prager, Alan M. Dershowitz, Ben Stein, and Dr. Judy Kuriansky

38
CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST
New disclosures about the Kennedy assassination. Article by John Wallach

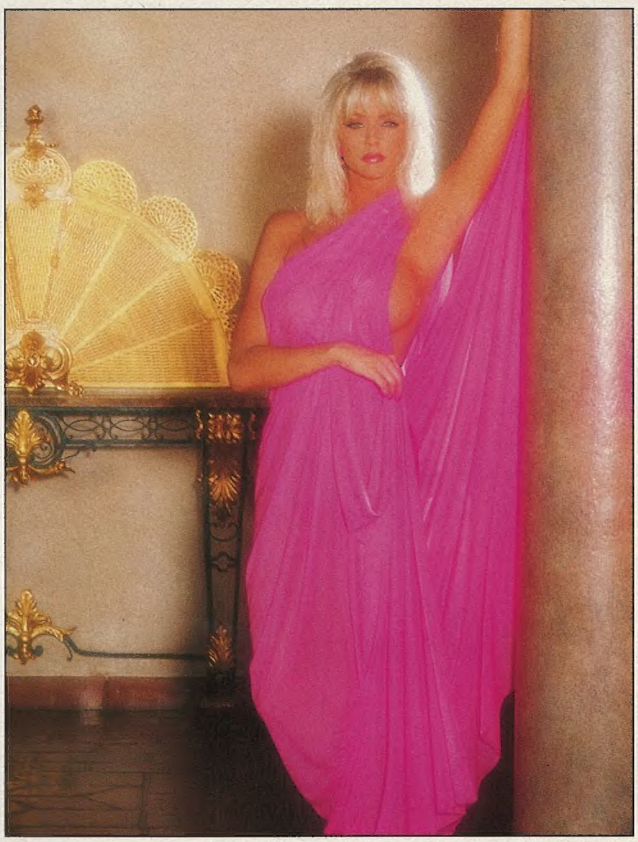
58
RODNEY DANGERFIELD
Interview by Lawrence Grobel

66
THE BIG, THE BAD, AND THE BEAUTIFUL
The girl behind the Michael Irvin–Dallas Cowboys scandal. Interview by Allan Sonnenschein; photos by Carl Wachter

78
LIGHT HER FIRE
Are cigars the new aphrodisiac? Articles by Nanette Varian and Gerard Van der Leun

165
THE MOURNING AFTER
Satire by Steve Attoe

171
BEDTIME STORIES
"Hot Sauce," by Bonnie Boxer



ON THE COVER

Pet of the Year Elizabeth Ann Hilden, photographed by Carl Wachter. Her pictorial begins on page 105.

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PICTORIALS

47
FRUIT OF THE WOMB
Digital illustrations by Jacques Froment

83
PET OF THE MONTH
Rachelle Arnott; photos by Hank Londoner

105
PET OF THE YEAR
Elizabeth Ann Hilden; photos by Carl Wachter

147
LEIGH AND JESSI
Photos by Earl Miller

DEPARTMENTS

4
HOUSECALL
6
FORUM
22
CALL ME MADAM
44
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS
56
HYPERSEX
61
O'MYGOD!
63
MUG SHOTS
77
SORAYAMA
99
MILITARY AFFAIRS
103
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE
118
PET OF THE YEAR GIFTS
124
RIBALD RIMES
144
THE JOKE MAN
174
PARTING SHOT
176
PENTHOUSE COMIX
202
X-RATED VIDEO

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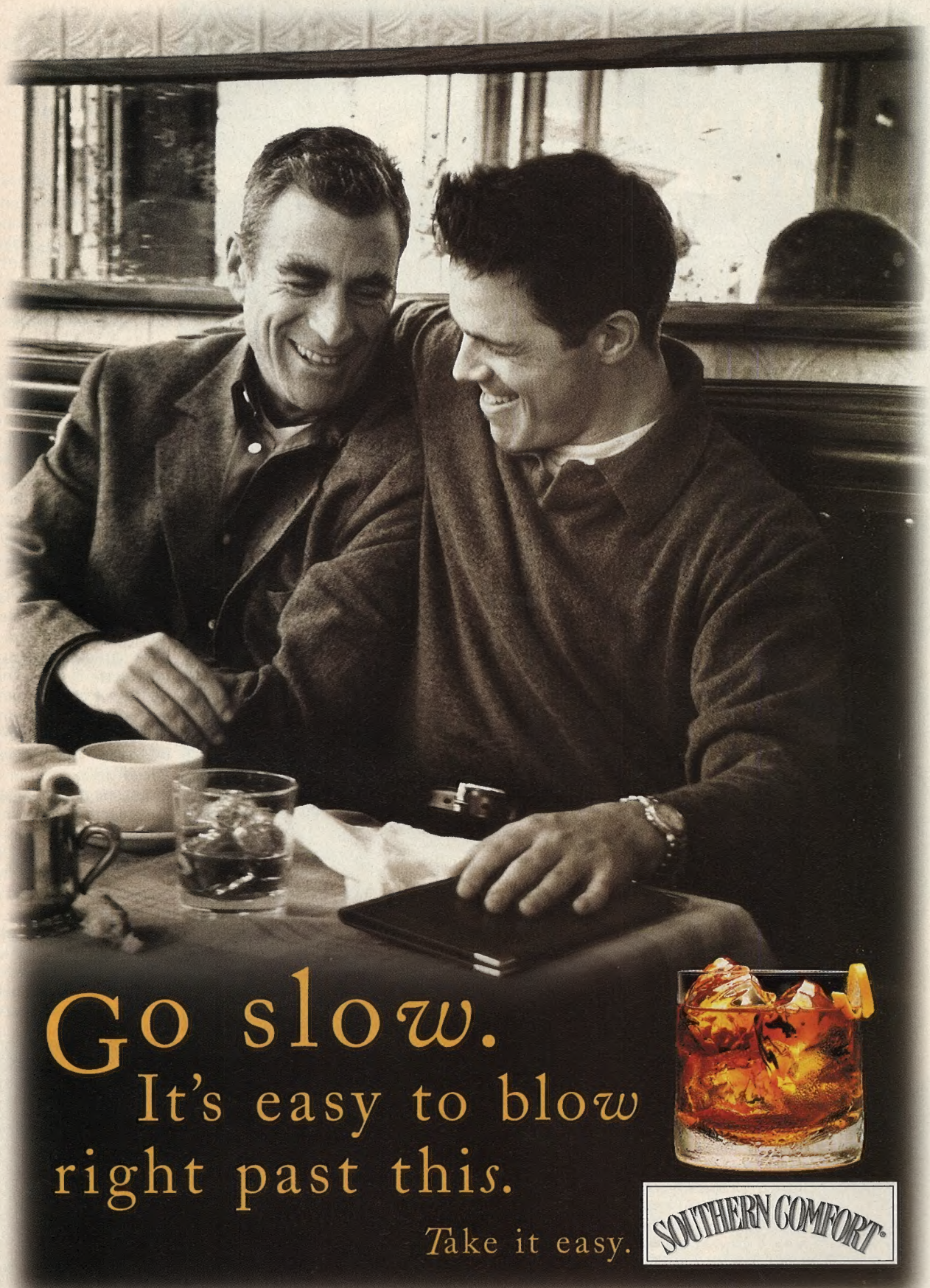

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JANUARY HOUSECALL

Ring in the new year with a good cigar and the excellent company of Rodney Dangerfield and our sensational new Pet of the Year, Elizabeth Ann Hilden.

Cowboys and Showgirls

"Just when you thought you'd heard every sex and drug story," says our Special Features Editor **Allan Sonnenschein**, "along comes one to blow your socks off." The Dallas Cowboys, the 1996 Super Bowl champs, who call themselves in all modesty "America's team," have had their share of bad publicity recently. And their winning streak certainly seems to have fizzled. But nothing is as bad as what happened last spring when all-pro wide receiver **Michael Irvin** was busted in a Dallas hotel with piles of coke and grass and two women, neither of whom could pass for Mrs. Irvin. When the case came to trial, Irvin got lucky. He pleaded no contest, and walked away a free man. The National Football League suspended him for five games. Irvin could have been even luckier when the short memories of fans allowed the event to sink into oblivion. But along came **Rachelle Smith**, a green-eyed topless dancer who shared Irvin's appetite for coke and his appreciation of sex. Sonnenschein spoke to Smith, and got the story of Michael Irvin's seamier side and of the sexual and drug-induced antics that took place off the playing field.

J.F.K. Conspiracy

The Assassination Records Review Board was created in the wake of the controversy over the **Oliver Stone** movie *JFK*. The aim was to help restore the credibility of the C.I.A., the main culprit in the Stone film. The F.B.I. has fought against the release of an enormous amount of assassination-related information, contending that making it public would compromise intelligence sources or expose information-gathering methods of the C.I.A. But this month award-winning investigative reporter **John Wallach**, making his *Penthouse* debut, tells us there are other reasons why the bureau has battled to keep this material from seeing the light. You'll find out about these new disclosures in Wallach's sensational report, "Chicken's Coming Home to Roost."

No Respect

Hear the line "I don't get no respect," and there's only one person who comes to mind—comedian **Rodney Dangerfield**. But for all the lack of respect, at 75 the veteran comedian is still one of the funniest men around, with a whole new audience of young people who were born after Rodney thought he was over the hill. He still does his act in Vegas, his Dangerfield's nightclub in Manhattan is going strong, he's got a book of his one-liners called *No Respect*, and a newly released comedy CD. His films include *Caddyshack*, *Easy Money*, and *Back to School*, one of the first comedies to gross more than $100 million—and he has a new movie about to be released called *Meet Wally Sparks*, which was the occasion for this month's interview. Writer **Lawrence Grobel** met with Dangerfield at the comedian's California condo where, sitting naked beneath a blue robe, Rodney held forth on his life and his very (miserably) successful career.

Light Her Fire

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but these days more and more women seem to be turning to cigars for comfort, camaraderie, relaxation, and, yes, even romance. As women achieve parity in the workplace, they're also learning what men have always known about cigars: that, as William Makepeace Thackeray said, a cigar is one of life's "greatest creature comforts—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amicable anodyne, a cementer of friendship." Writer **Nanette Varian** tells us that as thousands of women take the fragrant, sensuous, slow-burning leaves between their lips, the cigar has evolved into a veritable lightning rod of sexual attraction.... Speaking personally, what lights our fires are the luscious beauties who adorn our pages every month, and especially the young woman who is fortunate enough—and lovely enough—to become our Pet of the Year. In this issue we crown our newest Queen, **Elizabeth Ann Hilden**, who celebrates her victory with a wealth of fantastic gifts and prizes. And our gift to you for all your support is a hot new pictorial and a giant-size pullout poster of Elizabeth Ann in all her glory. It looks like it's going to be a great year.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

The Best of the Best

Congratulations on your best effort yet. The July issue captivated me from the moment I saw the cover. The way the fishnet-stocking girl, Emerald Heart, was looking at the camera was classic. I nominate that picture to be "Mona Lisa II." She is fabulously beautiful.

And the hottest part of the mag was the "Mummy Dearest" pictorial. The pictures on page 117 of the redhead peeing were fabulous—the best of the best. I've been a longtime fan of women peeing, and since the 25th Anniversary Issue pic from Sorayama of the beautiful brunette shooting her golden stream, I'd been eagerly waiting to see what you'd do next. *I love it.*

You will undoubtedly receive complaints, but if people don't like something they shouldn't look at it. Keep up the great work.—*S. O., Japan*

That's a Fact

I'm a big fan of "The X-Files," and when I opened the September issue I was shocked to see what you exposed to the world about aliens, fact or fiction. I think everyone should know the truth, to see if there is really life somewhere or if we are really alone on this earth. Also I want the government to tell all about the infamous Area 51. Everybody should know the truth. Everybody knows about Area 51, so the government should stop covering it up. Everybody knows that a U.F.O. crash-landed, that the government took—and probably still has—an alien and an alien spacecraft. Bob Guccione does a great job uncovering the truth in this article. My hat is off to him and to *Penthouse*. Bravo!—*M. R., Pennsylvania*

Serving Our Servicemen

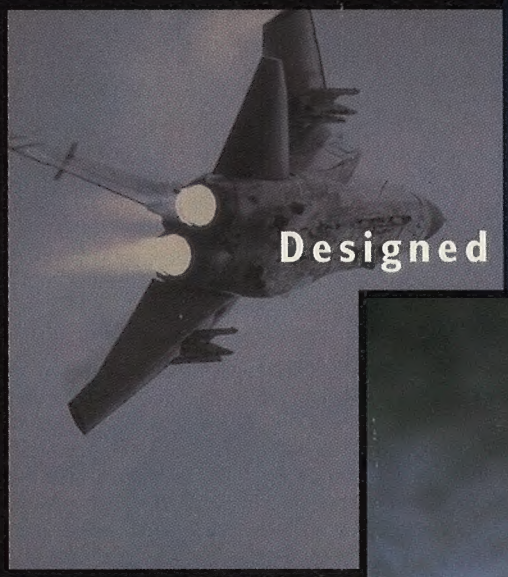
I would like to take the opportunity to commend you on your fine publication. While I have always known of your excellent articles and gorgeous women, I notice that your recent issues show more-revealing and uninhibited acts of love.

I have been into porn movies for several years, so it has always been hard for me to become aroused by a magazine. The mags I have seen always had a certain stopping point at how far the two models would go, and their activities looked very staged.

But since I've deployed to Bosnia I have seen the pictorials in your magazine go so much further. It also seems the models are having a nice time—a moist pussy doesn't lie. You have really done it for me. Beautiful people in beautiful settings, making actual contact with tongue and forefinger. It's really done a number on me. Be assured, when I get out of here I will resubscribe. Until then I'll be at the P.X. at the beginning of every month. Thanks from just one of the many soldiers who love your magazine.—*L. B., Bosnia*

Editor's note: Unfortunately, military people such as the above writer will no longer easily be able to purchase Penthouse, *thanks to a new law that bans the sale of* Penthouse *and other magazines "on property under the jurisdiction of the Department of Defense." Bob Guccione and General Media Communications, Inc., which publishes* Penthouse, *have gone to court to get the new law overturned.*

Join the *Penthouse* Internet revolution! If you haven't checked out the *Penthouse* Web site, you're missing out on one of cyberspace's hot spots. Drop by **http://www.penthousemag.com** and see what we mean. And for those of you who want more, check out the Penthouse Private Collection—the most sophisticated club on the Net. Private Collection details are available at the *Penthouse* site. For information on back issues or subscriptions, contact gmimags@generalmedia.com.



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"It is absolutely outrageous and totally unconstitutional, and they are not going to get away with it," Guccione said. "How do you put a man in uniform, teach him to kill, expose him to images of war and all sorts of inhumanity, and in the same breath tell him he is not sanctioned to buy a magazine that shows people making love?" We encourage readers to write to their elected representatives to protest this misnamed Military Honor and Decency Act.

ON TOP DOWN UNDER

I—and a large percentage of New Zealanders—cannot thank you enough for your consistently stimulating magazine. Not only is it a pleasure visually, it is also a mentally arousing fiesta. New Zealand is a fantastic country, but erotically it is somewhat "short" compared to America's open attitude toward sex and freedom of speech. It is so arousing to see your consistent high standards of pictorials and articles. Keep up the good work, and we'll be glad to stay "down under" with you on top.—Penthouse *reader*

WELCOME ADDITION

I recently saw the September *Penthouse,* which contains the work of Tony Ward. I am writing not only in appreciation of the uniqueness of Ward's work but also to express my enthusiasm for your magazine's pursuit of erotic subject matter that makes social statements. I commend *Penthouse* for exhibiting this type of controversial art, as a great many people may not otherwise have had the opportunity to view Ward's work. I enjoy the artistic nature of his photographs, and believe they make a welcome addition to your entertainment. I encourage you to continue presenting his art and art like this in future issues.—*S. L., California*

CLOSER TO GOD

It was a hot day. All morning I had been running around the house in my underwear. I had pulled a long T-shirt over my head to go out to fetch the mail, when the doorbell rang. Through the peephole I saw two handsome young men dressed in dark suits. I remembered them. Many years ago two clean-cut people from the Mormon Church tried to sell us their faith. At that time we sent them away.

This time I felt talkative. I opened the door and greeted them. Very politely they stated their business and started to launch into a sermon. I stopped them and invited them to come inside. I bade them sit down, and went for some iced tea before I let them continue. I sat opposite them and started a game of exhibitionism. I crossed and uncrossed my legs until my T-shirt had sufficiently slipped up my thighs. Subtly I let my

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Newport

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legs fall open, giving the young men a view of my panties. They noticed, and their speech faltered just a bit. I started to ask them questions about women, African-Americans, and other lower orders who were not allowed to hold office in their church.

When I got up to get some more iced tea I pulled the fabric of my panties into my pussy. When they saw me exposed, their eyes, as well as their pants, bulged. I further inquired about the past Mormon practice of bigamy. "Was there ever any equality for women?" I asked. "Don't you think I would also enjoy having more than one man?" With that I stripped off my T-shirt and said, "Do you dare to make love to me?"

The men exchanged looks, got up at the same time, and sat down on either side of me. Their hands roamed over my body. Then they got hold of my breasts and gingerly kneaded and kissed them. I could tell the two lads were very inexperienced, which got me very excited. I was the older woman about to seduce two young men.

Now I started to sermonize, saying things like: "I am so hot for you. Take off all your clothes. I want to see you naked. I want to see and feel your hard cocks. I want to kiss and suck them. I want you to play with my pussy. Will you lick my cunt? Please fuck me, fuck me hard." Progressing in that order, we eventually arrived in the bedroom. When one of them finally penetrated me, we both were so hot we climaxed within seconds. The other one entered me and finished within a few more seconds. Both of them remained erect. I had them lie down, with me in between them, my ass pointing toward their faces, and went to work on their still-glistening meat—deep-throating them, licking their balls, caressing their cleavage and anuses. Their hands were busy stroking my pussy and clit.

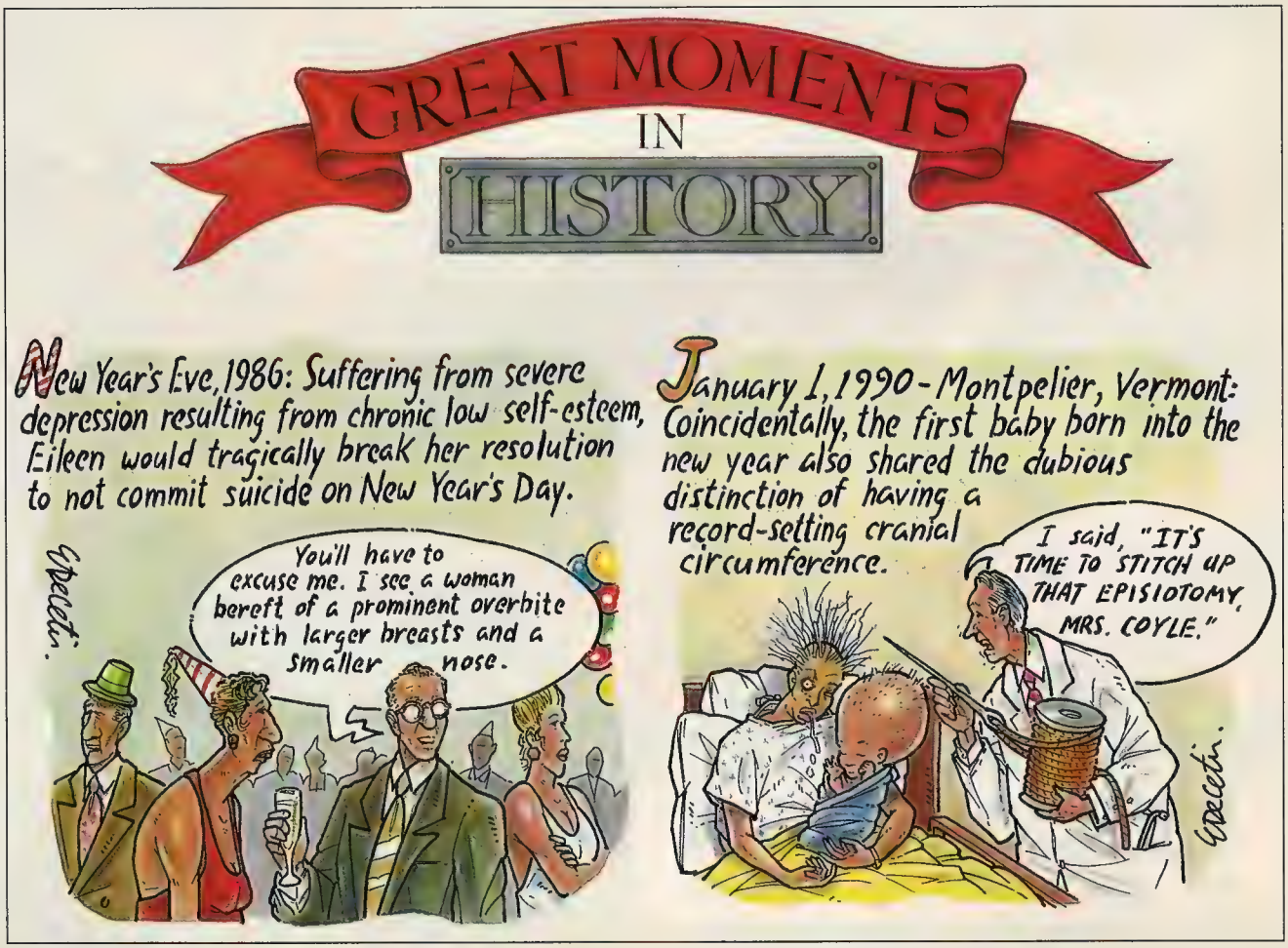
Finally I turned and lowered myself onto one pole. With one hand holding onto the other cock, I slid up and down No. 1. With the free hand I reached back and inserted a finger into his ass hole. With a loud groan he came deep inside me. At the same time the other volcano erupted and spewed white cream into the air.

The room was filled with the raunchy scent of raw sex and the emission of our fluids. I pulled the face of one man to my sex and asked him to lick and suck. Then I bettered my position. I had him lie on his back, and lowered my pussy to his face while I played with his cock and balls. I asked the other one to fuck me from behind. The pleasure was so intense that I turned my head, bit into a pillow, and screamed my oncoming orgasm into the feathers.

The men were delirious with desire. And their sexual energy did not wane until they had climaxed many more times. The bed was soaked with our juices. Our bodies were covered with them as well. In a final furious onslaught they were fucking my cunt and my mouth with such force that sweat poured and engulfed us in a salty veil of eroticism that finally ended with an exhausting last push into sexual nirvana. They thanked me profusely, dressed, and left.—*L. M., California*

BURNING THE MIDNIGHT OIL

The last client of the evening had gone and the entire suite of offices was silent. I sat at my desk, finishing my notes of the meeting. The large mahogany desk faces a fully windowed outer wall that becomes mirrorlike after dark. A muffled sound from behind alerted me, and I looked up to see a man's reflection in the window just as his hand lightly touched my shoulder. His dark eyes briefly met my gaze before he lowered his head, softly kissing the side of my velvety neck just below the earlobe. His gentle kisses tingled on my cheek and down along my jawline. His strong hand softly played across my eager chest until he reached my waiting breast.


GREAT MOMENTS
IN
HISTORY
New Year's Eve, 1986: Suffering from severe depression resulting from chronic low self-esteem, Eileen would tragically break her resolution to not commit suicide on New Year's Day.
You'll have to excuse me. I see a woman bereft of a prominent overbite with larger breasts and a smaller nose.
Gerecki
January 1, 1990 - Montpelier, Vermont: Coincidentally, the first baby born into the new year also shared the dubious distinction of having a record-setting cranial circumference.
I said, "IT'S TIME TO STITCH UP THAT EPISIOTOMY, MRS. COYLE."
Gerecki

Taking me by the hand, he lay down on the plush carpeted floor, pulling me down with him. Lying on his back, he swiftly unbuttoned his fly and slid his pants down around his slender hips. Lifting my flowing skirt, I straddled his hot throbbing cock, my long trim legs tucked slightly under his hips to lift him even closer to my craving cunt. My long golden hair fell over his eyes as his hands slid easily under my sweater. He squeezed and pulled my erect nipples, tenderly, but a little roughly.

My wet pussy throbbed with each squeeze of his strong hands. His hips moved slowly at first, stopping occasionally to savor our exquisite sensitivity. Impatient, I soon took the control afforded me by my superior position and, pulling his hips higher with my ankles, sat full back, burying his cock deep within me. We came instantly in unison as I cried out his name. With his powerful hands on my back, he tenderly pulled me toward him. We kissed passionately as the orgasm subsided. He held my head to his powerful shoulder, my long silky hair covering his face. It would be a while before we recovered our strength and the ability to resume the evening's work.
—W. K., Ohio

THE ORGY SOLUTION

My wife and I had been looking for a way to spice up our sex life. As a student of ancient history, I soon hit upon a solution: We took a lesson from the Romans and began to have orgies. We invited friends and neighbors who we thought would be open to new experiences.

Given today's concerns about sexually transmitted diseases, we had agreed not to engage in partner-swapping. But we shared techniques and fantasies. Often we rented porn films and had them running in the background. One couple, my best friend Larry and his girlfriend, Tatiana, were at nearly every party we threw. Tatiana is a gorgeous blonde with small but firm breasts and a sex drive that won't quit.

At our last get-together Tatiana brought a new vibrator she had ordered through a mail-order catalogue. She and my wife were taking turns using it. After several rounds of lovemaking, we took a breather. Tatiana needed to use the bathroom, my wife went downstairs to refresh our drinks, and I put a new porn flick in the VCR. Larry went into the bathroom when Tatiana came out. I was sitting on the sofa with the VCR remote, fast-forwarding through the credits on the movie. Tatiana, seeing she was alone with me, got a gleam in her eye. "I've been wanting to get a taste of this!" she exclaimed. Before I knew what she was doing, she dropped to her knees, grabbed my cock in both hands, and popped it into her mouth.

Up till then my cock had been limp, but her attentions straightened it right up. Once I had a full erection, she began to nip down on the head with her teeth. I had seen her do this to Larry, but had never experienced it myself. It was wonderful. Before she got very far along, though, we heard the bathroom door open; Larry was coming back. "Shit," she said, and moved away from me. She lay down on the floor, positioning herself and spreading her legs so that I had a nice view of her cunt. She smiled at me and began idly playing with herself. Larry appeared and lay beside her, gently kissing and caressing her bare skin. A moment later my wife appeared, and the games started again.

Tatiana climbed on top of Larry in a sixty-nine. She had maneuvered it so I had a perfect view as she worked his cock over. My wife picked up the vibrator and stretched out full-length on the sofa. "Watch me, honey," she said. She spread her legs and began applying the vibrator to her pussy lips. A second later she closed her eyes and the vibrator disappeared inside her.

Tatiana's cunt was in Larry's face, and Larry's cock was in her mouth. I could see she was nipping down with her teeth in the same way she had with me. My cock swelled as I watched them. My wife began to moan softly, and Tatiana began to moan with considerably more volume. I could do nothing but watch. My cock ached to be touched.

Larry was responding to Tatiana's cock-wash. Several times he stopped eating her pussy long enough to groan his appreciation. With the vibrator, my wife brought herself to climax, and Tatiana had two mini-orgasms while she sucked Larry's cock. Finally, Larry could do nothing but groan. Tatiana went into full-tilt mode, nipping and sucking his cock for all she was worth. Larry let out a loud groan. I could see his balls throb as he pumped his cream into Tatiana's mouth. Tatiana licked his cock clean, then settled on her knees, resting her snatch squarely in Larry's face. She looked me in the eye and opened her mouth to stick out her tongue. It was covered with Larry's semen.

My wife was moaning again, oblivious to the exchange between Tatiana and myself. She was nearing another climax; Tatiana was working on her third. I knew my wife wanted me to watch her, but Tatiana was putting on a much better show. Her breasts bobbed as she ground herself on Larry's face. Her blonde pubic hair contrasted sharply with Larry's black beard. Tatiana arched

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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Who can forget the exhilaration of watching Muhammad Ali, despite his health, light the Olympic torch.

HEROES

Since the 1960s Muhammad Ali has continued to hold a special place in our hearts. It wasn't until last year at the Olympic Games, however, that the whole world was able to unite in celebration and thank the gods for giving us history's greatest athlete. In this new year few will recall the exploding pipe bomb at Centennial Park or the selfish, self-important over-the-hill track star Carl Lewis asking U.S. track-and-field officials to put all rules aside so he could add one more medal to his collection. But most of us will go to our graves remembering the surprise and exhilaration of watching Muhammad Ali light the torch in Atlanta.

Last year was a great year for "The Greatest," notwithstanding his declining health. He has been celebrated before, but in 1996 we grasped his mortality, and realized how much we want to hold on to Ali forever. As we saw the documentary on his life, reruns of his fights, and his magical smiling face at ringside at all the important championship fights, we knew what we had was the type of man who comes along once in a millennium. Who could ever replace him?

The answer to that has little to do with athletes or sports—we have seen the Magics, the Tysons, the Mantles, and dozens of others who pushed the envelope of championships and records. But in Ali we have a man devoted to feeding the world happiness. Nobody ever left Ali feeling hungry. We hope that over the next 12 months the world will continue what it began in 1996—thanking "The Greatest" for great times. *—Allan Sonnenschein*

TUNES

Like father, like son, right? Well, not with 26-year-old Jakob Dylan. Although the piercing blue eyes, tousled hair, slender frame, and penchant for loose-fitting garb invites comparisons with his famous dad —poet laureate and sixties icon Bob Dylan—the similarities come to a screeching halt with Jakob's band, The Wallflowers. The group's second release, *Bringing Down the Horse,* is a flat-out, rootsy, impassioned, no-holds-barred rock-'n'-roll recording that's more akin to Tom Petty, Bruce Springsteen, and John Mellencamp than to the elder Dylan's counterculture anthems and torch ballads.

This album rips with rough-edged exuberance, catchy hooks, and ear-pleasing melodies, thanks to the rock-solid musicianship of Jakob and his bandmates—Rami Jaffe (keyboards), Greg Richling (bass), Michael Ward (guitar), and Mario Calire (drums). Top-notch production by T-Bone Burnett and guest appearances by Sam Phillips, Michael Penn, guitarist Mike Campbell of Tom Petty's Heartbreakers, and Counting Crows' Adam Duritz add just the right amount of bite.—*Rick Petreycik*

SPIRITS

A few years ago the traditional image of vodka changed dramatically when Stolichnaya and Absolut introduced flavored vodkas. The range now offered includes Smirnoff's Citrus Twist; Absolut's Citron, Peppar, and Kurant; and Stolichnaya's Limonnaya, Ohranj, and Pertsovka (available in the newly introduced Stoli six-pack, which also includes such flavors as vanilla, coffee, and peach). These libations are delicious not only on the rocks but in mixed drinks, where they add an extra measure of taste. The pepper-flavored Peppar and Pertsovka perk up a Bloody Mary, and Citrus Twist, Citron, and Limonnaya are now widely used in the fashionable Cosmopolitan.

Retail shelves are now full of flavored vodkas, among them Tanqueray Sterling Citrus and Gordon's Citrus, Pepper, and Wildberry. Finlandia has created vodkas flavored with cranberry and pineapple, each of which mixes

well with orange juice or lemonade. And flavored gins have appeared as well: Gordon's has come up with Grapefruit and Cool Mint.

The popularity of lemon-flavored vodkas has spawned Canadian Club's C.C. Citrus, which adds zest to a Whiskey Sour, and the very successful Bacardi Limón, which has found its way into a number of drinks. The Bacardi Cod, served at Chicago's Club Lucky, combines Bacardi Limón, cranberry juice, and soda. And at New York's Rainbow Room, Dale DeGroff has introduced the Chicago Fix—equal parts of Bacardi Limón, Frangelico liqueur, and orange juice, plus lemon juice, shaken and served in a Martini glass.

Spiced rum is another flavor-enhanced winner—the best-selling Captain Morgan Original Spiced Rum and the new Bacardi Spice add interesting nuances of taste to a variety of drinks.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

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As Berlin rises from the rubble of no-man's-land, the city again becomes a cultural center.

TRAVEL

There's still time to see remnants of the divided Berlin that was and watch the new Berlin rising from the rubble of no-man's-land. Construction crews bore five stories into the ground and towers soar for what will be a giant reincarnated city, as Berlin's center shifts to the east. The arrival of Galeries Lafayette has spurred Berlin's famous KaDeWe department store to expand (its amazing sixth-floor food halls are a must), and Berlin's conservative shopping hours will be extended. Government offices have been moving here slowly from Bonn, and Berlin is beginning to compete with Cologne once again as a center of art and music. The eastern borough of Mitte is the neighborhood for new galleries and the Hackeschen Höfe, a cultural compound of theaters, cafés, a sculpture park, and a museum of erotica. At Waldbühne there are open-air concerts (Tina Turner, Bryan Adams), movies, and theater-in-the-round. Berliners bring picnics and beer (in plastic bottles only, please). A jazz pianist plays for the affluent under portraits of U.S. presidents at Harry's New York Bar in the Grand Hotel Esplanade.

Youth *kultur* is either very yuppie or very punk. Check it out at Café Westphal. The turn-of-the-century marble and mosaic splendor of the new Borchardt restaurant (nouvelle German cooking) was excavated from the somber walls of an East Berlin youth club. Or take your appetite to Restauration for traditional German cooking. There's usually a line at Heinz Holl, a legend for its supernal kohlroulade—savory cabbage-and-meat roll—and there are stands everywhere selling currywurst, Berlin's invention.

Würgeengel, in the once shabby, now trendy Kreuzberg area, gets swells in ballgowns and leather-wrapped punks for wine and tapas till 4 A.M. Techno fans go to E Werk or Tresor. Friedrichstadtpalast is known for its Lido-like cabaret and sexy chorus line. Cognoscenti check in at Bleibtreu, an old-fashioned hotel on the street of the same name, a short walk from downtown.—*Gael Greene*

WINE

Many consumers assume that because white wines are lighter-bodied than reds they contain fewer calories. In fact the calorie content of wines comes almost entirely from alcohol and sugar. Since most wines are dry, it's the alcohol that makes the difference, so a heady California Chardonnay with 13.5 percent alcohol will have a few more calories per glass than a light red like Valpolicella or Beaujolais with 11.5 percent alcohol.

In practice, however, a five-ounce glass of red, white, or sparkling wine (one-fifth of a standard 25-ounce bottle) contains about 110 calories. Semi-

sweet wines, like White Zinfandel and Liebfraumilch, are not much higher in calories because, though they contain some sugar, they have a lower alcohol content. Sweet wines like cream sherry and port, which are high in both sugar and alcohol, contain about 200 calories per glass.—*Alexis Bespaloff*

SOUNDS

The lyrics of "Family Life," one of ten neoromantic songs on the Blue Nile's *Peace at Last* album, embrace every cliché of happy-family life of the 1950s—raising rosy-cheeked children, remaining faithful, establishing roots in a quaint small town—but the voice of Paul Buchanan harbors some doubts. He sings haltingly, as if he's trying to convince himself, as if he's not quite sure what he wants.

Buchanan is a crooner for this ambivalent age. *Peace at Last*—his first new work in seven years—offers sure words and confident sentiments expressed in unsure tones. His fragile voice makes even a religious quest seem questionable: "Now that I've found peace at last"—he sings on the gospel-ly "Happiness"—"tell me, Jesus, will it last?"

That tone of skepticism surrounds *Peace*. Where the Blue Nile's last effort, the brooding 1989 breakthrough *Hats*, surrounded Buchanan's melancholy with thick synthesizer orchestrations, *Peace* is pop. It retains the Blue Nile's impressionistic sheen, but is more straightforward rhythmically—full of buoyant Euro-funk and James Brownish rhythm guitar and spiky horn arrangements. Sometimes, specifically on "Sentimental Man," the glitzy trappings overshadow the meanings of the songs. But Buchanan understands the power of a pure melody, and is at his best when the accompaniment is minimal—on the Al Green-inspired "Body and Soul" and the wistful "Love Came Down."—*Tom Moon*

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Some Mother's Son star Helen Mirren delivers the message that her sorrow is borne by mothers in every conflict.

FILM

In 1993 we had *In the Name of the Father;* this year we have a look at the war in Northern Ireland from the mom's point of view. And what a mom she is. ***Some Mother's Son*** (★★★) stars Helen Mirren ("Prime Suspect")

—that rare actress who is sprightly, commanding, and sexual in a glance. An immediate heir to *Father*—directed by *Father* screenwriter Terry George, produced by *Father* director Jim Sheridan and *Father* producer Arthur Lappin—*Mother's Son* re-creates the qualities that earned *Father* six Oscar nominations: tight script, fast editing, and the high drama of stories that lend grandeur to otherwise banal or irksome family ties.

In *Mother's Son* a group of Irish youths imprisoned by Thatcher government functionaries—a nasty lot, as this film understandably shows them—go on a hunger strike to be granted prisoner-of-war (rather than criminal) status. As they watch their sons slip into weakness, wheelchairs, and comas, the mothers must decide whether to honor their sons' cause or let the prison hospital feed them. In the actual strike on which the film is based ten mothers watched their sons slowly die.

In the film their story could easily slide into bathos, but is saved by the pace of the direction, by Mirren's unflappable resistance to sentimentality, and the film's message that this is sorrow borne by mothers on both sides and in every conflict.

• At any time in the 15 years since the resurgence of religious fundamentalism, Arthur Miller's play *The Crucible* would have been welcome viewing. Now this drama of the Salem witch trials—with its warnings about intolerance, sexual repression, mass hysteria, and government meddling in sexual and religious matters—comments on the racial/religious/ethnic violence of our day, and on our modern sexual hysteria, frothed up by religious and feminist ideologues and the fear of AIDS. Most especially, the work condemns the violence done by government in the name of piety, for as *The Crucible* makes plain, institutions retain their power even as folks burn scapegoats in their midst.

Paul Scofield, as the trial judge, carries this point in this new ***Crucible*** (★★★)—directed by Nicolas Hytner (*The Madness of King George*), with a script by Miller. Scofield's judge knows that the "witchcraft" may be a cover for an adulterous affair, but as his authority would be diminished if there were no grounds for witch trials, he creates legalities that condemn rather than fairly try the innocent. So strong is Scofield's performance that he pulls the film away from the ill-fated couple played by Winona Ryder and Daniel Day-Lewis. Day-Lewis's considerable talents are better seen in grittier, more complex roles than as the remorseful Boy Scout he plays here. Ryder misses the mark, playing a hard-edged, manipulating b(w)itch rather than an infatuated teenager trying to escape punishment and maneuver among grown-ups, who end up turning her tale-telling to their own ends.—*Marcia Pally*

AUTOS

The old news from Hollywood is that everyone's traded in their Porsches and Ferraris for Suburbans and Hummers. The new news is that they'll soon be trading in those monsters for a much more drivable beast.

The Ford Expedition was designed to take on Chevy's Tahoe (and GMC's Yukon), but the monstrosities are quaking in their tracks too. The war of the full-size sport-utes is on, and the Ford already looks like a winner.

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Hey, sometimes size really does count.—*Lesley Hazleton*

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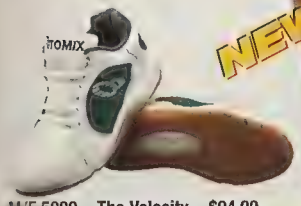

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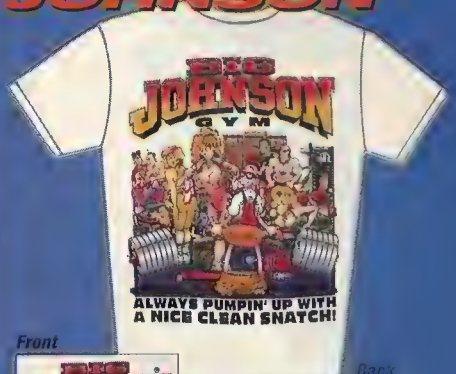

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BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

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THE BIG GAME

This season's killer computer game has got to be Quake, by id Software. A worthy successor to Doom 2, last year's monster (in all senses of the word) game, Quake lets addicts blast and rip thousands of heinous fiends and vile villains to little wet gobbets of flesh—assuming they don't get you first, of course. You can also solve puzzles, discover secrets, and save the world. Available at computer stores everywhere.

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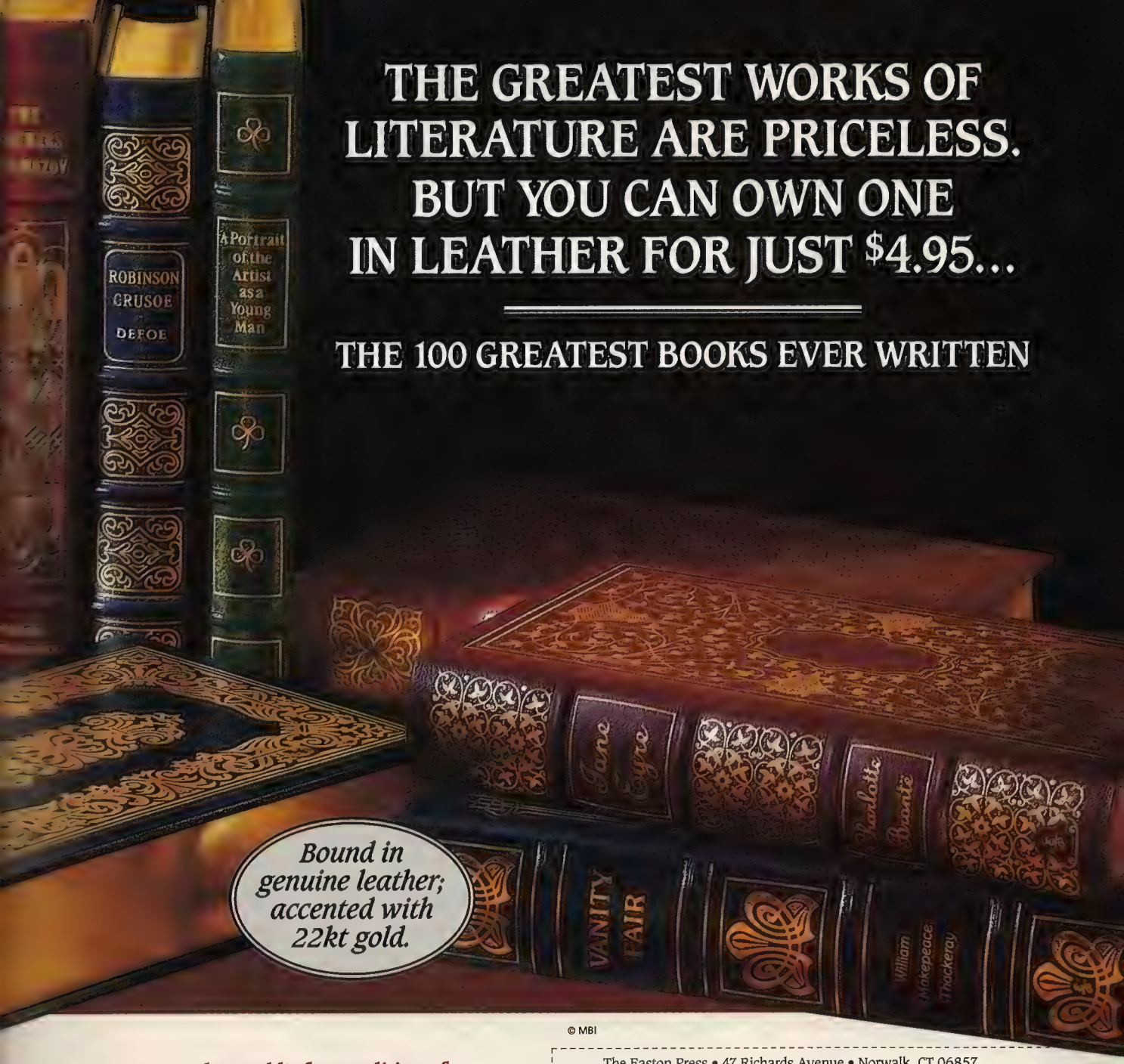

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XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

SEMPER FI?

I'm a 21-year-old male in the U.S. Marine Corps. I have had the same girlfriend for five years. She's the greatest thing that has happened to me. I am stationed 14 hours away from her. She has been faithful to me, and I have been faithful to her. At first sex was great and experimental. Then I joined the Corps. I've been to several countries, and while I was away I didn't have any sex. Now I'm going to be getting out in about six months, and every time I go home I'm very horny, and apparently act like she's expected to give it up.

But it's not like that. She puts on a little "hard to get" show, and after we have sex she says I don't care about her feelings. But I do care. I tell her I love her, which I do, and I want to spend my life with her. She says all I think about is sex and all I want to do is have sex. Well, I can only come home four days every so many months. I don't want her to leave me because she believes that I only want to have sex, or that I don't show affection or pay enough attention to her. What do I do?—B. D., North Carolina

I am getting a certain amount of criticism from women for insisting it's a woman's duty in a one-on-one relationship to make sure her partner has a reasonable sex life.

When I was a madam I had an unbelievable number of "happily" married men as clients, for the simple reason that their wives did everything a wife was supposed to do, *except* have sex. Either they did not like oral sex, or they wanted sex only once a week, or they used their husband's horniness to demand expensive stuff he couldn't afford. In many cases, no matter how much the guys paid my girls, the men got a better deal than they did at home, and their silly wives were losing out because, once married, they didn't think they had any responsibilities in relation to their menfolk's sex lives.

If your girl cannot understand that a young Marine on furlough needs a plentiful ration of sex before he is able to think about anything else, then she is not the girl for you, or anyone else for that matter. More marriages break up because of sexual incompatibility than for any other reason, so if you have problems before you start, it would be better to rethink the whole idea.

When you are in the military, subject to strict discipline and isolated from your home ties by being in a foreign country, or even in a strange part of your own country, it is easy to get the idea that everything depends on your girl being faithful to you while you are away and loving you to bits when you get home. But when you come out of the Corps and have to make a life for yourself in the real world, the last thing you need is a woman hanging round your neck complaining that you don't love her because you just want to fuck her all the time. The problem you have is lack of experience owing to your 100-percent faithfulness, and far from improving the quality of your relationship, it is just going to cause you both to end up feeling you have missed out on something.

Nowadays you are old enough to be drafted (in wartime) and to die for your country at 18, but you can't go into bars in many states until you are 21. In certain countries men do not come of age until 25. I believe that even 25 is too young to settle down with one person for the rest of your life.

You have been trained in the use of weapons, trained in combat, and have learned how to survive under all kinds of different conditions, but in everyday peacetime life at home you have hardly any experience at all. You need to

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meet some other girls to find out what you are missing.

I know your reaction to this will be to say, "But I love my girl and I am going to stick by her," and my comment is: Don't underestimate yourself. I don't know what your job prospects will be when you come out, but a 21-year-old ex-Marine is a very desirable item from any woman's point of view, so you really don't have to take any shit from your girlfriend. She is easily replaceable.

If you *insist* on trying to make things work with your girl you can always do the old-fashioned-romance bit. Send her flowers while you're away, drop a pretty card or two in the mail to let her know how much you miss her. Send her a bottle of perfume, or a nice scarf or outfit; no lingerie (that's a sex present for yourself). When you're on leave take her out for dinner at a nice quiet restaurant and maybe to a show afterward. Talk to her about how you feel, work up to the sex before you jump her. Let her know how much just being close to her excites you. While you're out walking around, hold her hand, comment on how great she looks. You know the drill.

But do give some thought to my point of view—21 is *very* young, and while I believe sincerely in women's rights, it is about time some of us women remembered that men have rights and needs too.

DEVASTATED

For the past nine months I have been seeing the most beautiful woman in the world. Terri just turned 40 (I'm 31), and she has an incredibly edible body that knocks me out and the most gorgeous, sexy ass that I not only love being in, kissing, touching, but I love just going to sleep spoon-style with it pressed against me. Especially when we go to sleep with me still inside her pretty pussy.

Making love with her is everything making love should be. We have spent many weekends at her house or my apartment, doing nothing but having sex almost all the time.

From the very first time we kissed we were in love. And the first time we made love neither of us had felt anything like it. She has virtually no inhibitions with me. Not only is making love to her incredible, but I love eating her for as long as she will let me. Her handjobs and blowjobs are intensely mind-blowing (although I wish she would swallow or share the mouthful with me).

Now to my question. We only have one problem: She feels guilty about our relationship because she is married. She really has no reason to leave her husband, apart from the fact that we are so in love with each other, more than we have ever loved anyone or anything. She is my life, and after being so miserable before I met her I am completely devastated now. She has said she wants to try to rebuild her marriage. Do I stay away completely? This would be hard, since we are co-workers. Or do I hang around and let her know I'm still in love and interested in her? Or just remain her friend? Her husband has even hinted at a threesome, as his fantasy is to watch her with another man. Whatever your advice is, please let her read "nothing else matters." She is the love of my life, and I just don't want to live without her.—B. J., Texas

Somewhere in the dim and distant past a piece of my excellent advice has lodged in your male brain, so you found yourself an older woman—older than you, that is—who after years of servicing by another male, her husband, fell for a bit of younger nookie, the gawky "teenage" 31-year-old who found it hard to get laid.

Now she wants to cool it a little, maybe find another boy toy, maybe just enjoy the company of her boring old husband, whom she remembers she used to love and who suddenly seems to be okay again, having been brought back in line by her infidelities and whom she might enjoy teaching some of the fun tricks she has learned from you.

This is not exactly observing the problem from a masculine point of view, but you have to face up to the fact that you have been used as a kind of sexual device, like a vibrator, in this woman's marital relationship. Now you have served your purpose, and your place is in the back of the closet with her high-school sneakers, and her majorette uniform.

Don't feel depressed about it, because you have risen from the ranks of the ordinary, the boyfriend, the fiancé, or just the one-night stand. You have achieved the pinnacle of a lover's ambition, you are the stud extraordinaire, "the other man," the boy toy, and at 31 this is good going.

So instead of all the manic-depressive "nothing else matters" stuff, hold your head high, tell her you are proud to have known her, wish her all the best with the renewal of her marriage, and get off your divine ass and find yourself another girl. If you want permanence, pick someone who is not married. On the other hand the reputation of being a wicked seducer, a "marriage buster," will do you no harm on the sexual scene. You may get blown away by an infuriated husband, but most of them are happy to have someone take the little lady off their hands every now and again.

It is a normal and natural desire to want a good relationship to go on forever, but sometimes it is better that it should not. We have all been brainwashed with the importance of mar-

"Your primary responsibility will be to speak highly of me whenever my name is mentioned."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 205

Men's Health & Fitness

Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

Be stronger, smarter, harder, better! *Ultimate tune-ups for top performance*

WEIGHT LOSS BY THE CLOCK

New Year's Day, 10:17 A.M. Worse than the way you feel is the way you look. That bulge where your waistline used to be is the fruit of a month of overeating. *A whole month, for chrissake.* This is clearly a day of reckoning. Your weight-loss plan must begin, pronto.

Losing that gut doesn't have to be daunting. "All you need is a goal and the right formula," says trainer-to-the-stars Greg Isaacs in his new book, *The Ultimate Lean Routine* (Summit). The goal part is easy: You want that belly to disappear. Isaacs has the formula: a 12-week shape-up, slim-down plan. The key is a diet that runs like clockwork: You'll eat 30 percent of your daily calories before 10 A.M., 40 percent between 10 A.M. and 3 P.M., and the remaining 30 percent after 3 P.M.

Keep to this schedule and you'll be taking in the most calories during the most active part of your day, the time when you need them most. Isaacs says this will give you a better chance of burning off the calories you eat, so they won't be stored in your body as fat. Keep your meals well balanced—30 percent fat, 30 percent protein, and 40 percent carbohydrates. A sample menu:

Breakfast: Oatmeal, egg whites, toast or bagel, and fresh fruit. Or low-sugar, high-fiber cereal with nonfat milk and fresh fruit.

Lunch: Skinless chicken breast, grilled fish, or a tuna or turkey sandwich, with a large green salad (nonfat dressing, please). Still hungry? Add pasta with low-fat sauce, or your choice of soups, steamed vegetables, rice or baked potato, lentils, beans, and bread.

Dinner: Make this meal light, similar to lunch, but with smaller portions of everything.

Snacks: Throughout the day munch on rice cakes, carrots, raw vegetables, fruit, or yogurt.

Couple this dietary program with regular exercise (you didn't think we'd let you off the hook on the sweat part, did you?). You'll want to work out six days a week. Four sessions should be aerobic exercise (running, stairclimbing, stationary cycling, etc.); two should be strength training, whether with free weights or machines.

Twelve weeks on the program will strip away up to 30 percent of your body fat, boost your aerobic fitness 50 percent, and pump up muscle strength 40 percent. Which means that if you start on New Year's, sometime in early April you're going to be looking and feeling terrific.

DON'T GET STUCK—REDUCING THE STING OF INJECTION

Dentists just don't get it. Here they are, promising a pain-free experience, and then they come at you with a six-inch needle loaded with novocaine. (The only thing worse you get stuck with is the bill.) Now there's hope for the pain-phobic in the form of a new dental tool that numbs gum tissue so that even the sting of injection is greatly reduced. Known as "The Wand," the device was approved by the Food and Drug Administration last July. Next time you go for a checkup you might want to ask your dentist if he's got one.

Men's Health & Fitness

Go for the cold: Chill out before you work out, if you really want to go the distance.

ICED TEAM

Taking a cold shower may be more than just a way to get your mind off that girl in pink Spandex wriggling through sets on the pec deck. A new report from Australia suggests that cooling down body temperature may be a stunning way to heat up athletic performance.

A group of distance runners were asked to lie in a lukewarm bath, which was cooled over the course of an hour to 73 to 74 degrees. Then they were told to run as "far" as they could on a treadmill in 30 minutes. When the runners were finished and the numbers were tallied, the cooled athletes ran 300 to 350 meters farther than those who hadn't chilled out. That's a four- to five-percent improvement, which may not sound like much until you realize that it's almost an entire extra lap of a running track.

Study leader Frank Marino of Charles Sturt University in Bathurst, New South Wales, thinks chilling the body before exercising may allow more blood to remain in the muscles, giving the blood more time to provide the glucose and oxygen that are the muscles' fuel. If further research proves him right, prepping advice, at least for endurance athletes, may soon change from "warm up" to "cool down"—but be sure to do it gradually.

THAT'S MY BOY!

Psst. Dads-to-be, listen up. Don't tell the missus, but chances are that little bun in her oven is going to look just like you. Most new dads secretly hope for this, and a surprising new study says you're going to get your wish. It doesn't even matter what the baby's gender is.

In two studies hundreds of parents and relatives of newborns were asked whether the babies looked more like mom or dad. The response, by a margin of more than two to one: just like dad.

There may be more to this than appears at first glance. According to study author Stephen Gaulin, Ph.D., professor of anthropology at the University of Pittsburgh, fathers can never be absolutely sure that the baby is theirs, so this backpatting by friends and relatives may actually be a way to "help counter paternal uncertainty."—*J. Garrard*

CHOLESTEROL LOWERING SANS FEAR

A couple of years back a Scandinavian study seemed to show that people with abnormally low cholesterol levels are more likely to die violently, particularly by their own hand. That set docs worrying whether taking potent cholesterol-lowering drugs could also be mood-lowering. (Gee, put a happy face on my medicine bottle, why don't you.)

Now a substantial new study from University College in London has turned the tables on those gloomy Scandinavians. The Brits observed 621 patients with high cholesterol. About two-thirds were given simvastatin, a commonly prescribed cholesterol reducer; the other third received only a placebo, or dummy pill. After three years and a battery of questionnaires, the scientists found "no differences between the two groups in terms of

FIBER MORAL

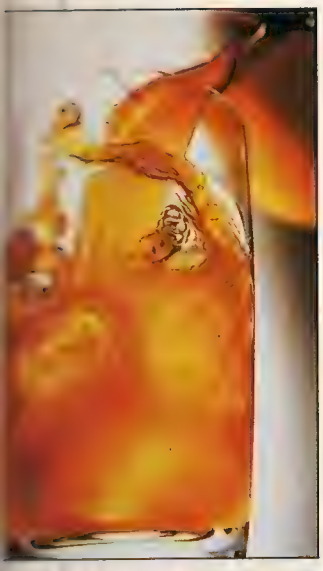
Got fiber? You should if your blood pressure is moderately high, which is to say the top number of your reading is 140 to 180 and the bottom number is 90 to 110. A huge new study from Johns Hopkins Medical School in Baltimore has just confirmed what's long been suspected—filling up on fiber can reduce your blood pressure.

Keeping blood pressure down is one of the key factors in preventing heart disease and stroke. And, according to this mega-review of 20 studies on the subject, the higher your blood pressure is now, the greater the benefit of adding fiber to your diet. (Prior to this analysis, some of the research on the fiber–blood pressure link had seemed contradictory.)

To increase your fiber intake, Myron Winick, M.D., author of *The Columbia University Encyclopedia of Nutrition,* recommends eating grapefruit, high-fiber cereal, and whole-grain toast for breakfast, whole-grain bread and a salad for lunch, and salad and a baked potato (skin and all) at dinner.

mood-related symptoms ... or scores on mood questionnaires." The big payoff: Those on simvastatin experienced a 27 percent reduction in total cholesterol.

So if your cholesterol is high and your doctor has put you on drugs to bring it down, no sweat.



RADICAL CURE?

If you care about good health you've probably heard of free radicals. They're tiny rogue oxygen atoms lacking an electron, which makes them some of the baddest chemicals you'll ever meet. Free radicals exert a powerful attraction that disrupts other molecules in a process called oxidation.

Oxidation isn't pretty. When it happens to metal it produces rust. When it happens in your body it causes cell damage, hardened arteries, wrinkled skin, and weakened vital organs. And there's no way to tell just how much free-radical activity is going on in your body. Or at least there wasn't until recently. A test developed at the University of Pennsylvania allows doctors to identify free-radical action by measuring a chemical by-product in urine. The more of this stuff that shows up, the more your body is under free-radical attack.

It'll be a couple of years before the new test is available to the public, but if you want to cut down on free-radical damage, you might want to drink more orange juice or take a daily dose of vitamins C and E. The Penn team has already observed that C and E decrease the amount of the free-radical by-product measured in the test.—*J. Garrard*

ANTACID WARS END IN TRUCE

There was Bud vs. Miller. And who can forget Coke vs. Pepsi? In 1996 TV's commercial gladiators were the over-the-counter heartburn remedies—Axid AR, Pepcid AC, Tagamet, and, of course, old-timer Tums.

Which one of these tummy-trouble controllers is really better? Turns out they all work. It just depends how fast you want the relief. A Texas study gave 18 volunteers either Tums or Pepcid AC, then fed them meals two and a half and six hours later, and waited for gut reactions. Tums actually gave the quickest relief, beginning in about 30 minutes, but it lasted only an hour. Pepcid AC took an hour and a half to kick in, but kept working for about nine hours.

Name your potion: Tums did the job faster, but Pepcid AC lasted hours longer.

TAKE DESE AND DOZE

You're tossing. You're turning. You're determined to be refreshed for your big meeting tomorrow at 8:45. Except the harder you try, the more elusive sleep seems. This raises the pill conundrum. If you take something to help you sleep, you'll be in a fog all morning. And you can't afford that. What to do?

A new pill may soon be available to help you fall asleep naturally. Unlike current sleep aids, many of which are brain-fuzzing sedatives, this drug would rebuild the body's supply of a natural sleep-inducing substance, oleamide. Studies show that in many people with sleeping problems, oleamide is broken down by enzymes in the body too quickly. When investigators at Scripps Research Institute in La Jolla, California, gave an oleamide-like compound to cats and rats, the animals quickly fell into a deep, long-lasting, natural sleep.

The next challenge is to see if this drug, which now must be injected, can be put in pill form. "We're trying to make an optimal agent," says study leader Dale Boger, Ph.D. "If all goes well, we could begin human testing in two to three years."

Stroke of luck: Tune in to the sheer pleasure of touching and being touched.

CONFIDENCE GAMES

There isn't a man alive who hasn't failed to achieve lift-off, so to speak, at least once in his life. When our member can't seem to remember what to do, some of us worry and let the problem build in our minds. Which can bring on another no-show performance. Result: a vicious cycle.

If the cause of impotence isn't something physical like diabetes or atherosclerosis (which restricts blood flow to the penis), then sex therapy, along with a supportive and understanding partner, can get things back in order. We asked a pair of sex counselors what it takes for a man to get his confidence back.

1. Turn on. Men who get hung up on performance tend to think about anything but the joy of sex. This makes it impossible to get turned on. "Work on changing the goal of sex to the attainment of pleasure rather than attainment of erection," says Richard Kogan, M.D., acting director of the Human Sexuality Program at Cornell Medical Center. Make a point of focusing on the sheer pleasure of having your body touched without the need to do anything in return.

2. Tune in. Obsessing over whether you're "good enough" is a trap, says Kogan. "Figure out what pleases you sexually, and attempt to attain it." This can include using sex toys or looking at hot pictures in *Penthouse*.

3. Drop out. Make fantasy part of your sex life. Lie next to your partner with your eyes closed. Now imagine she's anyone you'd like her to be. Don't judge whether you should or shouldn't be doing this. Give yourself permission to enjoy it. "It helps to think sexually exciting thoughts," says Kogan.

Last, realize that sex doesn't always make the earth move. "If it's not bells and whistles every time, don't be disappointed," says urologist Theodore H. Lehman, M.D., co-director of the Impotence Center of Oregon. After all, you're getting laid, aren't you? So what if it's not the best ever? Accept this, and you'll be better able to roll with the punches.—*J. Garrard*

GET YOUR KICKS

Ever slip off the pedals and land on the crossbar of your bicycle? Ever get kicked in the nuts? If you did and you're having trouble maintaining an erection, the problem may not be all in your head, says Michael Colgan, M.D., of the Colgan Institute in California and author of *Aphrodisiacs.* He reminds us that an accident can easily damage the delicate web of nerves and arteries that supply the penis. Other causes of erection failure include certain prescription drugs, including such common ones as antidepressants and blood-pressure medicines, and diseases like diabetes.

To learn more, check out Colgan's book. See your doctor right away if you have a problem. "You have to learn to protect yourself," says Colgan.

HARD SCIENCE

Try going for help if you have trouble, you know, with your, um, male equipment, and you're going to hear a good news–bad news story. The good news is there's a drug that can give almost any man a hard-on like polished steel. The bad news: You have to inject it right at the base of Mr. (Not So) Happy.

They'll tell you it's only a small shot and a

tiny needle … but it's still a shot. Now scientists in Egypt report progress on a friendlier treatment, an erection cream. The research team, led by Adel Gomaa of Assiut University, formulated the cream from three drugs that are readily absorbed through the skin and cause blood vessels to widen. (Getting blood to the erection chamber, or corpus cavernosum, is what makes a penis stand firm.)

The scientists tested the cream on 36 men with erectile dysfunc-

tion. Twenty-one of the men (58 percent) achieved full erections and reported satisfying intercourse. Even better, of 17 patients whose erectile problems had been judged to be at least partly psychological, 14 (82 percent) were able to get and sustain erections. Although more studies are needed, the scientists conclude that use of the cream might be considered before … injection of drugs." No word yet on when this cream might become available, but stay tuned.

OLD SHOOTER, YOUNG GUN

Having kids is a great idea. But not now, you say. One of these days you know you'll want to settle down and do all that family stuff. But not just now….

Anyone who's thinking of putting off the offspring thing till later in life has got to wonder if his sperm will still pack the same old punch. Well, you can rest easy, according to Ernesto Gallardo, M.D., of the Valencia University Medical School in Valencia, Spain. In a new study of 240 couples that were trying in-vitro (test-tube) fertilization, the father's age, from 30 to 64, had nothing to do with the ability to conceive.

Not only that, but the dad's age had no impact on the ability of the embryo to develop or to implant itself in the uterus. "This observation," says Gallardo, "is remarkable."

ASK DR. SLOAN

I'm ashamed to admit it, but I like jerking off almost as much as I like sex with my wife. And sometimes it's better, especially when I just want it hard and fast. Is something wrong with me?—*Dan F., Philadelphia*

Sex therapists have a saying: "Ninety percent of people admit to masturbating … and the other ten percent are lying."

Not only are you normal, you're quite healthy, and I commend you for bringing into the open something others would regard as a dirty little secret. In fact the only problem with masturbation is the bad press it gets. Even as recently as two years ago, Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, M.D., lost her job for merely suggesting that masturbation should be part of American sex education.

Mary Calderone, founder of the Sex Education and Information Council of the United States, writes that masturbation is a natural overflow of sexual expression, and deserves to be on a par with the other two forms of sexuality: hetero and homo. One study showed that masturbatory orgasms can actually be more intense than those that come from two-party sex.

Solo sex has a place in the repertoire of any man, whether married or single, gay or straight. In fact you might try telling your wife about your private passion. Many a couple have described the pleasures of watching each other stroke their own pleasure zones and come to orgasms —either together or alone. It can be a mark of great intimacy and trust.

"I don't always feel like having sex when Jim does, and sometimes vice versa," says one of my patients. "But he likes it when I hold him as he jerks off. Besides, it often turns me on, and we end up getting it on together."

Woody Allen said it best when he declared, "I prefer masturbation. You meet a better class of people that way."

Don Sloan, M.D., is a clinical associate professor at New York Medical College and a member of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex and the American College of Sexologists.

Two's a crowd: Solo orgasms can be more intense than those with a partner.

CYBER SPACE

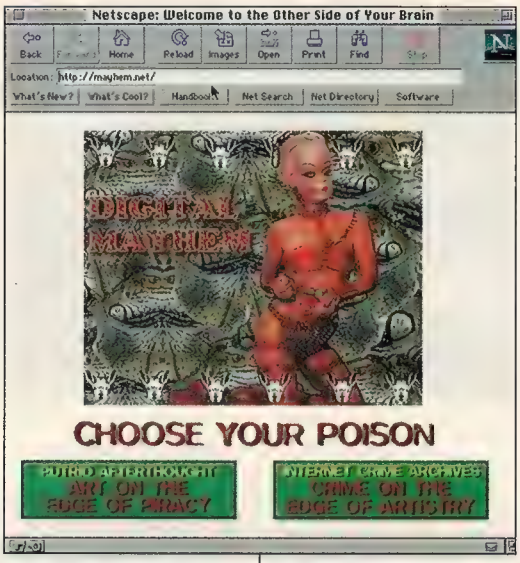
By Gerard Van der Leun

There are two fundamental truths about information on the Internet: It wants to be free, and it wants to be sleaze.

Stewart Brand, a man who has found fame and fortune coining catchphrases, recently minted the pithy statement: "Information wants to be free." Like other Brandisms (such as "Why haven't we seen a picture of the whole Earth yet?" and "Buildings learn"), his latest apothegm is not intended to end a discussion but to precipitate an argument. "Information wants to be free" hovers near the center of the global debate about the nature of the Internet and questions of copyright, censorship, and the control of information in the digital age. It is a compelling statement in that it encapsulates several possible meanings in only five words.

Is information to be free in the sense that one cannot hope to charge money for it on the Net? Is information, once digitized and delivered onto the Net, controllable, or is it set into a state of freedom where anyone who captures it can do with it what they will? Is information something that, once released, cannot be called back?

Who will determine what is "bad" information (libel, child porn, state secrets, criminal plots, conspiracies, etc.)? Will we need special laws, or will we trust ourselves as individuals and as a free nation? A panel of federal judges, upon reviewing the arguments for and against the Communications Decency Act, found it a blatant attack upon the First Amendment to the Constitution. Was the C.D.A. an attempt by the government to reduce all information on the Net to the level of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood"?



When the judicial ruling came down this past June, advocates of civil liberties and freedom of information literally danced in the streets in the centers of nerddom across the country. It was, indeed, a wise and informed decision. (So wise and informed that those who are looking for a primer on Internet technologies could do worse than read the text of the decision.) But although advocates of freedom partied hardy and boogied wildly in person, in print, and on the Net, the battle to set information free and keep it that way is far from over.

Freedom is difficult to win, easily lost, and painful to regain. The forces and people that pushed the C.D.A. through Congress did not simply appear from outer space, nor have they slunk back into the dark with their tales of Internet perversion and depravity between their legs. Like all Terminators, "they'll be back." And with, from their point of view, good reason.

At bottom the Net censors' reasons for wanting to control information arise from another fundamental truth about information: It not only wants to be free, it wants to be sleaze.

Every medium for transmitting thoughts and desires between human beings—from cave paintings to the printing press to the telephone to the movies to the Internet—is used almost from the moment of its birth to transmit unpopular political views and descriptions of unspeakable acts, both criminal and sexual. It is not in the nature of the medium but in the nature of human beings. You can't have the obscene phone call or 900 numbers without the telephone, but no more can you have the telephone without the drive toward obscene phone calls or 900 numbers. Although there's no powerful lobby promoting pornography in Washington, D.C., videos featuring the equipment of Long Dong Silver not only played a role in Senate confirmation hearings on a Supreme Court nominee, they are the most heavily rented and purchased category in that city and, indeed, the nation and the world. Strange that porn can be one of the hottest commodities (in all senses of the word) in the entertainment industries and still have no political champions, no large group of citizens who want to fight for their right to porn. Then again, not so strange at all, is it?

Still, as the judges held in reviewing the C.D.A., people have a right not only to the poetry of John Milton and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, but to sleaze as well. It's their personal choice, not the business of the state.

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VIEW FROM THE TOP

RESOLUTIONS

By Emily Prager

It's a mere three years before the end of a century that few will miss, and time once again for my New Year's Resolutions. Here they are:

1. I will stop sharing taxis with gangsta rappers. I've been trying to save money, but ... Sure, these guys *are* good conversationalists, but I've got to face facts. I could get shot. It's too dangerous.

2. I will not get angry with people, only with Iraq. It does no good to fight with family, friends, or business associates. Our government's right: When in conflict, blame Saddam Hussein and bomb Iraq. Everyone understands that. No one bats an eyelash.

3. I will not take a cruise on the *QE2*. She ran over a whale on her last trip, dragged it into port, and her captain compared the incident to running over a cat. Listen, it's horrible to run over a cat. But at 3,000 pounds, that's some cat.

4. I will not lie for Boris Yeltsin anymore. First it was about the heart attack, then about his son going to that fancy English prep school; now he doesn't want me to tell about Gianni Versace redesigning his image. I think Versace is the wrong choice, but it doesn't matter. I'm through lying for Yeltsin.

5. I will not write any rape articles for the front page of *The New York Times*. I'm sure they sold papers with the article about the child prostitutes in Thailand. I know the Bosnian rape story made a bundle. And I'm told the Rwandan rape piece really made the reporter's career. But these stories have become totally exploitative, and I'm not doing it, no matter how much they beg me.

6. I will investigate the possibility of opening safe brothels for Democrats and Republicans. There is no reason why senators, lobbyists, and political advisers should have to worry about loose pillow talk in this entrepreneurial age. All they need is prepaid partisan brothels where they can go to find dominatrixes and avoid the tabloids. I know this can be done—the C.I.A. did it for years.

7. I will not feel jealous that Europe is stealing our sex-killer image. First it was Belgium and the guy with the dungeon, then France and another guy with torture equipment—and don't forget the Scottish guy who shot up the primary school. Disney's right—the Europeans copy everything we have and then some.

8. I will not invite President Clinton to my gay sister's wedding. He got all excited when I told him we're getting a special fudge cake with white-chocolate icing for the reception, but after his ban on same-sex marriages, I'm rescinding his invitation. Disgusting hypocrisy. What a pussy. Shame.

9. I will face the fact that J.F.K. Jr. has married someone else. I know I was fantasizing all these years. I know I'm older than he. But I did see him on the beach in the summer, and he is in publishing. There was a chance we could have met, fallen in love, and married. And that I'd be living in a 22-roomer on Upper Fifth Avenue right this minute. I know there was .... *Was,* that is the operative word now. I must face facts: I've got to start dating again in the new year. I've just got to.

10. I will buy myself a "smart fridge." This is a refrigerator that counts the calories you eat and refuses to open if you've eaten too many. It rules your life, and is like having a mother in the house when you're grown. It's important. There's an obesity epidemic in the world and I could catch it, especially since J.F.K. Jr. is married and I won't be lurking outside the *George* magazine offices anymore. The smart fridge is only the first of a lot of smart appliances that will be ruling our lives. As soon as the smart credit card is perfected, I'm getting one of those too.

Bosnia, Iraq, rape, sex killers, gangsta rap, and J.F.K. Jr. The new year just *has* to be better.

VIEW FROM THE TOP

JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

The state of California, known for its failed attempts at quick-fix solutions to complex problems, has now decided to castrate child molesters—chemically. Governor Pete Wilson and other opportunistic politicians have learned the wrong lesson from the "three strikes and you're out" fiasco. Although California prisons will soon be filled with geriatric prisoners, leaving inadequate space for young predators in the prime of their criminal careers, the politicians who voted for this and other "lock 'em up and throw away the key" legislation have reaped electoral benefits from their populist posturing.

Pumping drugs into child molesters to "castrate" them could result in sex offenders becoming more violent.

They have learned that any law containing the phrase "victim's rights" that increases punishment for the guilty and reduces safeguards for the accused will be supported by voters, regardless of any true impact on the crime rate. Therefore the chemical-castration law is a natural.

This foolish bit of legislation conjures up the image of a doctor injecting a drug that quells the sex drive of molesters, turning them into members of the Christian Coalition. But everything we know about child molesters leads experts to conclude that chemical castration will not work, certainly not as it is contemplated by the California solons.

The California law is based on the premise that child molesters are less amenable to traditional deterrent mechanisms than are other offenders. A spokesperson for Governor Wilson told a national TV audience that child molesters have a 90-percent recidivism rate. Another supporter of the bill assured his constituents that without castration child molesters, when released from prison, "will repeat this crime again at least 90 percent of the time." This is simply not supported by available data. Franklin Zimring, a law professor at the University of California at Berkeley, characterizes the 90-percent figure as "a folk belief," and puts the actual rate of recidivism "in the teens or twenties, depending on how long you follow up."

Even if only one-quarter or fewer of child molesters repeat those crimes, this is, however, a serious problem deserving the most effective preventive measures that science can develop. Unfortunately there is little evidence that an injection of anti-testosterone drugs will work. Such substances are easily neutralized by readily available injections of testosterone or steroids.

Moreover, a significant number of child molesters are motivated not by uncontrollable sex urges, but rather by the need for aggression, control, or other antisocial tendencies, which are not counteracted by chemical castration. A castrated sexual psychopath may be more violent than one who has not had his erection taken away because he may need to prove his "manhood." Popeye, who raped a girl with a corncob pipe in William Faulkner's *Sanctuary,* is a famous instance of impotent criminality. The mind of the offender is a more important target for treatment than his testosterone level is.

Beyond the ineffectiveness of chemical castration, there are ethical issues. Injection of anti-testosterone drugs can pose serious health hazards, including bone loss and weight gain. Some men even grow breasts.

There is some evidence from the Scandinavian countries that the use of injections, as part of an intensive psychological program, can have some positive effects on carefully selected offenders who are already motivated to help themselves, volunteer for injections as part of their therapy, and are monitored by qualified doctors and psychologists. But to assume that these limited successes can automatically be translated into the kind of castration panacea that supporters of the California law are promising is to indulge in what Professor Zimring calls "don't bother me with facts" legislation.

UNTOUCHABLES

By Ben Stein

Not long ago I was involved in a struggle in my home state of California to change the law so as to allow small stockholders whose retirement savings have been ripped off by managers of public companies to sue more easily. I've spent a good ten years of my life following this subject and teaching about it in law school. What I know by hard experience and study is that small stockholders when ripped off have the deck stacked against them. Management can use stockholder money to defend itself, and at the end of the day management almost always has most of what it took unethically. Any measure that would help the little guy sue would therefore be welcome.

I appeared on a couple of radio shows to discuss the issue, and was interviewed by a major magazine about it. The print reporter asked me if I had been paid by the "trial lawyers" to speak on behalf of the measure. "Not a penny," I truthfully answered.

But when the magazine story came out it described me as a "flack" and a "mouthpiece" for one of the main trial lawyers for small stockholders in California. This is disgracefully untrue, a major calumny, one that hurt me.

My point here, however, is not a personal one. Rather, I want to say a few words in defense of a group of people most Americans —especially conservatives— consider to be the scum of the earth: trial lawyers.

How have we come to hate these people, who sue on behalf of non-wealthy people and win money for them?

Trial lawyers are the people who got money for the cancer-stricken from asbestos companies that knew they had a dangerous product. Trial lawyers are the people who sue to stop the polluting of rivers and lakes and air. Trial lawyers got justice for the victims of Charles Keating. They recovered hundreds of millions from Michael Milken.

Trial lawyers are there, risking their own time and money if they take a case on contingency, to get some access to court for people who would be locked out if there were no trial lawyers.

You can take it further: Trial lawyers are the folks who won the *Brown* v. *Board of Education* lawsuit to get the public schools of America racially desegregated. Trial lawyers are the folks who won the *New York Times* v. *Sullivan* case that stopped libel suits as a way of suppressing free speech in political coverage and comment.

Of course many trial lawyers are tough, hardened, aggressive types. Many of them overcharge. But when we are in litigation, we want our lawyers to be tough and mean. When was the last time you think someone hired a lawyer and instructed, "Now, be really nice to the other side ..."?

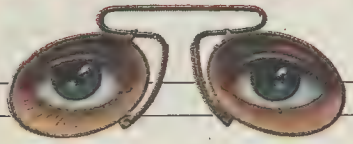
Any way you look at it, it's wrongheaded to attack trial lawyers for trying to get some justice for the ordinary citizen and trying to make a good living doing it. Where would ordinary citizens be without lawyers who take cases on contingency? Where would the ordinary guy be without trial lawyers if he got hit by a car or sexually harassed at work or fired for his race or had his doctor leave a sponge in his incision?

Trial lawyers are no more perfect than doctors or writers or actors. But they provide access to the law—the most majestic and basic of all our social structures. It's time to stop making them into caricatures and villains. Of course if you find a dishonest trial lawyer, punish him. But we need them as a group, and they provide a vital service. "Trial lawyer" is not a dirty term, any more than "law" is.

And no, I have not been paid a penny by the trial lawyers to write this.

Attacking "trial lawyers" is just code for trying to keep non-rich people from having access to our courts.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



SMART SEX

By Dr. Judy Kuriansky

Successful dating is everyone's right, and here are a few tips to smooth the way.

Just as I was about to start my dating seminar to promote my new book, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Dating,* at Barnes & Noble in Pasadena, Christine, an attractive woman who had been waiting, accosted me: "I'm surprised at you for calling us idiots when your *Penthouse* column is called 'Smart Sex,' and on TV you seem so respectful."

"I don't mean you *are* an idiot," I explained, "but the Idiot's series, covering everything from Windows 95 to weddings, really means KISS: Keep it simple, stupid" since dating and sex are complicated enough these days.

Kevin, another participant, came to my rescue. "But I do feel like an idiot when it comes to sex and dating," he said.

Okay, Kevin, here are some of my tips about how to not be an idiot.

Don't be an idiot who plays games. I disagree with those other books and experts who warn you not to call or send flowers too soon, so you look cool and not too willing. I say, "Be yourself." If you're into romance, say so up front; if you want sex sans attachment, admit it. Why waste time and energy pretending, and confusing each other.

Don't feel idiotic wondering where to go to meet someone. Check newspaper listings. Ask friends. Sex appeal comes from being actively involved and finding common interests. Do volunteer work or take courses. Gals should go where guys would be, golfing, sailing, wine tasting, or learning computers. Guys should learn about cooking, dancing, massage, making relationships work, how to have great sex. (Nothing turns a girl on more than a guy who cooks dinner or who talks about feelings.) Talk to neighbors in local places (bookstores, parks, laundry rooms, supermarkets) that foster natural conversation ("Have you read this?" "Which lettuce would you recommend?").

Thrill seekers can get sparks flying at sporting events, music concerts, and amusement parks, where you're having fun, feeling uninhibited, and flooded with the body's chemical messengers that make a powerful cocktail for falling in love.

Don't feel like an idiot wondering how to approach someone. Be yourself. If you're shy, admit it. If you aren't well received, be glad you found out straight off, and be on your way.

Don't worry that lines are idiotic. Said tongue in cheek, they can be funny—remember, humor is a turn-on for both sexes. I got sent lots of examples over the Internet. Some are cute: "Do you believe in love at first sight? If not I'll walk by again." Or "I'd offer you a drink, but I'd be jealous of the glass." A racier one: "Let's have breakfast. Should I call you or nudge you?" Add "Hah, hah" and blame me: "I read it in Dr. Judy's *Idiot's Guide to Dating.*" Personally I had to chuckle at the guy who peered over at me devouring a steak alone and said, "It looks good, it smells good, and I bet it tastes good." I knew he wasn't just referring to the steak.

Use body language to advantage. Show you're on the same wavelength by mirroring your target's actions (cocking a hip or putting a hand on your chin). Stroke a part of your body you'd like her to touch (start simply, on the face, hand or shoulder, before moving to more intimate places).

Break the ice, and express your sexual style, by funny but revealing quizzes. Read ones aloud right out of my book. Ask: "If you read my diary after our first night of sex, what would it say?" or "I caught you cheating—what do you do now?" Or give an option. Sex: Please myself or my partner? First date: Seeking sex or looking for love?

You know what the smart answer is. There are no idiots reading this magazine.

Balloonheads®

BY ART CUMINGS

"Don't tell me, let me guess—you're a lawyer."

FBI

Chickens coming home to roost: New disclosures about the Kennedy assassination

Article by John Wallach

Every three weeks a former chairman of Columbia University's history department, two other eminent historians, an archivist, and a district-court judge from the Midwest meet privately in a second-floor conference room of a redbrick office building about halfway between the Capitol and the White House.

Illustration by Fred Otnes

These five Americans appointed by President Clinton form the Assassination Records Review Board. Over two or three days they will sift through thousands of F.B.I., C.I.A., Secret Service, and other classified documents to decide which of the 2.5 million pages of still-secret material can be released to the National Archives and made public.

The board was created by the President John F. Kennedy Assassination Records Collection Act of 1992, signed by President Bush in the wake of the controversy over the Oliver Stone movie *JFK*. The intent of Congress and Bush, himself a former C.I.A. chief, was to help restore the credibility of the C.I.A., the main culprit in the Stone film.

The more material the board votes to declassify—and in the past 16 months it has forced F.B.I. and C.I.A. disclosure of previously "redacted," or blackened-out, information in more than 2,000 documents—the less credible become many of the major figures who conducted the 33-year-old investigation into the assassination.

Indeed, one indication of the sensitive nature of the board's actions is that the F.B.I. has appealed to President Clinton to uphold its refusal to make public material in more than 43 documents that the board has voted to release. The F.B.I. contends that to do so would compromise intelligence sources or expose information-gathering methods of the C.I.A.

But *Penthouse* has learned that there are other reasons why the bureau is battling to keep material now more than three decades old from seeing the light of day. In a three-month study of hundreds of documents reviewed by the board, including several that remain classified, and extensive interviews with board members and former Kennedy advisers, this is what has been learned:

• F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover was engaged in a deliberate cover-up to prevent the Warren Commission from probing the links between right-wing Cuban exiles in the United States and American crime syndicates in New Orleans, Miami, and Chicago—well-known haunts of J.F.K. assassin Lee Harvey Oswald and of Jacob Rubenstein, a.k.a. Jack Ruby, the Dallas nightclub owner who murdered Oswald. The major reason for the cover-up was to protect the F.B.I.'s own clandestine connections to potential suspects in the Kennedy assassination who were involved in plots to assassinate Cuban leader Fidel Castro.

• Hoover possessed reports from two previously undisclosed secret informants, one of them a high-ranking Cuban official and the other a senior member of the American Communist Party, that absolved Castro of any involvement in the assassination. Yet the only document Hoover provided the Warren Commission was a single sentence from a 26-page memo that pointed to Castro's foreknowledge of a plot to kill Kennedy.

• During the October 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis, Soviet leader Nikita Khrushchev apparently tried to blackmail President Kennedy into ordering an end to the C.I.A. plots against Castro before he would order withdrawal of Soviet strategic-offensive nuclear missiles from Cuba. According to a top White House adviser at the time, Kennedy was infuriated when he discovered that his efforts to resolve the missile crisis were being complicated by the C.I.A.'s covert operations against Castro. The C.I.A., however, did not give up its anti-Castro activities.

• Within days of the assassination Castro had a team of Cuban sharpshooters try to match Oswald's reported performance with rifles similar to the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle Oswald allegedly used to kill Kennedy. The test was conducted "under the same conditions, same distance, same height" as that between the Texas School Book Depository and the location near the grassy knoll where J.F.K. was shot. It showed that it was impossible for a lone assassin "to have shot three times at the same target with the same rifle" in the given time. Castro concluded that it must have taken at least two and "most likely" three assassins to kill Kennedy. Again, Hoover had this memo within days of the assassination, but did not disclose its contents to the Warren Commission. It was declassified in March 1995.

• Five documents were declassified, after a protracted A.R.R.B. battle with the F.B.I., showing that as early as July 1960, nine months after Oswald's defection to the Soviet Union and three and a half years before the assassination, Hoover had an interest in Oswald. The F.B.I. chief personally requested, and received, Swiss police cooperation in tracking Oswald's application to attend Albert Schweitzer College in Geneva.

• After the board reached a compromise with the F.B.I. to rewrite the contents in its own words, an "intercept" document was declassified that could help resolve the issue of whether an audiotape recording still exists of Oswald's conversation with Soviet embassy officials in Mexico City. If the tape is in fact discovered, it could also help answer questions about whether it is Oswald's voice, thereby ending the mystery over a purported Oswald "imposter" or second person who, according to some accounts, accompanied Oswald on his September 26 to October 3, 1963, trip to the Mexican capital. The document suggests that a second copy of the inter-

"This résumé of yours doesn't say anything about that erection."

It's a fact.
You really can switch down to lower tar and enjoy the taste.
Oh yea!
MERIT
ULTRA LIGHTS
MERIT
FILTER
You've got MERIT
© Philip Morris Inc. 1996
Ultima: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine—Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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cepted telephone call was discovered after the assassination.

• The F.B.I. never provided the Warren Commission with results of a Secret Service investigation into a Chicago-based Cuban exile group with links to organized crime. The Secret Service investigation may have proved critical in persuading the commission of the need to probe the possibility of a right-wing conspiracy because of threats made the day before Kennedy was assassinated by a Cuban exile leader who boasted that his group would be receiving huge sums of Mafia money as soon as "we take care of Kennedy." The F.B.I. allegedly dropped the case to protect the exile leader's father, who was one of its informants.

Almost all the board members agree that the documents show that both Hoover, as chief investigator, and former C.I.A. Director Allen Dulles, the only member of the Warren Commission aware of the covert anti-Castro plotting, assigned a much higher priority to safeguarding the secrecy of their agencies' ongoing operations than to the presidentially mandated search for the truth behind the J.F.K. assassination. "The sense you get in reading all of these documents," says A.R.R.B. member Anna Nelson, a history professor and respected civil-liberties advocate, "is that the C.I.A. and F.B.I. were primarily concerned with covering up other kinds of operations. Hoover helped damage the credibility of the Warren Commission to protect these operations and their [the F.B.I.'s] general modus vivendi when the C.I.A. and F.B.I. operated together. It was part of the Cold War culture."

Kermit Hall, another A.R.R.B. member, who is dean of the College of Humanities and a history professor at Ohio State University, suggests that President Lyndon Johnson had his own motives for not wanting the Warren Commission to pursue conspiracies. "There were two things driving Johnson," he says. "One was the quick realization that with the Cold War climate, the possibility of a larger conflict based on a giant misunderstanding was a reality. The second was that it was very clear that Johnson took up the domestic side of his political agenda, and the Kennedy assassination was a sideshow. The quicker you get the sideshow out of the way, the better. Lyndon Johnson had no political use for the assassination as a great tragedy, and the result of that was that he pushed the Warren Commission to get its job done—not just for international reasons but because there were good domestic political reasons to push it aside."

Hoover was afraid that if there was a conspiracy the F.B.I. would be held accountable for failing to uncover the plot and for failing to alert President Kennedy to the dangers of visiting Dallas. But Hoover had more important reasons to channel the Warren Commission's inquiry away from conspiracies, and he went to great lengths to do it.

Two days after Kennedy was assassinated, and a week before the Warren Commission was formed, Hoover told White House aide Walter Jenkins, "The thing I am concerned about, and so is [Deputy Attorney General Nicholas] Katzenbach, is having something issued so we can convince the public that Oswald is the real assassin." The next day Katzenbach instructed White House Press Secretary Bill Moyers to brief the press corps that "Oswald was the assassin" and "he did not have confederates who are still at large." Within days Hoover had taken two other actions. He enlisted the help of his C.I.A. colleague James Angleton, who ran the agency's counterintelligence division, in suppressing the desire of Lee Rankin, the general counsel of the Warren Commission, to hire the commission's own investigative staff. He leaked to the U.P.I. a story that began: "An exhaustive F.B.I. report now nearly ready for the White House will indicate that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone and unaided assassin of President Kennedy." Hoover did not stop there. After the commission was formed, he instructed his aides to provide only those documents specifically requested by the commissioners and, for good measure, ordered that secret files be opened on each of the commission's staff members.

Why was Hoover so intent on restricting the Warren Commission's access to what the F.B.I. wanted it to see? For the past two decades, since the House Select Committee on Assassinations and the Senate Select Committee to Study Governmental Operations with Respect to Intelligence Activities (the Church Committee) issued their reports in the mid-1970s, it has been generally assumed that Hoover was mainly motivated by his desire to keep secret the C.I.A.'s connections with the Mafia, and the agency's efforts to arrange a "hit" by Cuban exiles on Castro.

But there was a deeper, darker secret that only Hoover and Dulles were aware of. It required the C.I.A. and the F.B.I. to keep the Warren Commission totally in the dark. It forced them to keep pressure on the commissioners to wrap up their work as quickly as possible. And the commission was bristling at the pressure. "They [the F.B.I.] would have us fold up and quit," complained Rankin. "They found the man [Oswald]. There is nothing more to do. The commission supports their conclusions, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

NEW BACARDI SPICE

AS GOOD AS IT GETS.

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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

OUR LEONA HELMSLEY GREED AWARD TO ...

... the six actors of the tremendously popular television show "Friends," each of whom demanded a salary of $100,000 per episode, plus profit percentages on syndication from Warner Bros. and NBC. They began the show earning $22,500 each per episode for a 22-episode season, then they were each given a raise to $40,000 an episode, or $880,000 a season, after the show became successful.

AND NOW, DEEP THOUGHTS

Basketball superstar **Shaquille O'Neal,** reacting to publicity about his $121 million contract with the Los Angeles Lakers: "I'm tired of hearing about money, money, money, money, money. I just want to play the game, drink Pepsi, wear Reebok."

"Ugh, he's so squeaky clean. He's like, yeee-ccchhh!"

Sandra Bullock talking about Chris O'Donnell

LIFE AT THE TOP

According to his recent autobiography, television producer Aaron Spelling's conspicuous consumption includes trucking in snow to the backyard of his Los Angeles mansion (the largest private dwelling in the city) so that his daughter Tori —TV star to be—could see what snow was like, and purchasing rare seashells to be scattered in the sand at his Malibu beach house for her to find. Spelling said the lavishness of his home, which includes a bowling alley and an indoor skating rink, stemmed from his fear of flying.

WOULDN'T A POODLE BE EASIER?

Mike Tyson says that he will no longer allow his pet tiger, Kenya, to sleep in his bed because the giant cat could break the boxer's arm (or any other part of his body) by landing on it.

THERE'S A BLACK SHEEP IN EVERY FAMILY

Academy Award winner Nicolas Cage, on how he has managed to overcome his Coppola family background: "We come from a long line of robbers and highwaymen in Italy. Killers, even. There's also a lot of creativity."

ONLY IN HOLLYWOOD

The two stars of the remake of *The Island of Dr. Moreau* have provided lots of material for the Hollywood gossip mills. According to one account, Val Kilmer insisted that the crew address him only as "Mr. Kilmer," drove the director nuts by attaching assorted pieces of colored cloth to his wardrobe, and stubbed out a cigarette on a cameraman's face. Marlon Brando also caused problems for the director with a series of bizarre stunts, including playing one scene with an ice bucket on his head.

SIC TRANSIT

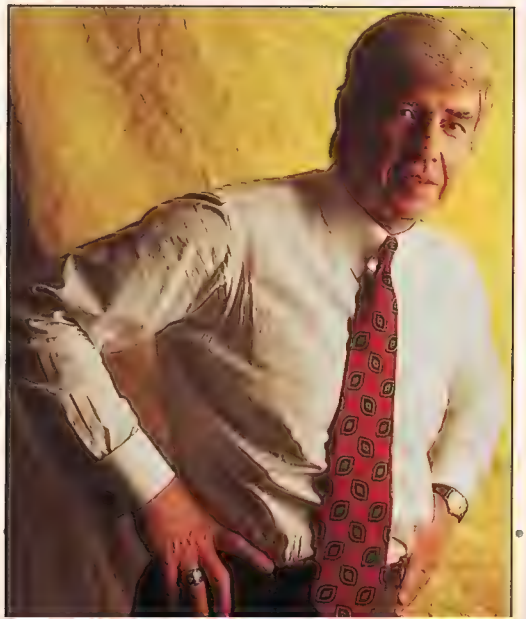
Despite the increased fame from his nomination as the Republican vice-presidential candidate, the value of a Jack Kemp trading card failed to rise. According to dealers, the 1960 rookie card of quarterback Kemp, then with the Los Angeles Chargers, was worth $325 before his nomination and didn't increase at all afterward.

"Belching is something I learned as a kid.... Everyone in my family is quite good at it."

Model Kathy Ireland

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED

The author of a biography of Howard Stern was surprised to learn that Stern's former high-school classmates and teachers barely remembered him. They vaguely recalled the shock jock as a cutup in study hall. One teacher needed to consult an old yearbook before pronouncing the teenage Stern "a personality-less character who sorta looked like a goofy-looking drug freak."



GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

Disney Adventures magazine advised its young readers that to greet friends Arab-style, they should blow into their faces while the recipients are doing the same. But turning one's head to avoid a friend's bad breath is considered an insult. The American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee called this absurd.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

we can go home and that is the end of it," he told a closed-door executive session of that body on January 22, 1964.

What Hoover and Dulles kept so secret would have blown the lid off their anti-Castro plotting. It was that the United States had an informant in Castro's inner circle who was so close to the Cuban leader that he was able to confirm within hours of the assassination that neither Castro nor anyone in his regime or under his control had anything to do with it.

The C.I.A., according to a confidential source who has read the relevant classified document, is still demanding that it remain secret. According to the source, the informant's family is still in Cuba. "It would be terribly damaging to some family to know that Grandpa worked for the C.I.A. while he was swearing loyalty to Castro," the source told us. Asked how certain the C.I.A. could have been that the information was reliable, the source added, "All I can say on that is that we had people inside—I mean inside the Castro administration. As a result we had a certitude that it was not Castro."

A.R.R.B. member Anna Nelson agrees that the evidence she has seen removes Castro as a possible conspirator. "We have done [looked at] that.... Castro was not involved. Castro was not a factor. That is very important for the historical record," she says. William Joyce, the rare-books archivist at Princeton University and a board member, agrees. "From all the evidence we have gathered about what was going on in Cuba and in the domestic leftist organizations," Joyce says, "it is clear they were as baffled and surprised and confused as the rest of us."

In addition to this previously undisclosed Cuban informant, Hoover had sources who told him that neither Castro nor the Kremlin was involved. But that was not what he told the Warren Commission. He provided Rankin with a 27-word memo about Oswald's visit to the Cuban embassy in Mexico City. It read: "Fidel Castro reportedly said subj[ect] stormed into the embassy/Cuban or Mexican/demanding visa. When refused, he headed out saying, I'm going to kill Kennedy for this." The bulk of the document, however, showed just the opposite: that Castro could not have known about the plot or been involved.

In fact the board has declassified previously redacted parts of an F.B.I. document about an undercover operation aimed at the Kremlin and its leaders. For the first time both the code name of the operation—SOLO—and the identity of the informant are revealed. The F.B.I. informant is conclusively identified as Jack Childs, a high-ranking member of the Communist party of the United States and a key lieutenant throughout the 1960s to Gus Hall, the longtime Communist party chief. Morris Childs and Jack Childs were brothers from Chicago who were recruited by the F.B.I. in the early 1950s. They provided what's been termed a treasure trove of information to the bureau. The Childs brothers were both agents in Operation SOLO. Jack Childs (previously identified only as NY-694-S*) regularly reported on Communist party infiltration of the civil-rights movement, the anti-war Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, the United Auto Workers, and the activities of Martin Luther King, Jr., and others in the "Negro freedom movement." On June 11, 1963, the same day that Childs gave Gus Hall a lengthy report about his trip to the Soviet Union and Cuba, he gave his F.B.I. liaisons a facsimile of the entire report.

Childs also happened to be in Moscow on the day Kennedy was shot. When he returned to the United States a week later, he told the F.B.I. that the Soviet Union was turning over "its entire file on Oswald" to the U.S. government to prove "that Oswald was no responsibility of theirs," the document shows. Childs noted that the Soviet officials told him they were "taking a very definite risk" in turning the Oswald material over, because there were "few greater sins in the Communist world" than "to cooperate with the intelligence services of an imperialist country."

Childs attributed the Soviet move to intense concern that the Johnson administration would use the assassination as an excuse to "stop [arms] negotiations with the Soviet Union, attack Cuba, and thereafter spread the war. As a result of these feelings," Childs told Hoover, "the U.S.S.R. immediately went into a state of national alert." The Soviets felt compelled to do whatever was necessary "to disassociate themselves from the assassin of President Kennedy."

Hoover kept the Warren Commission from mounting its own independent investigation into the assassination. For good reason. Had the commission been allowed to hire its own investigators it is more likely it would have uncovered the chain of interlocking relationships between the C.I.A., the Cuban exile community, and organized-crime figures—all of which were collaborating in extensive plots to kill Castro.

How much was Hoover covering up?

The answer is still hidden in thousands of files that remain classified. Most of those involve the secret links forged between the C.I.A., anti-Castro exiles, and the Mafia—which was the target of Attorney General Robert Kennedy's unprecedented crackdown during precisely the same period (1961–1963) that these mobsters were being courted by the U.S. government. As one board member put it, there is enough circumstantial evidence in what they have reviewed thus far to suggest that several groups may have had a motive to kill J.F.K. The motive of Cuban exiles, still smarting from Kennedy's refusal to provide air cover for their countrymen in the Bay of Pigs invasion, and the motive of the Mafia dons, who felt double-crossed by what they saw as Bobby Kennedy's hypocrisy, were identical. If there was a conspiracy, said one A.R.R.B. source, it was propelled by "revenge, and not the overthrow of the U.S. government."

The board has been frustrated by the F.B.I. in its efforts to obtain these voluminous bureau files. More than 260,000 pages pertaining to the C.I.A.-Mafia links were given to the House Select Committee on Assassinations. The board therefore feels it has a legitimate claim on them. By this fall the F.B.I. had reviewed fewer than a quarter of these files to determine if they can be made public. Equally intriguing is an "undefined" number of records that the F.B.I. never relinquished to the H.S.C.A. They may never be released.

Finally, the personal notebooks and diaries of Bobby Kennedy remain closely guarded by his family. They would help answer several important questions. One is the mystery of what happened to his brother's brain after the autopsy at Bethesda Naval Hospital. Burke Marshall, the legal guardian of the Kennedy estate, confided to one board member that even he does not know.

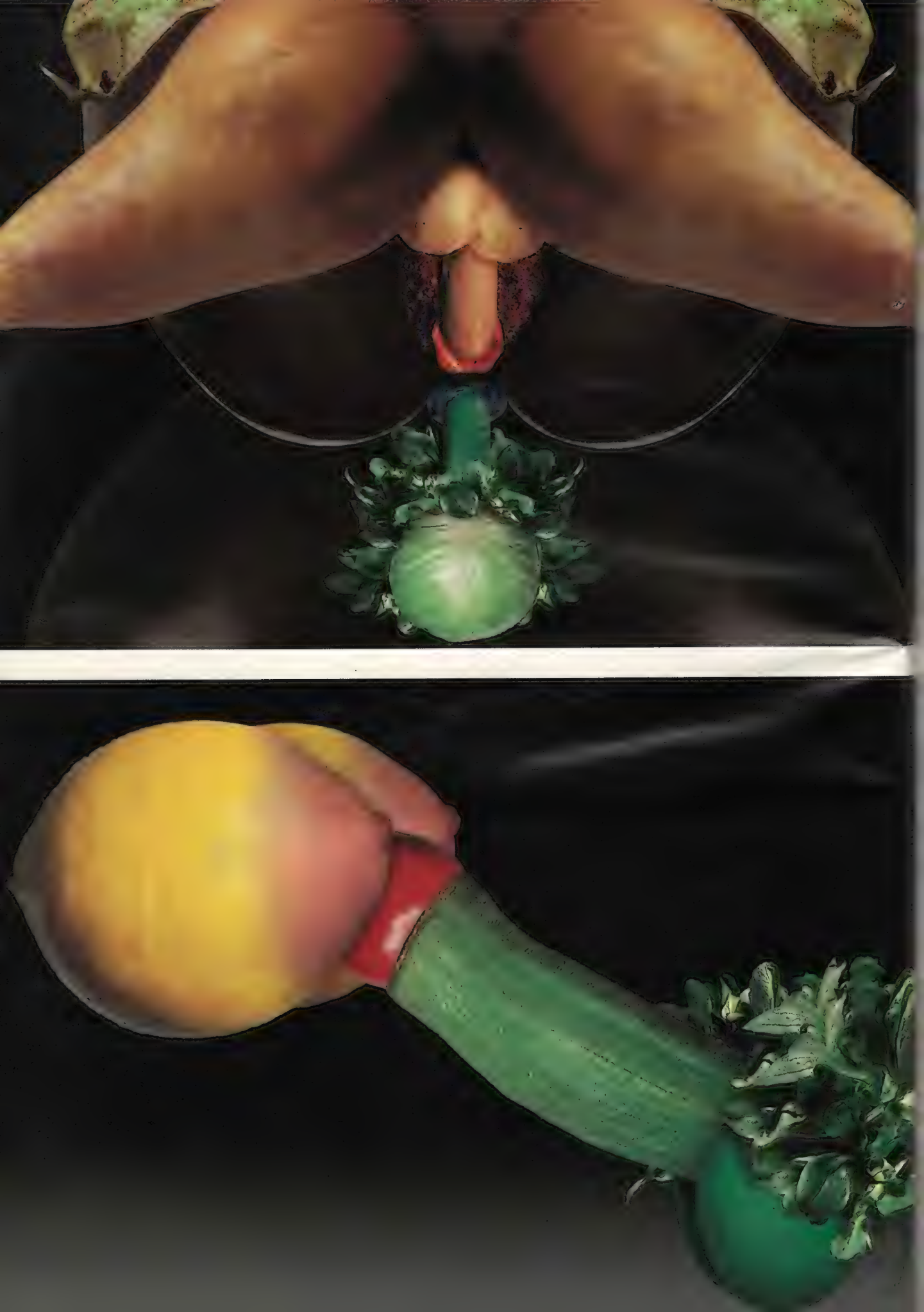
Within days of J.F.K.'s assassination Castro had a team of sharpshooters try to match Oswald's reported performance.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

FRUIT OF THE WOMB

Though many people limit their gastronomic sexual experimentation to whipped cream, honey, or chocolate syrup, true gourmands know the infinite erotic possibilities of food. In this spirit *Penthouse* celebrates the art of Jacques Froment. Finally, a glimpse of what made the fruit of the forbidden tree so tempting to Adam and Eve. Bon appétit!

DIGITAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY JACQUES FROMENT



Froment's ideas generally sprout while he's on his way to the market, growing as he searches through the bumper crop of fresh vegetation for elemental gustatory delights.

Using bountiful produce plucked from the fertile soil, Froment surpasses the first-course expectations of fruit cocktail, creating a dish so succulent that it becomes the pièce de résistance.

This dessert of passion fruit satisfies man's hunger, just as a love apple's erupting flavor slakes a woman's thirst.

My cunt was dripping wet, my clit swollen like a cranberry.

How many of you have met your cyber-playmates? StolenKiss@aol.com wants to know. Send the scurrilous details, and let me make you famous in an upcoming column. And don't forget to check out our too-hot-to-print Internet edition, http://www.penthousemag.com.

MAG LOVE

Please renew my subscription to your magnificent, glossy pub. Every time I have it in my hands I can't resist the urge to spread it wide open so I can see every juicy piece inside. It is so slick and taut and well-rounded that I honestly can't get enough of it. In fact I fantasize that someday I might actually be in it. I like to push it down flat and run my fingers along its tight, snug fold. Or else I lay it face down and remove every stitch that restrains it, so I can spread it out in a heap beneath me and devour the whole thing at once. Either way, I think your pub is thrilling, and I can't wait for it to come. I wish I could make it come every day.—KKHYDE@aol.com

SHE'S ALL BUSINESS

I'll never forget last weekend. I can still hardly believe that my company sent me to Los Angeles on business—less than an hour from the home of the man I've been cyber-fucking for nearly two years. While he was driving to meet me I got hot just thinking about all the intimate things I had confessed to him. He knew that I love to be tongue-fucked, and that I like my nipples bitten gently. He knew that I like it hot, hard, and fast the first time, and that sucking cock is my favorite way to help my lover clean up after sex.

I dressed in a tight-fitting suit with a low-cut top that gave him an eyeful of my enormous tits. Before we left for dinner he sat me down on the edge of the bed and unzipped his fly, and I sucked him with total abandon. Finally the big, hard cock I'd imagined for two years was in my mouth. I licked his balls, kissed his thighs, grabbed his ass, and was starting to deep-throat him when he pulled away. I realized he was teasing me; he knew how much I wanted him, but he was going to make me wait.

Dinner was an exercise in arousal. I kept remembering how his cock tasted, knowing how it would feel in all my holes. My cunt was dripping wet, my clit swollen like a cranberry. I could barely restrain myself from rushing off to masturbate in the bathroom.

When we got back to the hotel he was on top of me the minute we walked in the door. After he came the first time I expected him to rest, but instead he started playing with my swollen clit. He made me come twice more, then fucked me again with all the tenderness he'd withheld before. That was just the beginning. Throughout the night I discovered the joys of his cock—in my mouth, in my cunt, cradled between my breasts, and up my ass. He even let me watch him jerk off, so I could see what I had heard so many times over the phone.

When he took me sightseeing the next day, all I could think of was the sights of the night before. I can hardly wait for my next business trip.—*HotProperT@aol.com*

PHYSICAL THERAPY

HotBlooded: My girlfriend just left me. Can you help me deal with my grief?

HornyShrink: Have a seat on my couch. Now just relax as I kneel before you, sliding my hands along your chest....

HotBlooded: My cock's beginning to throb, reacting to every hot touch....

HornyShrink: My hands move down to your jeans. I fight with your belt to get it undone, then slide your pants down.

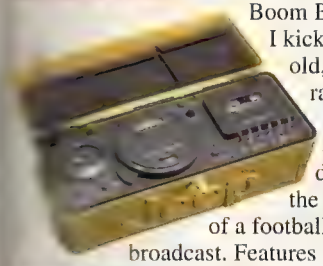
HotBlooded: Eight hard inches are standing at attention for you....

HornyShrink: Slowly, methodically, I take each ball into my mouth and roll it gently ... then move up to your cock, my mouth wet and warm around you. Now I'm sucking your rod, holding the base with one hand as I gently scratch your balls with the other.

HotBlooded: Waves of anticipation engulf me ... arching my hips to meet your luscious lips.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

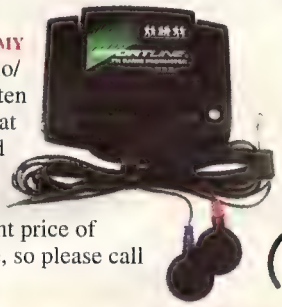
ST DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE ... TO ME, a waterproof JEEP® Boom Box since I kicked my old, finicky radio into the lake after it died in the middle of a football game broadcast. Features CD ...M/FM radio and recording ...e deck. Comes in yellow or olive ... Sweet deal at $199.99.



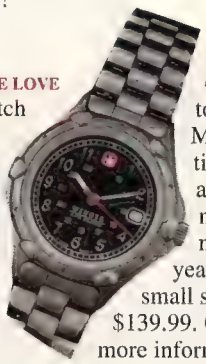
ON THE SECOND DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a CD player carrying case from CD Projects®. Will accommodate either 12 CD's with sleeves or just 24 CD's. No more CD's sliding under the car seat and falling out on the pavement! Take your CD player and favorite music anywhere you want to go. Perfect for traveling or exercising. Only $19.99.

ON THE THIRD DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a Magellan® GPS 2000. Great for hunters, hikers, and folks who need help navigating from the dinner table to the couch. Easy to use, this product remembers up to 100 locations and landmarks. Features include four navigation screens, on-screen menus, "Go To" button, backtrack option, and much more. Unit is water-proof and lightweight. A great deal for only $279.99!

...RTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY ... LOVE GAVE TO ME, an FM Radio/ ...meter made by Sportline®. Listen ...sic while walking off all of that ...rkey and dressing consumed ...holidays. Keeps track of ...walked, jogged, hiked, or ...ne year guarantee. Excellent price of ... Other pedometers available, so please call ....



ON THE FIFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a handsome Titanium finish Wenger watch to remember my New Year's resolution of being on time. Made in Switzerland with all-Swiss quartz movement, this timepiece is water-resistant up to 330 feet. Features a stainless steel screw-on back with a scratch-resistant mineral crystal, date display, and Tritium hands and numerals making it easy to see at night. Comes with a one year limited warranty. Please specify either full or small size when ordering. Excellent value for only $139.99. Other watches available, so please call for more information.



ON THE SIXTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a nifty telescope to observe the heavenly "bodies." This 50x50 tabletop telescope is expertly crafted by Tasco®. Perfect for beginners, this model comes with Rand McNally moon and space maps. Who knows...you might even ...FO one cold, clear night! Great deal ...99. Other telescopes available. ...all for details.

ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a combination converter/descrambler. Save money by owning your equipment and you can still receive all basic and premium scrambled channels through your local cable company. We offer many well-respected brand names such as Scientific Atlanta®, Jerrold®, Pioneer®, Zenith®, Tocom®, and Panasonic®. Just call and one of our friendly represen-tatives will assist you in finding the right unit that is compatible with your local cable company. Prices range from $50 to $375.

As a consumer receiving cable access, it is your *legal and moral responsibility* to pay your local cable company for cable service you receive. Jerrold, Scientific Atlanta, Zenith, Tocom, Panasonic and Pioneer are registered trademarks and all references are for identification purposes only.

...IGHTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a Flash-back™ Mobile Office Package to help better utilize my time and my PC. Three different ... pieces allow you to digitally record ...ce, download the file to a PC, and attach ...e file to E-Mail or other documents to ...r the Internet. No more excuses for ... late! Only $549.99. Components can be ...rately. Call for details.

AOC Electronics

We have a professional representative waiting to take your call. Please call 800-380-4AOC (800-380-4262) for a FREE catalog of our fabulous products.

ON THE NINTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a four-cup cappaccino and espresso maker by Betty Crocker. She will enjoy it more but hey, a good cup of java is hard to beat! What a bargain for $79.99.

...NTH DAY OF ...S MY TRUE ... ...jammer combination unit made by ...Mountain Radar. Talk about "putting the ...the metal!" Instead of two pieces of ..., just mount to your dashboard this one ...raise on into the sunset. Not available in ..., District of Columbia, and Oklahoma. ...er rebate, some restrictions may apply. ...$349.99 Other models available.

ON THE ELEVENTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, a great digital 900MHz cordless phone by Tropéz that gives you unprecedented range and clarity. No more static interference. Great for calling relatives and friends over the holidays while chasing your toddler around the house. Battery offers six hours of talk time with over five days of standby. Fabulous deal at $219.99. Other phones available.

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS MY TRUE LOVE GAVE TO ME, my very own DSS by RCA. One that gets a zillion channels through US Satellite Broadcasting® and DIRECTV® programming! RCA's DSS has an easy-to-use on-screen program guide, parental control, program information, alternate audio and channel banner. Now you can have the guys over for a Super Bowl party! Bargain for $199.99 after DIRECTV rebate. Offer good until 12/31/96. For details, please call one of our friendly representatives. DS3120RA model featured.

We want to thank all of our loyal customers and wish everyone a happy and safe holiday!

Dang

He's got a beautiful young wife and a brand-new movie. His Vegas act and Manhatt

erfield

are still going strong. If he weren't so depressed, he'd be having the time of his life.

"I've had many situations where I got no respect. I'll tell you the funniest one. In my club I went up to do my show, okay? A guy said to me, 'Rodney, before you go on, can I have your autograph and some more butter?' It's the truth, man."

INTERVIEW by LAWRENCE GROBEL

Rodney Dangerfield sits at a long dining-room worktable in his luxurious Westwood, California, condo, drumming his fingers on a cherry-wood box the size of J.F.K.'s humidor as he goes over an announcement he wants his publicist to send to all the major colleges about his forthcoming movie, *Meet Wally Sparks*. Behind him sits a poster for the film—a poster he's still not sure reads the way he wants it to. Among the papers spread out on the table are some of the routines he's written for a week's appearance at the MGM Grand in Las Vegas. It's late afternoon, and the 75-year-old comedian is naked under his blue robe, which gapes wide down to his potbelly navel. He opens the wooden box, and instead of pulling out a stogie he grabs a few vials of pills and spreads the contents on a cloth napkin. "Some of these are vitamins," he mumbles, "some are antidepressants." He separates the variously colored pills into discrete piles, and downs them with several gulps of water.

"Whaddya think of the poster?" he asks. "You like the way the camera looks down at me? It's kinda nice, isn't it? I tell you, if you liked my character in *Caddyshack,* this Wally Sparks is the same guy, only funnier, wilder."

Caddyshack appeared in 1980, when Dangerfield was a household name. He followed that with *Easy Money* in '83 and *Back to School,* his most successful film—one of the first comedies to gross more than $100 million—in 1986. It took six years for his next two movies to appear, and one of them, an animated feature called *Rover Dangerfield,* never made it into theaters because at the time Rodney was the subject of a false tabloid story that caused Warner Bros. to back away from releasing a kids' movie created by a guy who was being accused of snorting cocaine and chasing prostitutes down a Las Vegas hotel hallway.

That was a rough time for the comedian, who has built his career out of getting no respect from anyone. In addition to that incident, Dangerfield was the victim of a faulty steam room at Caesar's Palace, which resulted in his suing the hotel for $725,000 in personal damages. He won his suit against Caesar's, as well as one against the *Star* (the defaming tab), but his reputation had been tarnished, and it's taken five years for Dangerfield to appear in another movie—this new one about a vulgar TV talk-show host.

But Dangerfield, who goes all the way back to once having helped open a show for Al Jolson in Atlantic City in 1942, hasn't exactly been idle these years. He still does his act in Vegas, his Dangerfield's nightclub in Manhattan is still going strong after 27 years, he's got a paperback book of some of his one-liners called *No Respect,* he's released a Dove Audio CD called *La Contessa,* which goes way beyond radio or TV standards of decency. And in 1993 he married a beautiful blonde 30 years his junior named Joan Childs. If he weren't so depressed all the time, these might be the best years of his life.

Rodney Dangerfield was born Jacob Cohen on November 22, 1921, in Babylon, Long Island. He rarely saw his father, who was part of a vaudeville act until the movies started to talk, when dad became a stockbroker. Rodney's mother moved him and his older sister to Jamaica in Queens, then to the Bronx, and finally to Kew Gardens in Queens, where they lived beyond their means and had to take in boarders in their three-room apartment. At 15 Rodney began writing jokes "to escape from reality, because I was so unhappy." At 17 he started entering amateur-night competitions doing stand-up, and at 19 he changed his name to Jack Roy. The next ten years were rough as he traveled around the East Coast picking up jobs at nightclubs and in the Catskill Mountains for five dollars a night.

"I was a singing waiter," he now recalls. "They threw money at me. I worked shows five hours a night; I drove a laundry truck two days a week, a fish truck two other days a week while I was trying to get into show business."

But no matter how hard he tried he couldn't make a decent living, and at the age of 28 he decided to give up, get married, and go into the home-improvement business. His business did better than his marriage to Joyce Indig, whom he divorced after they had had a child. They later remarried, but it was never a happy union.

For the dozen years he was away from stand-up he continued to write jokes, sometimes selling them to Joan Rivers or Joey Bishop, mostly wishing for a second chance. After turning 40 he realized that if he didn't give it another shot he'd regret it the rest of his life. He found a club owner who agreed to put him on, not as Jack Roy but as Rodney Dangerfield, and once he came up with his angle—no respect—he took off. He was a big hit on "The Ed Sullivan Show," and that led to an appearance on "The Tonight Show" with Johnny Carson. Carson cracked up, and so did America, as the funny-looking man in his trademark black suit fiddled with his tie, wiped the sweat that poured from his brow, and told us he was so ugly as a kid that every time his old man wanted sex, mama showed him Rodney's picture. "What a childhood I had," he'd say. "When I was kidnapped, they sent back a piece of my finger.... My old man said he wanted more proof." When it came to dating, girls never went for him: "I took out a belly dancer. She told me I turned her stomach." And when he could find a date she was usually ugly or fat. He took one ugly girl to a dog show "and she won." He went swimming with a girl so

"You know what a world-renowned psychologist told me? That everyone is fucking crazy. And you know what? He's right."

O'MYGOD

TEXT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORI HOFMEKLER

The difference between God and O'myGod is like the difference between Richard and Dick.

Richard

Dick

O'myGod is a sort of name like:

MycousinLinda

or

MyfriendDorsy

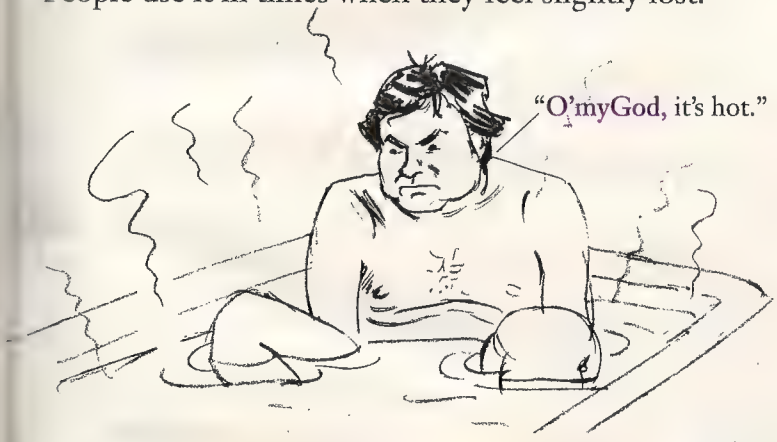
or

"Mysister is staying over so I can't see you tonight."

P.S. This is ...

Mysister

Such a name is O'myGod.
People use it in times when they feel slightly lost.


"O'myGod, it's hot."

or

"O'myGod, what if he sees us together?"

O'myGod is everywhere.
That's why I call him
O'myGod and not just God.
God is not everywhere.
He is only around when it
gets really serious.

"God, I just killed someone."

"God, he's going to jump!"

But life usually isn't always that serious, and we do need O'myGod to be around from 9 to 5.

fat "she left a ring around the lake." And when it came to his dog, even man's best friend had no respect for him: "He taught my wife how to roll over and play dead."

The lines rolled off his lips with machine-gun rapidity, a joke every 12 seconds, five a minute, 400 per show. Critics called him that rare comic whose appeal transcended generations. Dangerfield became so popular that Nat Hiken, the creator of "The Phil Silvers Show" (where Silvers played Sergeant Bilko), wanted to create a TV sitcom for him. "In the process of working on something for me, he [Hiken] died of a heart attack." Again, no respect.

Before rap became popular Dangerfield produced an album in the early eighties called *Rappin' Rodney.* Before that he had an album called *The Loser.* Then one cogently titled *No Respect.* When he appeared at the Hilton in Las Vegas they had to open the balcony to accommodate the crowds—the first time the hotel had done that since Elvis Presley appeared there. Wherever Dangerfield went in public, even to a fight at Madison Square Garden, people mobbed him. HBO hired him to do a number of highly rated specials, and Rodney gave some of today's leading comedians their first exposure on national television. Oliver Stone cast him as Juliette Lewis's father-from-hell in *Natural Born Killers.*

And yet when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences voted on whether or not to admit Rodney they turned their thumbs down, and Roddy McDowall sent him a letter of rejection. It so incensed academy members and the public that the decision was overturned and the academy invited him to join. Rodney turned his own thumb down on them.

"My image is that everything is wrong, I don't get respect, so people identify with that," he says in a voice as recognizable as Mae West's or W. C. Fields's. And then a sparkle comes to his eye as he shrugs off the weight of 60 years of joke writing. "You know what a world-renowned psychologist told me? That everyone is fucking crazy. And you know what? He's right."

When one thinks of you one thinks of New York, probably because of your nightclub. But you live in L.A. now, don't you?

Yeah. I've lived in this building for three years. Before that I lived for five years at the Beverly Hilton Hotel. My needs are very simple. I don't need a house to show people how great I live.

This is not such a simple apartment. We're on the 21st floor, with your own private elevator. On the shelves in your living room I see the complete works of Louis L'Amour, Rudyard Kipling, Thackeray, the Great Books, Presidential Papers, all bound in leather. You read these, Rodney?

I'm afraid these books came with the apartment. I'm not that deep. They were here, they looked good, it was a model apartment, and I said, "Throw in the books." Let me ask you something. Are your readers liberal sophisticates?

You mean, will they buy your erotic satire CD, La Contessa*?*

Yes, you read my mind. Will your readers enjoy something like that?

You mean will they laugh at puns on cockatoos and swallows, at stories about women so generous with sex they give their partners a head start, at the gay son who puts mistletoe on his belt buckle and then hangs around with midgets?

You've heard it! Think people will groove with it, say, "Hey, man, it's too much"? If they want to get a different kind of story, not for children, but if you want to have a laugh, get *La Contessa,* my X-rated talking book. I got the idea when I was in a bookstore. I saw the covers of these romantic novels, so I thought, gee, it would be funny to have my face up there as a swashbuckler with this gorgeous chick. Then I decided to write a story and tell it myself; otherwise it was ineffective. Everyone who listens to it finds it very, very funny. I'm not looking to push anything or make money or nothin', but if they want to get a good laugh, it's not something they'll hear on television or radio; it's for special people. If they want to buy it, they can buy it from me by calling 1-800-RESPECT.

Nice plug, Rodney. And we've only just begun. You also have your own Web site, don't you?

Yeah, I'm the only entertainer to have his own Web site. I get about 100,000 hits a day.

Wasn't it on your Web site where you asked your fans whether you should join the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences after they had turned you down the year before?

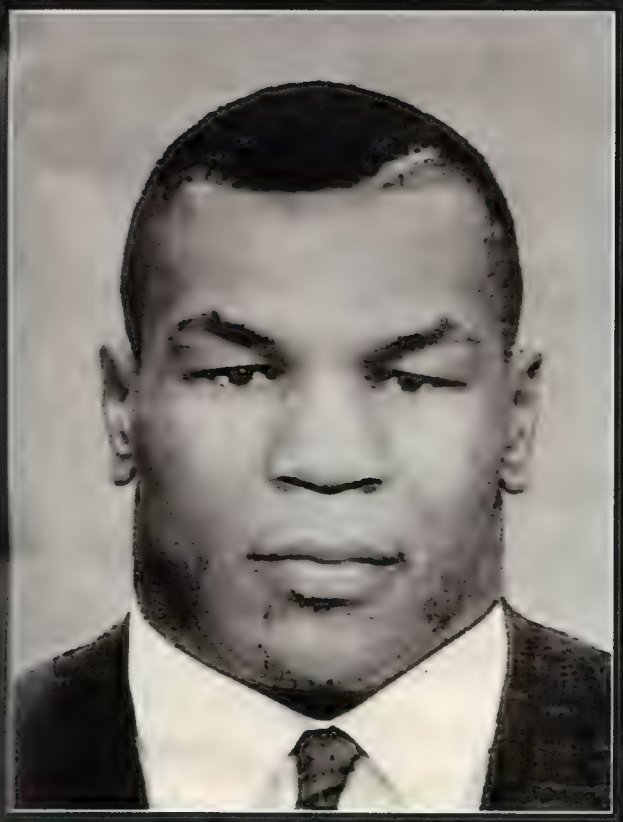
Yeah. It was such a ridiculous thing, what had happened, so dumb and stupid, that they got letters from everybody, including Oliver Stone. There are guys who are in the academy who are extras, and me they wouldn't let in? What happened was this, I believe: I frightened Roddy McDowall. When he saw *Natural Born Killers* I did a person there who was so horrible that when he saw me his emotions overruled his intelligence. He reacted like, "I don't want that guy around me." Which is flattering, that he thought that was me. But that's what I honestly feel. Then they got all these letters and I got invited to

"Say 'moo.'"

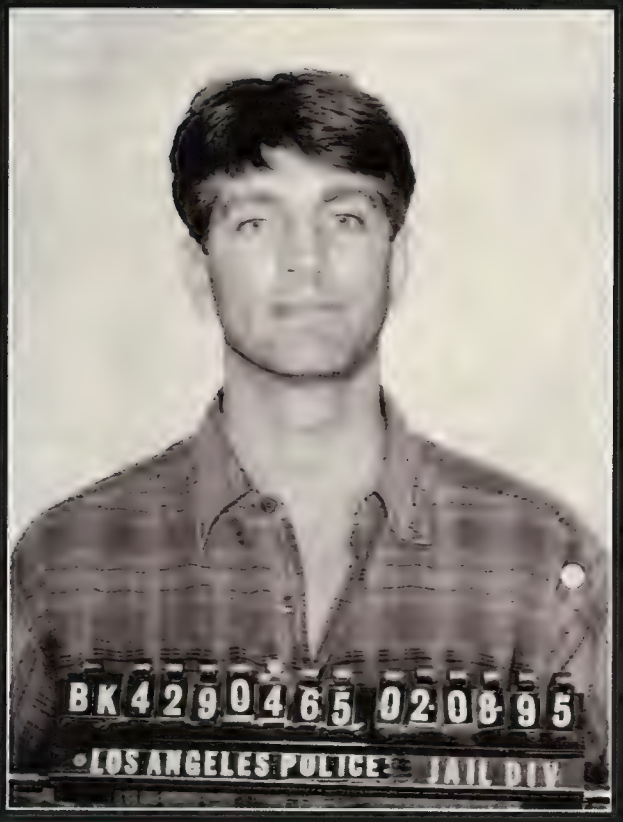
THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE BUSTED

MUG SHOTS

From *Mug Shots: Celebrities Under Arrest.* Copyright © 1996 by George Seminara. (St. Martin's Press, Inc.)



"Iron Mike" Tyson Arrested September 11, 1991. Charge: Rape, criminal deviate conduct. Found guilty; sentenced to ten years in prison, with four years suspended.



Eric Roberts Arrested February 8, 1995. Charge: Suspicion of spousal abuse. Released on $50,000 bail. At press time, no charges filed or indictment pursued.

[illegible] Canseco Arrested March 4, 1984. Charge: [illegible]. Later arrested for illegal possession of a handgun and sentenced to three years' probation.

Bess Myerson Arrested October 21, 1987. Charges: Bribery, conspiracy, mail fraud, obstruction of justice. Acquitted of all charges in federal court.

join, so I made a contest of it at my Web site. I asked people, How do you feel about the academy turning me down? Oooh, did I get back mail! They were using filthy language putting down the academy and Roddy McDowall, I wouldn't repeat it. Then Arthur Hiller sent me a letter saying, "We'll be happy to accept you as a member." So I asked my fans again on the Internet: Now they want to accept me as a member. Should I do it? And they sent me back answers: "Fuck them, Rodney. Who needs them? What do they know?" It was all like that. That's what happened there.

You won a Grammy in 1981 for your album No Respect, *and 14 years later were given the Lifetime Creative Achievement Award at the ninth annual American Comedy Awards. Why'd it take them so long to recognize you?*

I don't know. Guys make a business out of getting awards, being seen. I never do that. It's nice to be recognized for your work, but it doesn't mean you'll be happy now or anything like that.

You mean after all these years of successfully being the guy who gets no respect you're still not happy?

I have a down head. It's difficult for me to find something that will hold me, that I'll get a kick out of. Some people have happy heads, man. I don't.

Does it bring you further down when other comics steal your jokes? Robert Klein said you get stolen from more than anyone.

I believe so. From me they're taking jokes, individual, strong jokes. At one point it was so annoying. As the great comic Phil Foster once said, "When someone steals one of your jokes it's like they're hitting your kid." You write it, you fix it up, you perfect it, then they steal it. That's pretty low.

Do you write jokes every day?

I write practically every day. Something happens, you see a joke. I wrote a joke the other day from something that actually happened. I was kidding around in a place, and I said to a girl, "I'll give you $100, let me spend an hour with you." She said, "I'm sorry, it's not enough." I said, "Okay, I'll spend *two* hours with you." That's a funny line.

Marlon Brando said that comics are people with a lot of anger and pain. Is he right?

Not necessarily. Don Rickles is like that, but I don't have any anger in me when I'm working. I don't think Red Skelton or Danny Kaye had any anger in them. It's incorrect to say that all comics have anger in them and that they're full of pain.

I think Brando was talking about where comics are coming from, not when they're doing their act.

Oh, their personal life? I would say they suffer more than most people. Anytime you're selling yourself as a commodity ... If you're selling a table and people don't want it, they don't like the table; when you're selling yourself and they don't want it, they don't want you. That's why, when you hit, people look at you in awe: "How'd you do it? How did you make it in this racket?" But with my image, you see, everyone feels if I can do it they can do it. I was in the park one day in New York, and this girl says to me, "I'm a singer." I said, "Well, show business is a tough racket to make it in." And she said, "Well, you made it." I've had many situations like that, where I got no respect, okay? George Burns once came back to see me when I was working at Caesar's Palace. He knew my father in vaudeville. He asks how I'm doing, and I said, "All right, I guess. If you got a down head you're never really happy." So he says, "You're not happy? Where can a guy like you make this kind of money?" First of all, what did he mean by "a guy like you"? What's that got to do with anything? I'll tell you the funniest one. In my club one night I went up to do my show, okay? Truth. A guy said to me, "Rodney, before you go on, can I have your autograph and some more butter?" It's the truth, man.

Did anyone ever say to you, "You're going to make it"?

No, no one ever did. When I told my routine to my mother she said, "You're going to do that?" My old man, after he caught me doing nightclubs, saw me do a show for 400 Chinese people who all spoke English, and he said to me afterward, "You know, you got something."

What did your father do in vaudeville?

Pantomime. And a juggling act with his brother, my uncle. They toured the country. Show business is so different today. Today you might write TV shows and put them out every week; how can they possibly be good when so little effort is put in? My father would go on the road for ten months to break in an eight-minute act. And myself—if you're a perfectionist you suffer in life. When I used to do "The Tonight Show" with Carson, and I did a lot of them, 70 of them, it used to take me three months to prepare for one show. I'd go around to clubs, break in the jokes, that's how long it takes. So how can you have great shows on TV when they write them in an afternoon? In a week? That's why they have piped-in laughter.

Which is reason enough not to watch today's sitcoms.

It's very tough. It's annoying. You hear no joke, and then you hear them laugh over nothing. I was approached to do something like that a minimum of 50 times in my life. I never wanted it,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

THIS DEVICE PREVENTS PREMATURE EJACULATION!
IT'S AN IDEA WHOSE "COME" HAS TIME.
PATENT OFFICE

Greg Watermann/Outline

Wardrobe courtesy of Extremity by Alink, Los Angeles, Calif

THE BIG, THE BAD, AND THE BEAUTIFUL

As go the Dallas Cowboys, so goes the mood of the citizens of Big D. It's not about winning—although 1996 may be remembered as the Cowboys' year of self-destruction—but more about style and class. Remember, those guys with the lone star on their helmets and jerseys are America's team. Lately, however, the good citizens of Dallas and Cowboy fans around the country, listening anew to once-buried rumors, have become troubled by their Sunday-afternoon and "Monday Night Football" heroes. The boys are winning, but not in the "aw shucks" manner of real Cowboys.

They've heard stories about how the quarterback hates the coach, and how the coach's sycophants are helping to spread tales about the quarterback's sexual preferences. The quarterback, Troy Aikman, feels that the coach, Barry Switzer, doesn't coach, and that things at Valley Ranch (training center for the Cowboys) and Irving Stadium (home field) haven't been the same since the former coach, Jimmy Johnson, was fired by colorful owner and media suck-up

INTERVIEW BY ALLAN SONNENSCHEIN

"Michael has a bad sex problem. He's addicted just as much to sex as he is to drugs.... He always wanted us to be naked around him and always wanted us to do something—if it's not touching it's ... going down on each other."

erry Jones. Meanwhile, ugly rumors of racism have haunted he team since last year. Did Troy Aikman insult backup eceiver Kevin Williams with a racial slur? Troy says no; Kevin sticks by his own story. The poor Dallas fans don't now whom to believe in all this commotion. They're just ium unhappy.

But nothing is as bad as what happened last spring. All-ro wide receiver Michael Irvin was caught in a very unlike- Gary Cooper–John Wayne cowboy situation at a Dallas otel: piles of coke and grass and two women, neither of nom could pass for Mrs. Irvin. When good friends collide ith the police over drugs, all hell breaks loose, and some-me friends become no-time friends, especially during ard times. And although one of the girls, Angela Beck, told olice that the coke belonged to her, the story wouldn't die ere. Along came Rachelle Smith, and now Michael was in eep-shit trouble.

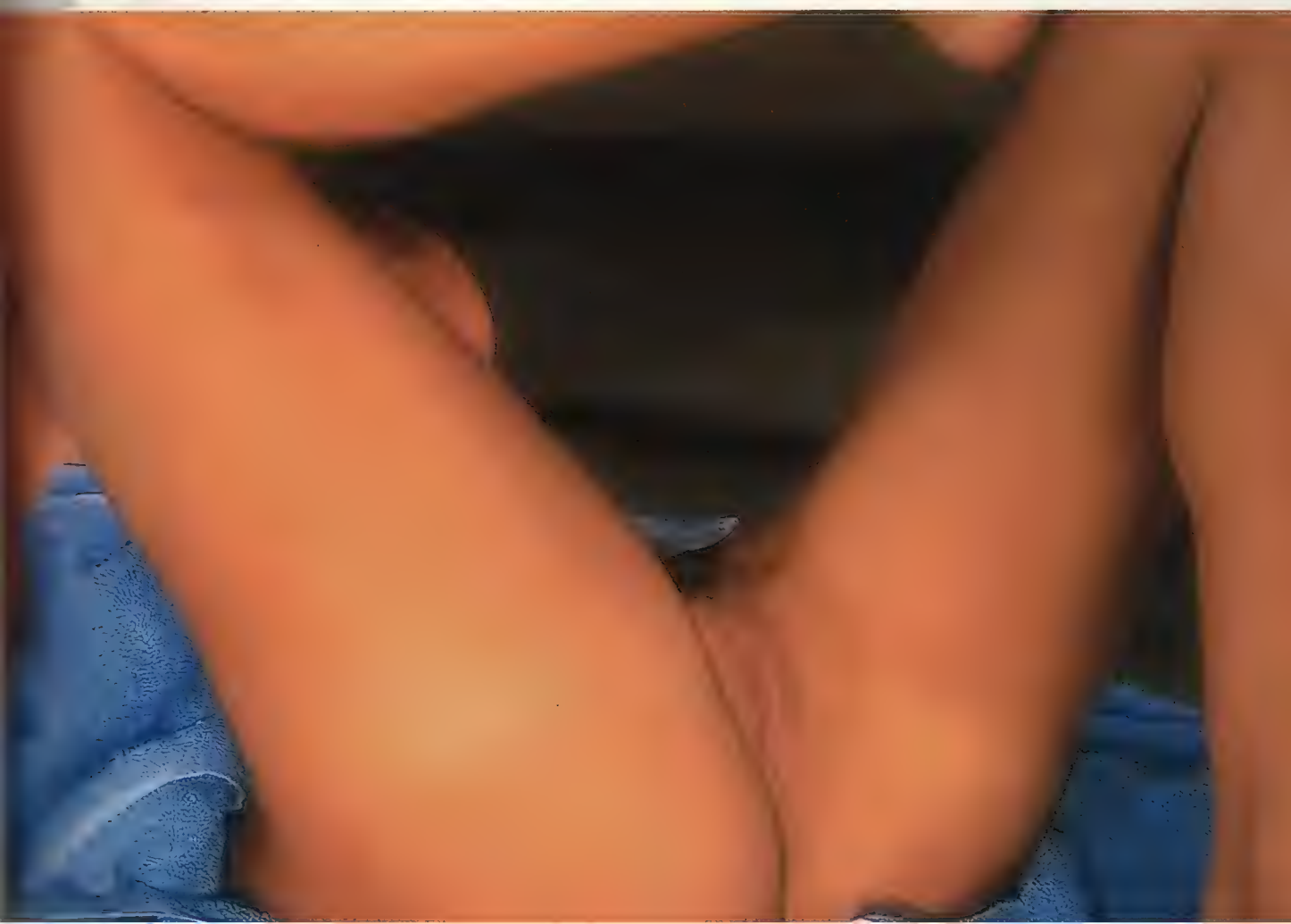
Smith, 24, a green-eyed topless dancer from Denver, had llowed her longtime boyfriend, Johnny Hernandez, to Big . Hernandez became a Dallas police officer, and Rachelle tarted showing off her big chest at some of the city's finest gentlemen's clubs." Soon the twosome became a three-some when Angela, also a topless dancer, moved in. The situation started to read like a script for an adult film, but Rachelle swears that Johnny was kept in the dark about what was going on in the seamier side of her life. Hernandez would pay for his ignorance.

According to Rachelle, Irvin couldn't get enough cocaine into his body, nor did he tire of watching the two girls have sex. On occasion, when the coke allowed, Irvin had sex with Angela. The trio was seen all over Dallas; Irvin flaunted the topless dancers as he did his coke habit. After the Cowboys won the 1996 Super Bowl he took the women to a team party in New York. There, America's team acted like good ol' boys, and the good times kept on rolling.

When the day of reckoning came for Irvin, his greatest fear became Rachelle Smith. Although Rachelle was absent the night the police walked through the door and seized the drugs, he knew what she could do to him in court. He continued to invite Beck and Smith to hang out with him, but he and a former Dallas Cowboy would strip-search Rachelle for hidden mikes. Once Michael went so far as to rub an electronic device between her legs, ostensibly to discover some secret recording device. She was scared enough to think he might kill her if she talked to authorities.

Rachelle kept Johnny Hernandez in the dark with tall tales of innocence, which he chose to believe. He still had no idea about his girlfriend's other drug and sex life. It was

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER



only a matter of time before the district attorney came calling, and Rachelle began to tell Hernandez some of the story. He believed, or was led to think, that his girlfriend's life was in danger. His solution: Kill Michael Irvin. Unfortunately for Police Officer Hernandez, he fell victim to a Drug Enforcement Administration sting, and was arrested for solicitation to murder. Eventually he copped a plea and was sentenced to six years in prison.

Rachelle was out there alone, and on the advice of one of Dallas's leading criminal attorneys, Frank Perez, she decided to testify against Irvin in court. At the time Irvin had pled "not guilty" to drug charges. Because of the salaciousness of what she had to say, the judge asked the jury to leave the courtroom while Rachelle testified. Immediately after she left the stand, Irvin changed his plea to "no contest." Lucky Michael. He walked away a free man, and the N.F.L. came down real tough, suspending him from playing in five regular-season games.

What Rachelle testified to that day was enough to change Irvin's plea, but it wasn't all there was to tell. When you think you've heard every sex and drug story, along comes one to blow your socks off. Rachelle is a young, beautiful girl, and one can only hope she gets her life back in order.

Neither Michael Irvin nor Angela Beck would comment directly on Rachelle's story. Irvin's representative said he would not comment; Beck's lawyer refused to comment on any specific part of the story.

How did you meet Michael Irvin?

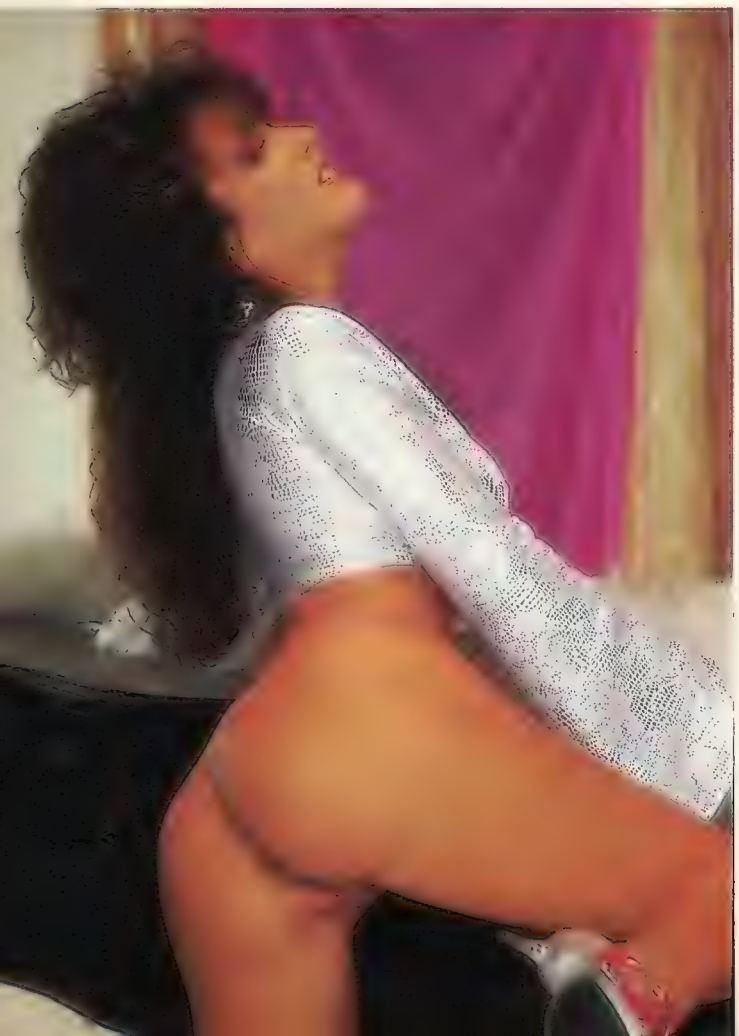
I met him a couple of years ago in a nightclub, but we didn't really get to know each other until a bit later. Angela Beck and I were going to work one night—we're topless dancers—and she said that a friend wanted [us] to have a drink before work. So we started talking to him [Angela's friend], and he said, "I got a friend y'all should meet." And at the same time I see outside the window a white Mercedes pull up with a woman driving. The window in the back rolls down, and it's Michael Irvin. Michael and our friend tried talking us into going to a party. Finally we decided to go, because there was a bunch of other girls going.

Did you think you were going to go to bed with Michael?

Well, we're in this hotel, and Angie and me are sitting there looking at each other. I said, "I'm telling you all, I'm not touching Michael." All the time I was talking about Johnny [Hernandez]. We were both sitting there talking about what a dog Michael was. We had heard about all the sex parties and drugs, and knew he thought we were gonna mess with him, but we were just joking around.

And that was all?

No. We stayed at the party. Michael was in this other room; it was a suite. There was another room and there was



Greg Watermann/Outline

five girls inside. I don't know what they were doing, but every time he'd come into the room we were in, he'd have his boxers on. There was cocaine there, and he would get another tray and take it in there for about a half hour, and [then] he'd come back out for more. By the end of the night he was talking to us and asking Angie, had she ever been with a girl. And Angie said no, she hadn't. And he said, "Y'all haven't been together?" And she said, "No, no." He got this look on his face, like a big grin, and he said, "You know, I'd feel very special if I was able to see you guys get together for your very first time."

You mean sexually, right?

Mmhmm. Be sexual together. And we were laughing at him, saying, "Whatever, Michael, we're not gonna do that." And we started telling him he was arrogant, and he ended up getting us to kiss each other, but it didn't go much further that night. He got our phone number, and he said, "Y'all are gonna be my girls. You're gonna be my two special girls, and I'll take care of y'all. I'm gonna make a big difference in all y'all girls' lives."

When was that?

November 1995.

During the season did you see him do lines of cocaine?

Oh, he was doing cocaine.

At that first party, were any other Cowboys there doing cocaine?

A couple of other guys were there, but they wouldn't let us see them. They were doing coke, but they wouldn't do it in front of us. They would take it into the other room and do it.

What happened the next time you met Michael?

He called us and said, "What are y'all doing? Let's get together and hang out." So we met him in front of Cowboys Sports Club Café. We were talking, and he said, "Here's five hundred dollars. Go get a hotel room, we'll just hang out. I got a bunch of stuff, we'll just hang out." We were overwhelmed.

Why?

I guess, it was funny, because we used to make fun of girls like that. We were feeling, well, it's an adventure, let's go hang out. We went to a hotel and got a room. We were there for about an hour, and he came into the room. He had brought a big old bag of cocaine, and it was a ball as big as a baseball, but he said he had to leave for a while and he wanted us to start getting high. He left some coke. So we were there for two hours doing the coke and drinking, and by the time he got back we were pretty gone. I think he planned it that way, because he was really obsessed with the idea of Angie and me being together.

Then what happened?

It was weird when he got back. I don't know how to explain it. We were just hanging out and doing the drugs, and he started daring us to do stuff. That's how he initiated

things. He would dare us. He would just say something, like he'd want us to do a dance for him. And we'd both laugh and say, "You're crazy." And he would start talking about Angie and I being together sexually, and then his mood changed and we'd just get in a conversation. I just remember we started taking our clothes off, and I think the first thing Angie and me did was to start kissing and just touching each other.

What did Michael do?

He asked Angie if she had a problem with it, if she was nervous because she hadn't been with a girl, but I'd been with a couple of girls, and he knew it. And next thing I knew, Angie and me were having oral sex with each other, but he wasn't trying to touch us. In fact I think Angie tried to get on him. She was messing with him, and he didn't want to; he just wanted to watch us. He just liked to watch. He was real standoffish.

Was Angie uptight about it?

No, she was really high. We'd been doing coke for three or four hours already, maybe a line every five minutes, so you just get to a point where you're numb and you don't even think.

Was he doing coke through all of this?

Oh, yeah. He was sitting there in his silk boxers. In fact they were boxers with little dollar signs on them. He would sit there and get really high, just sit there with the razor, like

"THE NEXT THING I KNEW, ANGIE AND ME WERE HAVING ORAL SEX WITH EACH OTHER.... HE JUST WANTED TO WATCH US."

this [making motions like cutting lines of cocaine], watching us. He kept saying that we're going to be his two little girls and he's going to take care of us.

It's hard to believe the man with the greatest hands in the N.F.L. never touched you.

No, the first time, he didn't. He just watched, and seemed like he was more into his drugs. I mean, he was sexual, he was liking what he was watching. He was really into the drugs, and he just wanted to kick back and relax. We stayed until morning, and then we ended up leaving. He said that he'd call us. He called us a couple days later, and we were in the same position again.

Is it true that Michael did his radio show from the hotel with Angie and you there?

Sure. He'd do a talk show after the game, talk and take calls. He was doing the radio show from the bed, on the telephone. Angie and me were in the next room doing coke. He wasn't doing coke during the interview, but he had done a few lines before and he was high. There were people in Dallas rooting for him and the Cowboys to go to the Super Bowl, and there were Angie and me in the next room ready to party with him. I remember I looked down on the nightstand, and there was a letter to Michael from this girl. It said, "Michael, I had a great time last night. Give me a call sometime." He'd been partying the night before with some other girls.

Jerry Wachter/Focus On Sports

Did you have feelings about him romantically?

No, to me he was a buddy. With Angie I don't know. I still think she did love him. She always denies it, but I still think she did.

In what way?

Oh, she'd get jealous. One night we went to Prime Time 21. It's the Deion Sanders club. We were there and we saw Michael. And I walked up to him and said, "Hey, what's up?" and he walked away. Angie got all freaked out, saying, "Why isn't he paying any attention to us? He's not paying any attention to us." She was getting all jealous. I said, "Angie, calm down, he can't really hang all over us 'cause all his friends' wives are here," but she was really upset. Finally Michael told us, "The limo's outside. Get in the limo and I'll meet y'all out there." We were pretty messed up by then. Angie started going through his stuff, and she found his stash, a bunch of coke. Angie was going on, "Yeah, come on, let's do some." And I start thinking, "Are you sure Michael told us to get in the limo?" And she looked at me and said, "I think you're right." And at that moment I knew we had heard Michael wrong. This is where all the players hang out, and everybody would know what was going on. Angie said, "Oh shit," and threw the coke back down and we jumped out of the limo. But it was true, he had a bunch of drugs in the limo, like four bags, a bunch of coke. I've never seen that much stuff in my life. So we get out and we had a friend with us, Jasmine [Nabwangu], the one that Angie got busted with.

Is Jasmine a topless dancer?

Yes. We told her about Michael, and she was all obsessed with the idea of meeting him. When she met him she was all over him in the limo, hugging and kissing him. He was irritated with her. He didn't want to be rude, but he didn't want her near him. As we were doing coke in the limo, Jasmine started getting all over me, started kissing me, and I said, "No way." I wasn't being rude, but I just told her no. Still, she kept on saying, "But Michael wants us to." Jasmine was really hooked on Michael right away. [Through her attorney, Jasmine Nabwangu vehemently denied ever making a pass at Michael Irvin or Rachelle Smith. She refused to comment on any other aspect of this story.]

How did Irvin handle her?

He was rolling his eyes. He didn't like her like that.

Were all these girls white?

Jasmine is part black, part white. Angie's Italian or Latino, I'm not sure. He likes Hispanic or white girls pretty much. I guess he liked any kind of girls, because the first night we met him there was this blonde all over him. He just liked girls. He has a bad sex problem. He's addicted just as much to sex as he is to drugs. I have a regular sexual appetite, but he's just really obsessed. He always has to have sex, he just always wanted us to be naked around him and always wanting us to do something—if it's not touching, it's hugging each other, or going down on each other.

What else seemed strange to you?

I remember the night we fell asleep at his house, we were passed out. I was barely awake, and he was lying right by me and he put Angela's arm and leg over me, because he just wanted to see her naked sleeping with me, like hugging me. He was like a director. He wanted to direct everything.

Did he like having sexual intercourse?

Yes, he did. A lot of times, though, it would be with Angie. Most of the time they'd have sex I'd be gone or I'd be sleeping. But when Angie and I were messing around he'd try to join us. He would try to get us to have oral sex with him. He was more into that. There was times when he did have intercourse with Angie in front of me. No one ever said anything, but it was an unsaid rule that he was allowed to have sexual intercourse with only Angie.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

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ARTICLE BY NANETT

Light Her Fire

Diamonds may be a girl's best friend, but these days more and more women seem to be turning to cigars for comfort, camaraderie, relaxation, and, yes, even romance. As women achieve parity with men in the workplace, earning the right to the same benefits —and stresses— they're also learning what men have always known about cigars: They are, as William Makepeace Thackeray said, one of life's "greatest creature comforts—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant,

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DELZELL

an amicable anodyne, a cementer of friendship.... "

What Thackeray couldn't have guessed is that in the 1990s the cigar would evolve into a veritable lightning rod of sexual attraction, as thousands of women take the fragrant, sensuous, slow-burning leaves between their lips.

"I wouldn't do it if it weren't sexy," says Rose, a Florida-based international lawyer. "There's the oral thing of putting a long object in your mouth. The connotations are there."

From coast to coast cigars are lighting up the dating scene. There's no easier way to melt the ice; if a man or a woman spies a potential mate at a cigar bar, all he or she has to do is say, "Hey, what are you smoking?" It's a perfect, and perfectly natural, opening line.

Today's loud-and-proud celebrity cigar aficionadas have also turned up the heat on cigar sex appeal. After all, who could argue with Jodie Foster, Madonna, Tia Carrere, Selma Hayek, Ellen Barkin, Lauren Hutton, Whoopi Goldberg, Sharon Stone, and *Cigar Aficionado* magazine cover girls Linda Evangelista and Demi Moore?

Norman Sharp, president of the Cigar Association of America, estimates that about two percent of the ten to 12 million cigar smokers in the United States today are women. That's a quarter of a million women cutting, toasting, drawing on, and savoring their cigars with the boys. And the boys, for the most part, welcome the company.

Sal Perillo, proprietor of Señor Swanky's Starlight Lounge, a Mexican restaurant and cigar bar on Manhattan's Upper West Side, says that in spite of the surge in women smokers it still takes guts for a woman to light up in public, and therein lies much of the appeal for men.

"She's going to attract attention—whether she wants it or not," Perillo says. "So it takes a very self-confident woman to smoke a cigar."

Cigar Aficionado senior vice president Niki Singer, herself a smoker, agrees. "With very few exceptions I've never had a man be anything but delighted, and this is what I'm hearing from other women who smoke. The men are really kind of tickled when they see

LIGHT UP!

By Gerard Van der Leun

As connoisseurs like Paul Sorvino (below) know, making a good cigar into a smoke pays rich rewards in pleasure. Light a cigar the wrong way and it can literally go up in unpleasant smoke.

Assuming you've selected a well-made cigar, you need to know a few techniques about cutting it and lighting it. You'll probably need to cut your cigar's tip before lighting it. No, not with your teeth à la Clint Eastwood spaghetti Westerns, but with a cigar clipper made especially for the task. Good cigar stores offer plastic clippers for a few bucks, so there's no excuse for not having one. Prices for cutters can run to hundreds of dollars, but that can wait until your cigar collection runs into the tens of thousands and you have a walk-in humidor. If you find you enjoy cigars, consider spending about $20 on a machined stainless-steel cutter.

First look at the head of the cigar. You'll see what's called a "cap." The cap is a piece of the cigar wrapper that goes over the end. You'll want to cut about a third to a half of the cap away with your clipper, depending on the shape of the cigar. If you cut the whole cap off, the cigar will come apart in your mouth, and if you just nip the cap the cigar will fail to draw correctly.

Once you've cut the cigar correctly, you're ready to light up ... but here the prime rule is: Not so fast. Cigars need to be coddled into life with fire, not nuked. The idea is to savor the smoke, rather than just fill the room with an impenetrable blue-white cloud.

There are only three acceptable methods of lighting a cigar, and a matchbook is not among them. The first method is to use a wooden kitchen match, making sure you let all the sulfur burn off the match before applying flame to cigar. If you want to inhale sulfur fumes, go ahead, but why filter them through a bunch of expensive tobacco?

The second and more convenient method than matches is to use a *gas* lighter. A lighter that runs on lighter fluid risks contaminating the taste of the cigar with a petroleum by-product. Again, if you want to inhale fumes, why use a tobacco filter? The lighter fuel you should use is butane. "Flameless" lighters are also an acceptable option.

The purists use a long strip of Spanish cedar called a "spill," sold by good tobacconists. Spills are lit first and then applied to the cigar. They have a lot of flash, and are a bit impractical outside of the home or a well-appointed cigar bar.

The method of lighting is controversial, but experts agree on what you should not do: You should not just suck the flame relentlessly onto the business end of the cigar. A fine cigar, like a fine woman, takes a little warming up before she starts to smoke.

The classic method is to bring the cigar to the flame by holding the cigar between thumb and forefinger. Then you twirl it slowly so that the outer rim is blackened and a few wisps of smoke start to swirl upward. At this point you place the cigar in your mouth and draw gently a few times. Then remove the cigar and inspect the lit end to make sure it is evenly lit. If not, repeat the process. If it is, enjoy.

An even more classic method involves lighting the cigar, and then, instead of drawing on it to spread the burn, waving it in gentle arcs through the air for a minute or so, letting the motion of the air spread the burn evenly across the lit end. Putting this last method together with cedar spills will instantly mark you as a connoisseur, but will delay your pleasure, and since cigar smoking is a lot about prolonging pleasure this might not be a path you'd choose. On a final note, there's a new product that can protect and prolong your pleasure. The Cigar Savor (top left) enables you to store a partially smoked cigar to enjoy later. Just the thing if you find yourself trying to enter a smoke-free zone with a half-smoked Macanudo.

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P1/97

a gal smoking a cigar. They enjoy it."

"Guys definitely get turned on by the cigar thing," says Constance, a 32-year-old who works in magazine publishing. "And when you know how to smoke a cigar correctly, they're in awe, especially if you know more about cigars than they do, or your cigar is better than theirs."

Clearly, the seeming incongruity of a woman partaking of a traditionally masculine indulgence can have a startling allure. Steve, a 21-year-old New York University communications major who "dabbles" a bit in cigar smoking, says he thinks coeds who smoke "look very sexy and decadent."

Tomima Edmark, author of *Cigar Chic: A Woman's Perspective* (Summit), an invaluable how-to and guide for men and women alike, agrees. "It's a very visual thing, and men have always been stimulated by visuals. Men love painted lips, and there's a lot of sexual innuendo in putting your mouth around the tip of a cigar, and in men watching you do that."

Manufacturers, who can barely keep up with demand as cigar smoking among men continues its explosive growth, are rushing to market with new products geared toward women. Consolidated Cigars is launching an extension to its Don Diego line: the Cleopatra, sized and shaped to be easier for a woman to light and hold. The Nat Sherman company's new LSN line includes the Lautia, a cigar for women. It's named for company founder Nat Sherman's wife, and comes packed in its own ruby-red art-deco box.

Edgar Cullman, Jr., president and C.E.O. of Culbro, the parent company of General Cigar, manufacturer and importer of such premium and domestic brands as Macanudo, Partagas, Garcia y Vega, and White Owl, points out that not only are there more women smoking, but more women are giving their men permission to smoke.

Finding a woman who not only tolerates but actually shares his obsession can make a cigar aficionado feel like he's died and gone to heaven. "If you meet a woman who actually knows about cigars, or who's interested in learning about them, it's amazing how much fun you can have," Perillo says. "You experiment. You walk into a shop together. You try something new."

Constance says that when male friends describe a "perfect" woman they've just met, the capper is often, "Oh, and she smokes cigars too!"

For cigar couples, gone are the days of the smoke-sensitive spouse sending hubby out alone into the cold rain with his stogie. Now you're more likely to find a man and woman attending luxurious five-course cigar dinners together, or just kicking back at home for a relaxing after-dinner smoke *à deux*.

Tomima Edmark enjoys four or five cigars a week with her husband, Stephen Polley, president and C.E.O. of a telecommunications firm. "We're both type-A personalities," she says. "So after we've put the baby to bed we take a swim in the pool, then smoke a cigar in our spa.

"It's my favorite time with him. We like a double corona size, which is almost eight inches long, with a 49 ring gauge. The size means a guaranteed one-hour conversation with my husband. We share the day and our dreams."

Rebecca, a 27-year-old Manhattan waitress who hopes to open her own cigar-friendly bar one day, says her boyfriend is an avid smoker. "It's quite fun," she reports. "We walk the dog and have cigars together."

Jane, a 33-year-old office manager who frequents cigar-friendly restaurants with her husband several nights a week, recalls a recent trip to Florida. "There was nothing like it—having a stroll and a cigar on the beach with my husband, watching the sun set, and listening to the ocean crashing against the shore. Crazy things happened after that...."

Joel Sherman, chairman of the Nat Sherman luxury tobacco company and son of the founder, says his wife, Myrna, doesn't like to smoke an entire cigar by herself, preferring instead to "borrow" his for a few puffs. And that suits Sherman just fine. "Sharing a cigar with my wife is a very lovely thing. I just don't get the same feeling when she says, 'Honey, can I have a piece of your steak?' "

The cigar itself can be powerfully symbolic. "It's a romantic product and a romantic business," Sherman maintains. "There's something about a cigar's coming from the earth, about walking in the tobacco fields, the feel of the leaf, the sensitivity, the nurturing that it needs.

"The handmaking and the naturalness of it is something that technology cannot really replace. No instrument can tell you that a tobacco barn is turning sour. Seven days a week, 24 hours a day, someone has to inspect the barns a minimum of every four hours. You need the right instinct to see that the tobacco cures properly. It's very personal."

"It's a combination of things," says Monique, a 34-year-old marketing manager in Fort Lauderdale, Florida. "Cigars are very sense-related. The way they smell, they way they taste, the way they feel in the hand. Women who smoke cigars are women who might be more in touch with those sorts of things. I like food, I like wine, and I like cigars," she adds.

Even women who don't smoke cigars are often drawn to men who do. "Before I met my husband I would always be turned on whenever a date asked me, 'Would you mind if I smoked a cigar?' " says Robin, a New York City journalist. "Stogie smokers are nonconformists and supersensualists."

Cigars equal power, money, and success—all potent forces in attracting women. Consider these names from the member rolls of the Grand Havana Room, a Beverly Hills cigar club: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Al Pacino, Lee Iacocca, Robert De Niro, Mel Gibson, and Milton Berle.

The A-list is expanding eastward as well; the California company recently purchased the former site of the famed Top of the Sixes restaurant on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue, where the New York Grand Havana Room's invitation-only membership will be limited to a cozy 1,000 souls with the wherewithal to fork over the $3,000-a-year dues. No wonder the scent of aphrodisiac hangs as heavily as the cigar smoke in clubs like these.

"When these guys walk out on a talk show with a cigar, they're walking with a definite attitude that they have arrived," Edmark says of cigar-loving celebrities like Schwarzenegger and David Letterman.

John F. Kennedy, Fidel Castro, Winston Churchill, Bill Clinton, Lee Marvin, Jack Nicholson, Bill Cosby, Matt Dillon, Tom Selleck, Groucho Marx, Ernie Kovacs, Robert De Niro, Orson Welles. The list of power brokers, politicians, and entertainers, past and present, known for smoking cigars is impressive indeed.

Last year, when the *Palm Beach Post* invited readers to write in about their favorite movies, a Delray Beach, Florida, woman confessed that she'd seen *Airport* more than 45 times.

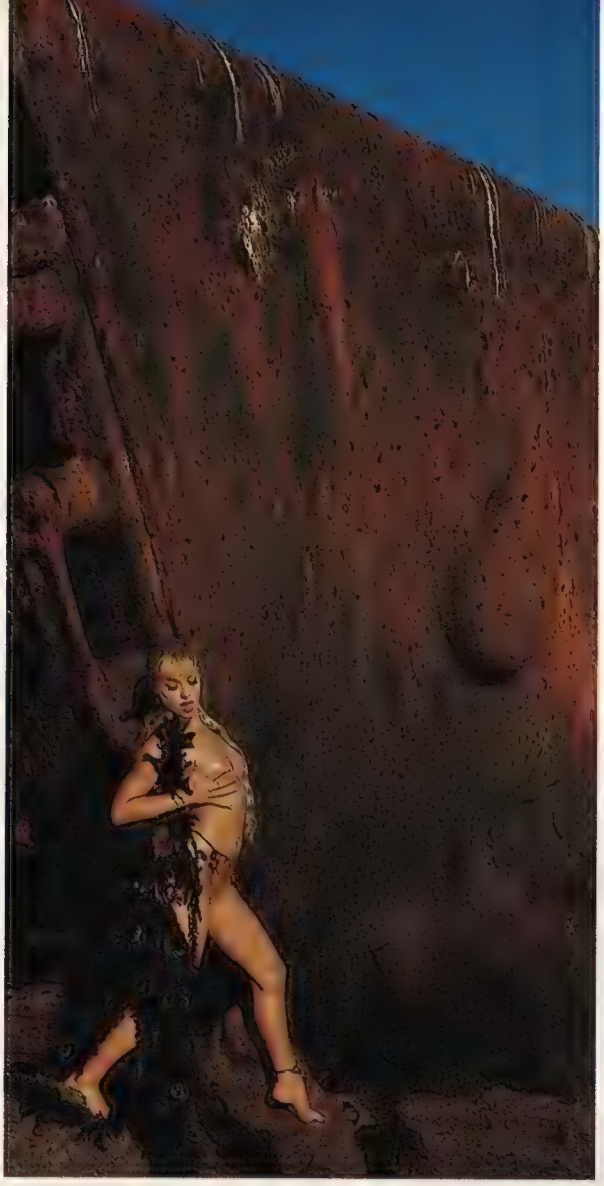
Why? "George Kennedy is beyond sexy with his cigar," she said.

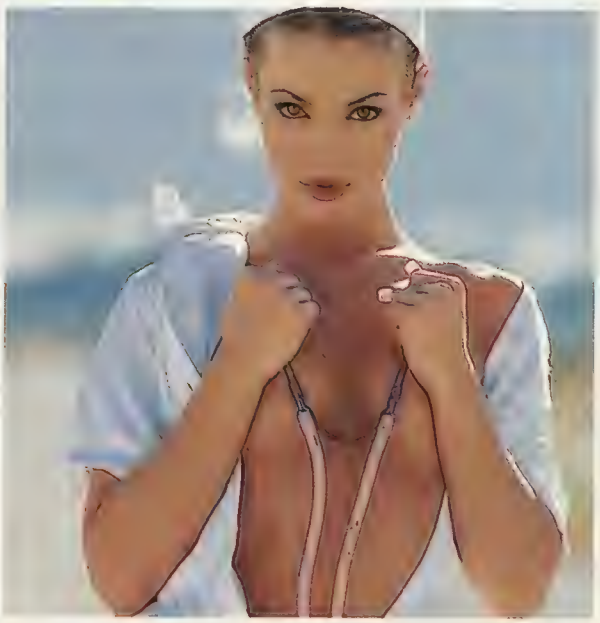
CONTINUED ON PAGE 187

"I wouldn't do it if it weren't sexy," says Rose, an international lawyer. "There's the oral thing of putting a long object in your mouth."

"I usually let someone know I want him by asking some sexy questions. Talking about sex totally turns me on, and judging from my experience, I'm pretty sure most men like it too."

RACHELLE

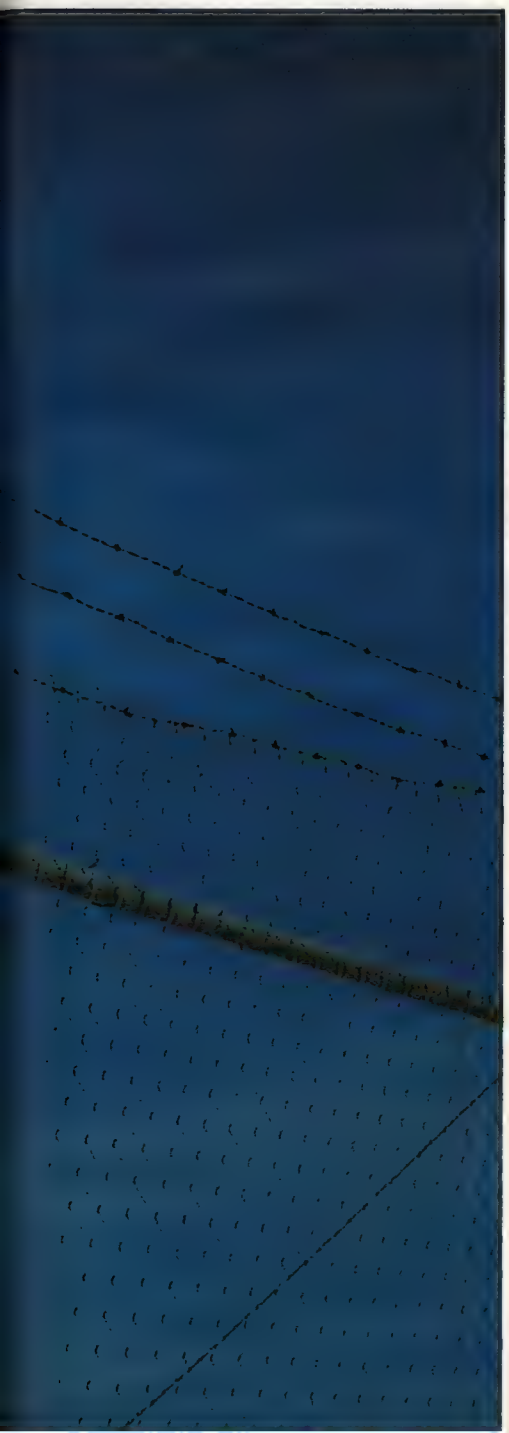


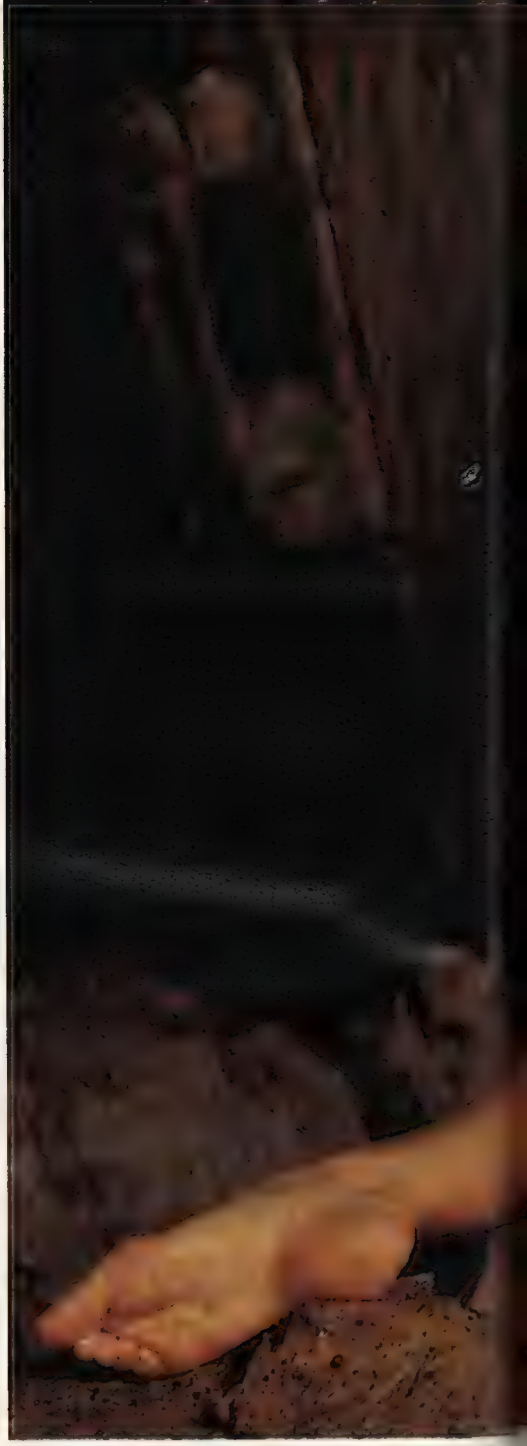


SHE'S THE ONE

Penthouse knows that every man dreams of that one special lady who defies comparison and tips all the scales. That said, we're proud to introduce Rachelle Arnott, our breathtaking January Pet of the Month. Born and raised in Canada, Rachelle is proud of her modeling career, and is especially happy to be appearing in *Penthouse*. "I know that only a select few women have the poise and talent to appear in a magazine of this standard," Rachelle declares.

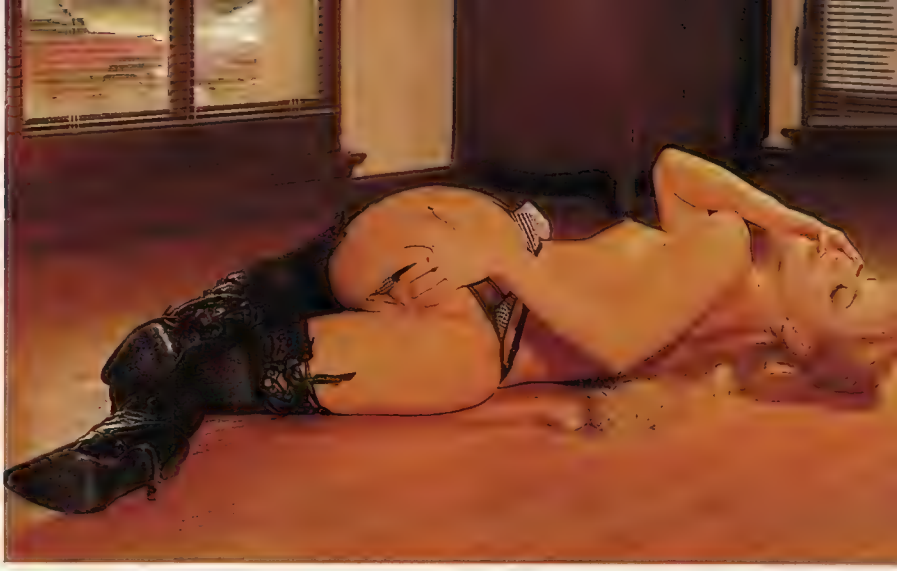
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER





What qualities make up the ideal woman? Rachelle answers that in the blink of an emerald-green eye. Intelligence, grace, a nurturing spirit, and of course sensuality are at the top of her list. An advocate of living a well-rounded and balanced life, our 34-24-34 Pet plans to attend art school on a four-year scholarship, and she keeps her eyecatching body physically fit by swimming, Rollerblading, and skiing. Spiritually, our lovely Leo maintains a simple philosophy of life: "I believe we all have a special purpose and place in this vast universe. I just live my life to the fullest each day."

"After getting to know a guy I'm interested in, I usually let him know I want him by asking some sexy questions," our New Year's princess confides. "Talking about sex totally turns me on, and judging from my experience, I'm pretty sure most men like it too." After a mind-bending episode with some hot-touch massage lotion, Rachelle discovered the wonders of adult toys. "New tools, lotions, and lingerie really keep things spicy!" she says with delight. And what does our perfect woman look for in a man? "Any man I'd even think about spending my life with must have imagination and love physical activity," the 22-year-old beauty asserts. "He must also be a gentle, considerate, and sensual human being."



MISS RACHELLE ARNOTT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

A genuine free spirit, Rachelle appreciates the creativity that modeling affords her. "I want to convey what I'm feeling while I'm posing," she says, "and it helps to have a photographer who will talk sweet and dirty. Eventually I'd also like to produce my own photography.... I want to feel it from all angles." Well, Rachelle, from our vantage point you're doing just fine!

To see more of Rachelle, visit the Pet of the Month Fan Club at http://www.penthousemag.com.

Rachelle's feisty and independent edge comes from her Australian-Welsh heritage: "I don't live my life to please anyone," she explains. "I make myself happy."

JUST ADD BACARDI

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MILITARY affairs

At the start of the new year it is important to take special note of the fact that America's news media overwhelmingly continue to emphasize the negative in reporting about the armed forces. The past six years have not been easy for any of the services. Downsizing, repeated overextended deployments, and internal problems in implementing politically correct policies created distracting anxieties.

The scandals of the recent past are particularly hurtful. The stories have run the gamut, from the enlisted men found guilty of raping a Japanese 12-year-old, to ten percent of one midshipmen class at Annapolis charged with cheating, to insensitive remarks by senior flag and general officers, to the tragic suicide of a Chief of Naval Operations. These appeal to the media's appetite for "gotcha" stories; however, they overlook a great deal. The real story is that our military services have overcome most of the problems that have bedeviled them since the fall of Communism.

"Transformation" is a Marine Corps success.

Each of the services has relied on internal moral values to solve these problems. Instead of simply trying to restore an idealized historical status quo, the service chiefs have adopted a truly revolutionary approach to recruiting and keeping the men and women needed when the nation is least ready to fight. The uniformed branches have carried out this revolution with their own resources and without willy-nilly budget-busting requests for more money. Instead, the military leaders have requested additional "people" funds, and have done cost-benefit analyses to support those requests. This kind of money is not for pie-in-the-sky weapons that don't work; it's for the men and women who are called upon to employ the weapons that *do* work.

It's no secret that historically the services have been resistant to change. In recent years the military made extensive use of state-of-the-art technology. Resistance to this new technology has been a byproduct of too many options and too few dollars. Ironically, the prime motive for revolutionary change has been the "people factor."

Each of the services has looked at this issue and has made great strides in solving personnel problems. The Marine Corps, with its strong emphasis on tradition, is probably the best example. Revolutions start with an idea whose time has come. In the Corps it started with the issuance of General Charles C. Krulak's Commandant's Planning Guidance.

General Krulak called upon all Marines to carry out a process he called "transformation"; it resulted in unprecedented changes in the way Marines are recruited and trained at boot camp. The guidance required both men and women to complete combat training. Each recruit is evaluated to determine if he or she measures up. The Marine Corps is not a surrogate social-rehabilitation organization, it is a combat organization.

Krulak laid out new procedures to keep Marines together from boot camp through the Fleet Marine Force, building on bonds forged in recruit and combat training. He made it clear that the transformation process required ongoing evaluation and supervision, but also made it clear that there was no need for further formal study about what ails the Corps. Instead it was time to heed the insight of all ranks as to questions of manning levels, promotions, and quality of life—issues that have created problems for the military services in recent years.

A clear articulation of the whole new deal was made by recently retired Marine Lieutenant General George Christmas, who led the charge for the changes by saying, "The future must be built on the individual Marine. What that calls for is setting a foundation where the individual Marine is steeped in the Corps's values, steeped in the profession, and then is part of a learning organization. From private to general, you'll never stop learning. It's powerful stuff."

I share that belief. Thanks, Marines, for showing us how to make the Corps and the other military services better and for pointing the way toward the future. We needed a demonstration that transformation was indeed possible. The quiet, under-reported revolution in each of the military services goes a long way toward keeping us free, and reaffirming America's values. To all the men and women in our armed forces, we thank you for your day-in, day-out gift of service in our behalf. Happy New Year.—*William R. Corson*

"Honey, I'm home!"

KENNEDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

The review board is also trying to obtain tapes of wiretaps on Mafia boss Carlos Marcello that could be revealing. They were made during eight months of F.B.I. surveillance of this organized-crime head in New Orleans, and were played during Marcello's 1981 trial for racketeering and conspiracy. He was convicted on the strength of five tapes used by the prosecution. But three of them were never played at his trial. They contain conversations Marcello had with undercover agents about the Kennedy assassination. Supposedly, when Marcello was asked about his role in the assassination, the mob boss said, "We don't talk about that." The tape then picks up the sound of a chair being pushed away from a desk and the footsteps of two men walking out of the room. (As Jack Newfield reported in the May 1992 issue of *Penthouse*, mob lawyer Frank Ragano alleged that Marcello and Santo Trafficante, Jr., the Mafia's man in Cuba before the advent of Castro, told him they had plotted to kill Kennedy as a favor for teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa, who was being pounded by Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department.)

Most important, Bobby Kennedy's personal diaries may answer questions about our government's attempts to kill Castro. There is no question that Bobby was the driving force behind these plans. Robert Kennedy's aides insist to this day that he did not know the extent of the Mafia's involvement until May 1962, when Laurence Houston, the C.I.A.'s general counsel, briefed him on the details of the gangster assassination schemes. The May 1961 memorandum from Hoover contradicts that. So does author Ronald Goldfarb, who worked closely with Kennedy. "An ex-agency [C.I.A.] guy told me Bobby was in on the secret meetings from the beginning," Goldfarb said in an interview.

"To understand the Kennedy administration's obsession with Cuba, it is important to understand the Kennedys, especially Robert," wrote the late Richard Bissell in his memoirs. From 1959 to 1962, when the anti-Castro plots were hatched, Bissell, the C.I.A.'s covert-operations chief and deputy director for plans, was the man in charge. He recalled that the pressure from Bobby Kennedy was "so intense he might as well have been [C.I.A.] deputy director for plans for the operation.... From their [the Kennedy brothers'] perspective, Castro won the first round at the Bay of Pigs. He had defeated the Kennedy team; they were bitter and they could not tolerate his getting away with it. The President and his brother were ready to avenge their personal embarrassment by overthrowing their enemy at any cost.... The pressure from Bobby Kennedy was daily."

The plots against Castro included such harebrained schemes as using cigars treated with botulinum toxin, a poison so strong a single cigar would kill a man; dusting his shoes with thallium salts that were so potent his beard would fall out; booby-trapping an exotic seashell in an area where he went skin-diving; and contaminating a diving suit with a fungus and the breathing apparatus with lethal tubercle bacillus.

Most of these capers were either stillborn or had failed miserably. But the plotting continued right up to the day Kennedy was assassinated. Desmond Fitzgerald, the C.I.A.'s deputy director for intelligence, who had replaced Harvey as head of Task Force W, met in Paris that day with Roland Cubelo (code-named AM/LASH). The C.I.A. had had a long but rocky relationship with Cubelo. It had taken the agency two years from the time it had recruited the former Cuban army commandant and Castro intimate to persuade Cubelo to lead an assassination effort. Cubelo had been a hero of the Cuban revolu-

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tion. He had earlier told his C.I.A. case officer that he would like to "do something really significant for the creation of a new Cuba." He would, he told the C.I.A. agent, help plan Castro's "execution."

By the end of 1962 John F. Kennedy himself was changing his view of Castro. "I don't think he was ever enthusiastic about pursuing it [Castro's assassination]," says one of Kennedy's closest advisers. Kennedy continued to approve C.I.A. efforts to undermine the Cuban regime, but he learned a valuable lesson in the near-catastrophic missile crisis. In the eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation over the deployment of strategic Soviet missiles, Kennedy had discovered how dangerously the world teetered on the brink of nuclear war. As noted, Kennedy was infuriated when his efforts to resolve the crisis were complicated by the C.I.A.'s covert operations in Cuba. "It [Operation Mongoose] appeared to be interfering with his negotiations in the missile crisis. He was very upset with it," the adviser revealed. The implication is that Khrushchev warned Kennedy that Soviet missiles would not be removed from Cuba unless the plots to kill Castro were called off.

Kennedy was a very different person after the crisis, the adviser told me. "The Cuban missile crisis was a very sobering experience. It represented a sea change ... in his attitude towards the Cold War and the Soviet Union. He had the feeling after looking down the nuclear gun barrel that there had to be something else, a better way of resolving these conflicts." For whatever reason, Kennedy now felt that an assassination attempt on Castro, regardless of whether it succeeded, carried grave risks. It could plunge the world into World War III.

By the spring of 1963 the leaders of the Cuban-exile community suspected that Kennedy was softening in his resolve to get rid of Castro. Many members of the more militant exile groups were worried about being betrayed by Kennedy again. Their memories were vivid of the hundreds of casualties and almost a thousand Cubans taken prisoner at the Bay of Pigs. In a recently declassified memorandum to then C.I.A. Director Richard Helms, Fitzgerald reported that Cubelo told him he was no longer willing to carry out the mission of fomenting a coup from within Cuba. He was not alone. "These non-Communist anti-Castro dissident Cubans," the C.I.A. memo said, "argue that there is no personal advantage or patriotic incentive for them to overthrow Castro when (1) they run the great risk of being liquidated themselves as high officials in that regime, and (2) there is a likelihood that the political clock will be turned back and Cuba will again fall under the rule of Batista [the dictator ousted by Castro] or someone akin to him."

Kennedy had in fact decided to seek a rapprochement with Castro just before he was shot. On Tuesday, November 19, he met with Jean Daniel, editor of *L'Observateur,* the French Socialist magazine. In *Profile of Power,* Reeves discloses that the meeting had been arranged by Kennedy buddy Benjamin Bradlee, editor of the *Washington Post.* Daniel had told Bradlee that he was going to Havana to interview Castro, and wondered if Kennedy had a message for the Cuban leader. When he met with the President, Daniel told him there was good reason to believe Castro would respond positively if Kennedy authorized an American official to discuss normalizing relations. Kennedy explained that he could not, for obvious reasons, designate a journalist as his secret envoy. But he told Daniel he would see him again when he returned from Havana, and would be interested in hearing what Castro had in mind.

Two days later, on Thursday, November 21, Kennedy sent a public signal that he was prepared to abandon his policy of confrontation if Cuba cast off its Soviet yoke. The day after sending this signal, Kennedy was dead.

Did a broad-based Chicago coalition of militant anti-Castro groups, with links to organized crime, plot to murder Kennedy? The exile groups clearly were frustrated with Kennedy's shifting state of mind. They were upset that he was flirting with a new policy that would afford respectability to Fidel Castro. The Mafia was angry that its kingpins were being hounded by the same people they had helped put in power. Both entities had a stake in getting rid of Kennedy. But is there any evidence that they actually planned to carry out such a daring plot? An extraordinary F.B.I. document declassified in full in December 1995 points to an unusual connection between the Cubans and the Mafia.

Within days of Kennedy's death the F.B.I. agent in charge of the Chicago field office wrote an urgent memorandum to Hoover indicating he had received reliable information of "a group in the Chicago area who may have a connection with the J.F.K. assassination." The memo reported that Homer Echevarria, a Cuban activist in the "30th of November" anti-Castro organization, had had a conversation with a Secret Service informant on November 21, 1963, the day before Kennedy was killed. They were discussing an illegal arms sale, and Echevarria was quoted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 163

Boris Yeltsin

THE BIG, THE BAD ...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Would you have to watch?

Oh yeah. He liked to watch and be watched.

Did Angie and you ever travel with him and the team?

After they won the Super Bowl they had a signing party at a hotel in Somerset, New Jersey. All the Cowboys were there, and they had this autograph signing for three days. Michael flew us out. We were on the same flight with him. I remember we were in the airport with him—there was a two-hour plane delay—and he threw his mink coat down in the middle of the lobby and fell asleep. And when he was awake he was hugging us, buying us pizza, buying us drinks. People came up to us—it was me, him, and Angie sitting at a table in one of those airport bars—and asking him for autographs.

And there was no doubt that he was with Angie and you?

It was pretty much obvious. He didn't seem to care. We were walking down the hallway of the airport, and he was yelling and acting real obnoxious. He talks very loud, but he didn't care. He had on his sunglasses and his mink coat and looked like a pimp. Real flamboyant, very flamboyant.

Did you see Michael using drugs in New York?

No, because I think he was scared. He did not want Emmitt Smith to know about the drugs. He told us to shut up, he didn't want Emmitt to know. Emmitt doesn't do drugs. Michael was embarrassed about that.

Johnny Hernandez was your boyfriend. Didn't you feel guilty?

I felt guilty and bad about what was going on, but it just seemed like everything was happening so fast.

What's it like being a topless dancer?

The money part varies. When I worked at the Men's Club it was anywhere from three to five hundred dollars a night. And I'm not a real aggressive person, I'm kinda shy. That sounds kind of funny, after all this, but if you're real aggressive you can make over $100,000 a year. You really have to deal with a lot of stuff. Sometimes there'll be perverts, but other times you have to just sit there and listen to them whine. You have to listen to all of it. Sometimes I felt like I was more of a marriage counselor.

Did Michael ever talk about his wife to you?

Sandy Irvin? He used to sit there and he'd get really messed up and talk to himself in the mirror, and he'd say, "Oh, man, what's wrong with me? Why can't I be a good husband and a good father?" And he'd sit there and claim his love for Sandy, but he said he had a serious problem with drugs and women and it was more powerful than he was.

Was he worried about AIDS?

When he was very high he would watch Angie and me having sex and he'd be masturbating with a rubber on. He always had a rubber on. If he thought something was going to happen, he always had a rubber on.

What about Angie and you?

We just kind of woke up one day and looked at each other and started laughing about how we entertained Michael. Angie knew that I had been with a girl.

> "He was being a pervert with the metal detector ... in between my legs, and touching me and smiling and trying to rub it on me."

One night we were going to a club, and she [Angie] was really wrecked. I had to drive her car. We got in the car and she jumped over on top of me and straddled me and started kissing me. And I was laughing at her, because she was so funny, she was like a little sister. And I said, "Angie, you don't know what you're doing. You're gonna regret this." And she said, "You don't think I'm pretty, you don't think I'm sexy? Why don't you want me, Rachelle?" Angela and I had met through another girl. We did have a sexual relationship, and Angie couldn't understand why I never came on to her. Because Angie and me were always very close, we sleep in the same bed sometimes, we're always hugging each other. But she could never understand why I never came on to her. I told her, "Angie, shut up, you don't know what you're doing." And she got really insulted. Even when Johnny, Angela, and me would be at clubs, she'd be hugging and kissing all over me, trying to turn John on. She'd always act like she wanted to have a threesome with me and John, but it never happened.

Why didn't you have sex with Angela, outside of Michael's presence?

I don't know, but she just reminded me of being real little-girlish. I didn't mean it as an insult—she just seemed so naive and wasn't sure about anything. And the only time she was, she was wasted, and I didn't want to wake up the next day and be feeling weird toward her.

Did Johnny know about you having sex with girls?

He knew I had been with other girls. He was fine with it. He thought it was cool.

Was Michael Irvin doing drugs during the football season?

He always had them. He'd keep them in his sock or in a little black overnight bag. I don't know if he was doing blow right before the games, but we'd be with him Monday and then Tuesday, and I know he'd have to go to practice. He would party right after the games. That was his thing.

With all that coke, how did he play football?

He was just gonna go out there and win the game. That's all there was to it. He is the best there is. Once we did coke two nights in a row—we were so high—and that's when he bought the tickets for New York, right before the Super Bowl. He's talking about going to the Super Bowl, and for two days he's doing coke nonstop. After those two days he left us for six hours. Angie was freaking out. He came back with a bunch of coke, and in his bag he showed us a script for a Toyota commercial. He actually went and did a Toyota commercial after partying for two days straight. He was wired off his ass, and he went and did a commercial.

When was Michael Irvin busted?

March 1996 at the Residence Inn. He was with Angela and Jasmine.

How come you weren't there that evening?

The last few times we were with him I started feeling ... not sick or disgusted, just getting kind of irritated with it. I was feeling so guilty because of John. Also, he [Irvin] was pushing it a lot further, where he wanted to have intercourse with me and wanting to know why I refused. The last time we were all together Angie had left for about an hour, and he had oral sex with me. He had gone down on me, and I was like really nervous. I was telling him, "No, Michael, come on, let's do a line or something," to try to keep his mind off it, and he was saying, "No, I want to do this for you." I remember feeling scared and nervous. It wasn't something I really wanted to do with him; he was just going to do it.

What was bothering you?

I had fun, but I love John, and that was the reason I just didn't feel right about it. Being with him [Irvin] and Angie, and doing the sexual things that we were doing, was more of an adventure, but I didn't want to be with him alone. It was different with the three-

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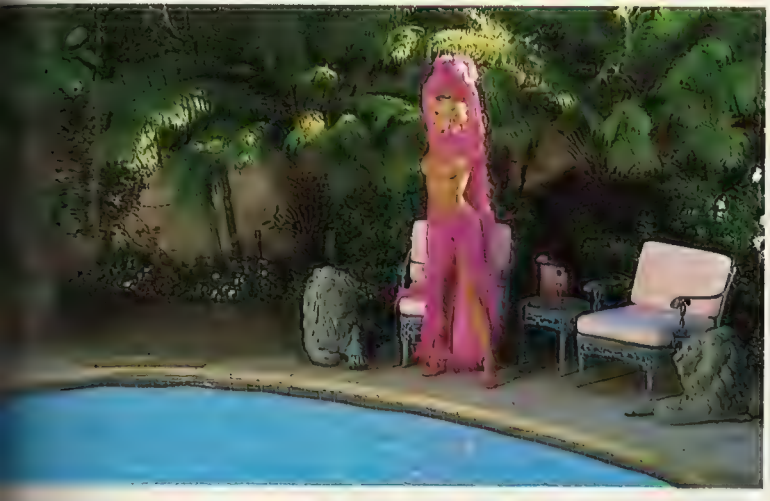
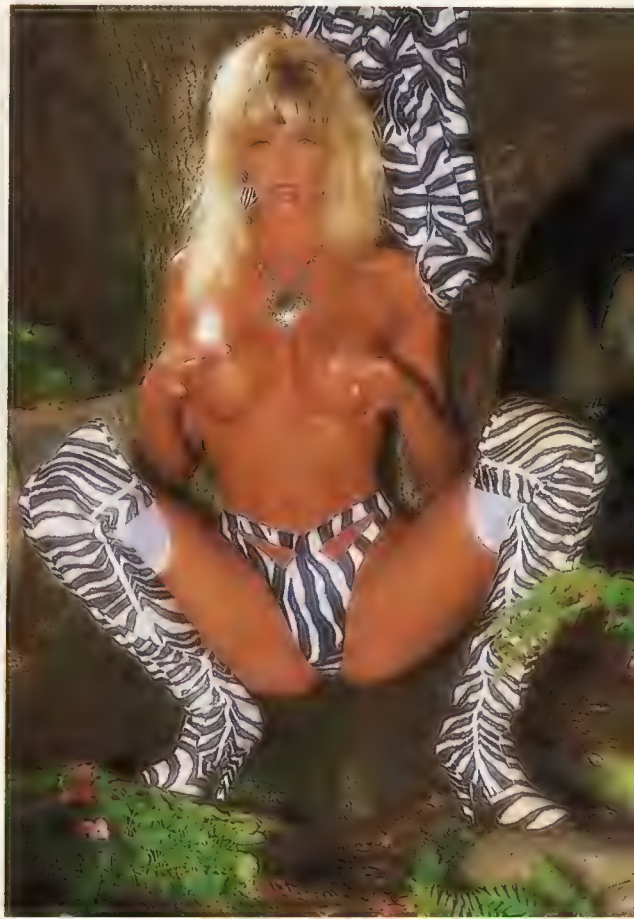




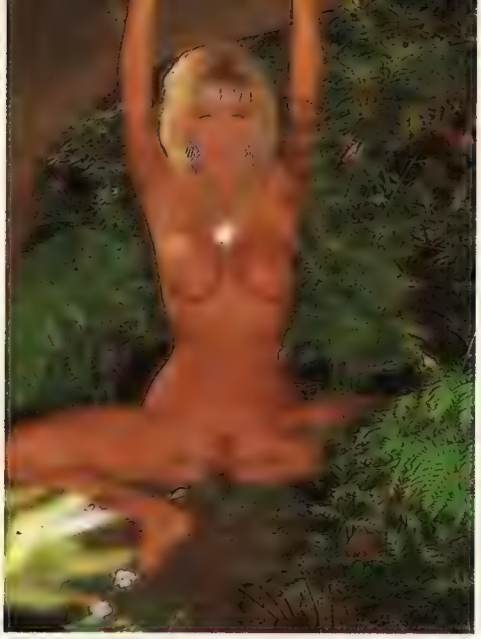
ELIZABETH

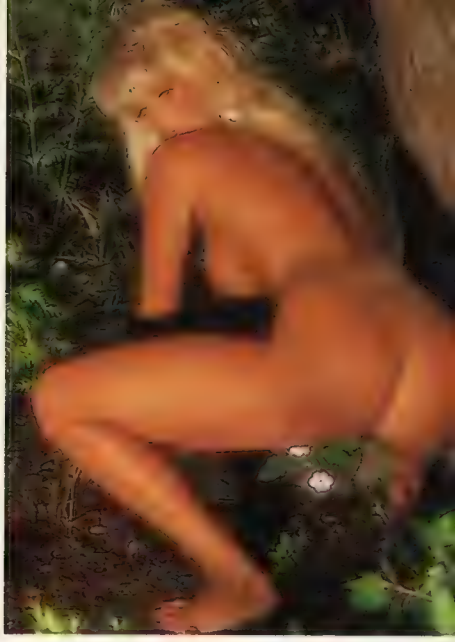
Photograph by Jane Homlish

Pet of the Year

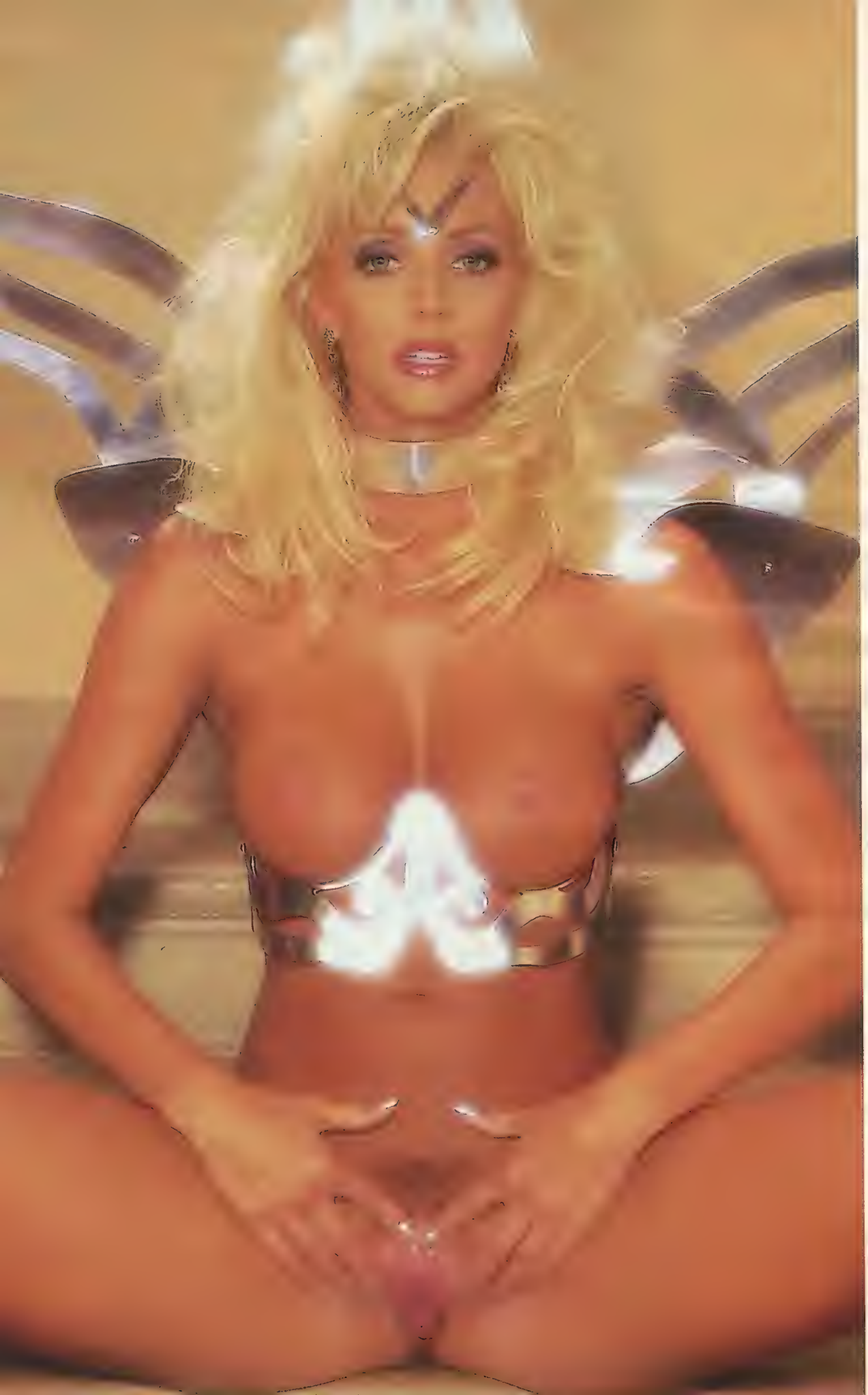
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL WACHTER

It's that thrilling time of year again when *Penthouse* caps off the holiday season by crowning our new Pet of the Year. Images of all the Pets in contention have dominated our fantasies for weeks, leaving little room for those childhood visions of sugarplums. Therefore, without further ado, we present our 1997 Queen, Elizabeth Ann Hilden. "I can't even begin to thank *Penthouse* readers—and Bob Guccione—enough for this incredible honor," Elizabeth tells us. "When I found out I was in the Play-Off I was excited, but all the other girls—Veronica, Lydia, Leigh, and Heidi—are just so gorgeous that I didn't think I had a chance of actually winning. This is a wonderful opportunity for me, and I'm thrilled with the idea of representing *Penthouse* to the world." Elizabeth's six-year modeling career has seen her featured in a number of magazines, including *People, US, Cosmopolitan,* and *Bride.* Her talent and beauty also snared her some acting parts on TV. Elizabeth gives actor James Woods credit for a major career boost. "He was really a great friend to me," she says. "He helped me get signed with the Ford modeling agency when I was starting out, and got me a part in the movie *The Hard Way,* which he starred in with Michael J. Fox."





Right now, however, I'm working as a ancer, putting acting on a back burner," lizabeth adds. "And I'm also thinking out going to law school. When you ok at top lawyers you realize that act- g and litigating aren't such different areers." Since getting married last year e 27-year-old has started to rethink her orities. "Raising a family is an impor- nt job," the 36-24-36 beauty says, "and like to be a stay-at-home mom. I won't art a family for at least five years, ough, because I love dancing too uch to stop. The pleasure I get from pearing in front of an audience is inde- pable. Plus, being Pet of the Year will an a lot of promotional events and eling, and I'm really looking forward to meeting *Penthouse* readers."



"*Penthouse* is the most professional organization I've worked for. People who think it exploits women don't know what they're talking about."

A native of Independence, Missouri, Elizabeth lived in Denmark, Tokyo, London, New York City, and Los Angeles while she was modeling.

"I live in South Carolina now, and I'm much happier being close to my family," our Queen says. "I moved overseas at

17, and living in foreign cities was fascinating but difficult. A lot of people want to get away from small towns, but I love being back."

Wardrobe created and styled by Extremz by Alek and Levon, Los Angeles, Calif.

Elizabeth's immediate plans include opening a sports bar. "My husband owns a nightclub," she says, "and a sports bar would be the perfect complement. Besides, I'm a huge sports fan, especially football, and I think my passion will make it a success. Now I want to collect memorabilia from athletes." Then she adds with a smile, "I think I can coax at least a couple of players out of their jerseys."

Elizabeth Ann, those jerseys are as good as yours!

Pet of the Year Gifts

It's that thrilling time of year again when *Penthouse* crowns our new Pet of the Year, and this year's winner, Elizabeth Ann Hilden, proves once again that *Penthouse* features the world's most beautiful women. Elizabeth is a name that evokes images of royalty, and the regal bearing of this stunning Elizabeth is only one reason she's our new Queen. As always, our new Pet of the Year is awarded a plethora of gifts and prizes. In celebration of the reign of the majestic Elizabeth, we say, with respectful genuflection and profound appreciation, "Long live the Queen!"

(This page, top left) OLEG CASSINI PARFUMS, providing fragrances of intimacy for evenings of passion. (Top middle) A 14-karat-gold, ruby- and diamond-encrusted PET OF THE YEAR KEY with a 14-karat-gold necklace designed exclusively for *Penthouse* by MICHAEL HAYDEN. (Top right) From MAX WIENER AND CO., INC., a ladies'

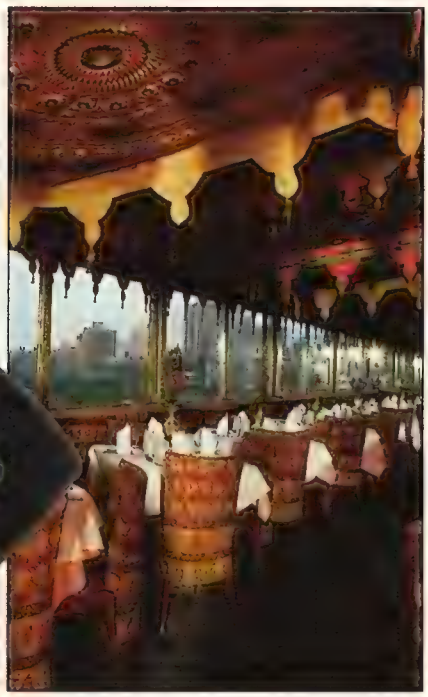
designer jacket in soft, supple leather. (Bottom) our new Pet of the Year is shown here with her CADILLAC SEVILLE STS, a car fully equipped and luxuriously appointed to provide a driving experience of unparalleled comfort. From world-renowned designer OLEG CASSINI, a red chiffon-and-silk, floor-length evening gown, embellished with gold, silver, and red beads. A natural Golden Island fox coat combines generous warmth with gracious styling, courtesy of the FLEMINGTON FUR COMPANY.

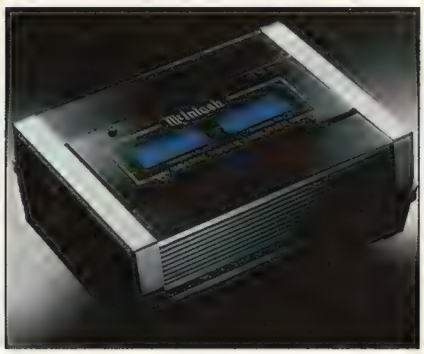
(This page, top) The 1997 KAWASAKI VULCAN 800 stands apart from the cruiser crowd with its stark, basic look and fundamental technology. Highlighted with splashes of chrome and extra detailing, this Vulcan's beauty lies in its simplicity. A powerful 805-cc V-twin engine is the centerpiece of the Vulcan 800. (Bottom) The MEZZANINE ELEVATING SLEEPING SYSTEM from LAMA USA, INC., doubles the living space of any room. The platform bed is raised or lowered with the flick of a switch, and is visually captivating in either position. Sleek design and color coordination allow each system to blend with a room's existing decor; a remote control is only one of the several available options.

(Next page, left) An evening dress, exotic and alluring, from couture designer DANA DEATHERAGE. (Top row, left) A dining experience of

exquisite splendor overlooking New York's Central Park, with a $1,500 credit provided by NIRVANA RESTAURANT. (Top row, right) Courtesy of GORILLA WEAR, a collection of funwear. (Middle row, left) From MCINTOSH LABORATORY, the MC420M. This amplifier represents the best mix of cost and performance in car stereos, delivering four channels by 50 watts. (Middle row, right) The SHOEI SAFETY HELMET CORP. creatively designed the RF-700 RAGE to enhance both protection and a spirit of adventure. The helmet has an aerodynamic shell with a revolutionary one-touch, quick-release shield system. (Bottom row, left) From the MYERS GROUP, a stay at the Radisson Cable Beach Casino & Golf Resort in Nassau, Bahamas, for four nights and five days. (Bottom row, right) From MIDWEST TROPICAL, INC., the HEXAROUND TOWER aquarium, featuring a quartz clock, Plexiglas facings, and brass hands—a handcrafted designer piece to be placed freestanding for maximum impact. Shipped complete with accessories and easy-to-follow assembly instructions.

(Opposite page, top left) A three-tier, 18-inch necklace and matching bracelet, both in 14-karat gold, from OTC INTERNATIONAL. (Top right) Courtesy of ZEUS TOURS & YACHT CRUISES, INC., three nights in the deluxe Athens Hilton, with private sight-



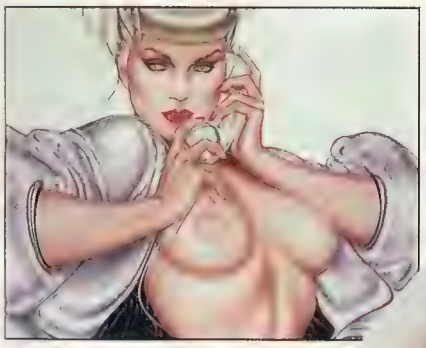


seeing tour including Cape Sounion and seven-day deluxe Galileo Sun Yacht Cruise to the Greek islands and Turkey, plus all round-trip transfers by private limousine. (Bottom left) The REEBOK SKY WALKER, from SPORTS SPECIFIC OF AMERICA, INC., provides total-body exercise by adding the benefits of upper-body action to the natural motion of walking. The Variable Resistance Manifold System creates positive resistance during both push and pull motions. A control console allows programming customized to personal development. This provides a truly unique workout experience that allows the user to address all the components of fitness—aerobic conditioning, muscular endurance, and even flexibility—on one machine. (Bottom center) a/d/s has combined its acoustic, analog, and digital expertise to create the MV100/t, a stunning audio/visual loudspeaker. The design includes 7.5-inch midbass drivers and dual high-output ten-inch subwoofers, all housed in a handcrafted cabinet of timeless elegance. (Bottom right) From OTOMIX, a leader in performance athletic equipment, comes a colorful collection of footwear and exercise clothing.

(Next page, top row, left) Courtesy of GO VIDEO, the GV-6010 "EPIC" DUAL DECK VCR. Patented AmeriChrome circuitry provides near-perfect copies, and the exclusive One-Touch

duplicating feature offers simplicity of operation. Full-function remote includes skip-search and on-screen programming in English or Spanish. With Sync Edit and Copy Audio Insert features, scenes can be added to or removed from any videotape. (Top row, middle) From SAND CASTLE, INC., ladies' belts to accent any outfit, casual or elegant. (Top row, right) ALPINE WATCHES will provide a FRANCHI MENOTTI watch, created for people who demand aesthetics as well as practicality from their timepieces. The makers are famous for their uncompromising pursuit of technical and design excellence, a fundamental principle grounded in years of tradition and expertise. (Middle and bottom rows, left) From ROBERT BANES EDITIONS, Los Angeles, The Sorayama Lithograph No. 8, and Olivia's "Love American Style." (Middle, center) From RIO SPORTSWEAR, a selection of RIFLE DENIM. (Middle row, right) A 19-inch color television, courtesy of the GENERAL MEDIA Promotions Department. (Bottom row, right) A collection of designer sweaters from Timothy Dalton of the MULTINATIONAL MARKETING FASHION CORP.

(Opposite page, top left) Courtesy of PEARL TREND, a jewelry set that includes an 18-inch sterling-silver laser necklace, a diamond-cut and vermeil bracelet, two-tone sterling-silver ear-



rings, and a sterling-silver bangle bracelet. (Top middle) One-year supply of UPTIME nutritional products, including Uptime Energy, Supplemate, DHEA, Echinacea, Herbal Uptime, and selections from the Uptime line of clothing. (Top right) From MICKEY MANTLE'S RESTAURANT AND SPORTS BAR, one of New York's most exciting, a credit for $1,500 in fine dining. (Bottom left) The SEA DOO SP WATERCRAFT, from BOMBARDIER, a name synonymous with innovation, performance, and excellence. The SP is renowned for exceptional responsiveness and a solid feel. The craft seats two, and the nine-gallon fuel tank allows extended on-water enjoyment. This is one of the most popular water-sports vehicles in the world. Features include a 55-horsepower Rotax Marine power plant, variable-rate oil injection, electronic ignition, reboarding platform, and a handlebar-mounted start/stop switch. (Bottom right) Courtesy of VERRICI, a buttery-soft brown lambskin evening swing coat, with fur collar and cuffs. (Not pictured) Cash prize from *Penthouse* publisher BOB GUCCIONE. From PHILIP NOLAN, a one-year scholarship award in (1) acting technique, (2) television commercial techniques, (3) speech improvement, and (4) communication skills, plus private-instruction sessions for one year. For more information on Elizabeth's prizes, see the Pet of the Year Gift Finder on page 188.

Our continuing compilation of today's wittiest and lewdest limericks. Written and edited by Michael Dorsey. Illustrated by David Miller.

Ribald Rimes

When I moved to the Bay of Biscay,
many scoffed, "It is not distingué."
But the beaches round here
are nude most of the year,
and I like to get wet every day.

A rickety old man in Berlin
thought all kinds of sex were a sin.
He was so old when he tried
that he very near died.
Not from effort but regret and chagrin.

In Thailand a tourist ran amuck
when the men he met wanted to fuck.
One asked, batting his eyes,
"Darling, what's the surprise?
Just what did you expect in Bangkok?"

An Australian complained of one lack
his Matilda displayed in the sack.
"I don't get it," he whined.
"Here in Sydney she's fine,
but she won't take it in the outback."

Original limericks can be submitted via the *Penthouse* Web site, http://www.penthousemag.com; our favorites will be published in an upcoming issue.

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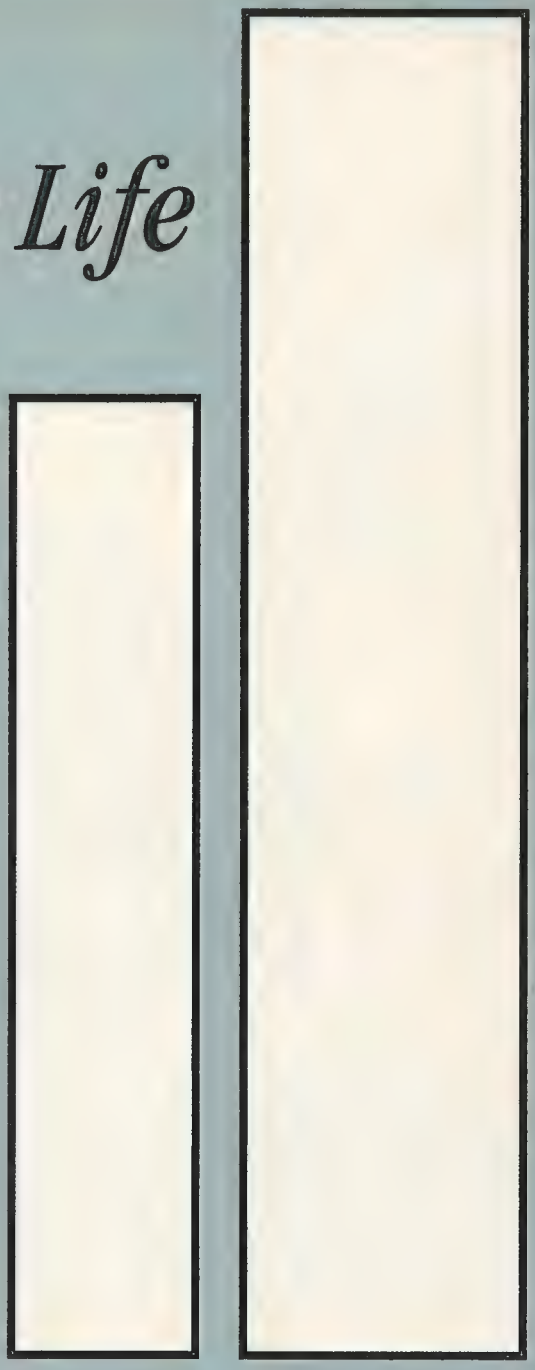

The rectangle on the left measures 5" long and 1" wide. The rectangle on the right is 2" longer and 50% wider.

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DANGERFIELD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

because you spend your entire day and night writing it. I know the effort that goes into perfecting it, and being a perfectionist I'd be working on it too much and might kill myself.

Did your father ever give you advice?

Once—when I was a kid, 17, writing jokes. I had 15 jokes, five of which were very funny, seven pretty funny, and three not so funny. So my old man said, "They've all got to be extremely funny. Every one. Because the jokes you think are the funniest will end up being fair." I learned something: To make it in stand-up, every joke has got to be a gem, a killer. So he taught me that. Not too much else. When he was 76, I said to him, "You're an old codger, you've been through it all. What's the answer to this life, huh?" He looked at me and said, "It's all bullshit."

Did your being Jewish help you at all when you first started out appearing in the Catskills?

It was very difficult for me. I was brought up in nightclubs. I don't speak Jewish at all. I never was taught Jewish in my house. I'm completely non-Jewish. And up there at the time when I was a kid a lot of the material you did had a Jewish vein to it, which wasn't for me. So I really did poorly in the Catskills.

What were you making then—$12 a week?

That's right. I had this agent, he wouldn't book me, wouldn't even know me. I was 19. So I said to him, "Look, I can sing, I've got all these bits, I can do it." Finally I said to him, "It pays 12 bucks a week. Your commission is $12. I'll give you the $12 in advance, so if I get fired you lose nothing and you can book someone else and make another 12 bucks. I want the job, I know I can do it. I'm not asking for this, I'm begging." So he booked me up there, and I lasted the whole summer.

Did he take the $12 from you?

Sure.

When did you get to know Lenny Bruce?

Lenny was a dear friend of my friend Joe Ancis. Lenny loved Joe, who's the hippest, funniest, and sickest guy in the world. I knew Lenny when he was doing imitations when he started, and I knew him throughout his life. Lenny was a sweet guy. He had wild concepts. He would say anything he wanted. Today they say the same things, it's okay. But when he did it, it was "wrong." I remember how he answered a heckler once. He got up there and said to the audience, "For my opening tonight, I'm gonna pee on you. I'll tell you jokes, which you'll forget, but you'll never forget a guy who pees on you." At that point a guy in the audience says, "Hey, keep it clean there. Take it easy, will ya?" So Lenny said to him, "Oh fuck you, Jimmy square motherfucker." He was wild.

Has there been anyone since Lenny Bruce who has been able to shake up audiences?

The greatest to come along recently was Sam Kinison. He was a genius—wild, sick, crazy, but what an unbelievable talent.

Another comedian who died young was Andy Kaufman.

I knew Andy very, very well. He opened for me often. He was absolutely a genius, so wild, so weird, so different. He worked in San Francisco with me, the audience hated him so much I had to put a real net in front of him the second night because they were throwing everything at him. Guys wanted to fight him. He was hilarious.

You actually showcased a lot of today's talent on those HBO shows you did.

I introduced Jerry Seinfeld, Roseanne, Sam Kinison, Tim Allen, Jeff Foxworthy, Dice Clay, Lou Anderson, Rita Rudner, Robert Townsend. I can keep going. Many of them it was their first time on television. My show gave them a break to be seen by everybody.

And have they all been properly grateful to you?

No, I don't expect that, I'm happy to do it. If I think someone is good, here you are. I don't want any return for it, I don't need anything.

How can a guy who never gets respect wind up with a gorgeous wife like Joan?

I've known Joan for 12 years. What draws people to each other is not their age; it goes into whole different dimensions, a dimension of sensitivity, of people you can talk to. It boils down to the head, and evidently we can talk without boring each other. So when you find somebody you can talk to and who makes you laugh, it's hard not to like that person.

Does she make you laugh?

No, it's the other way around, I make her laugh. As far as chicks are concerned it is more important to make them laugh than to be good-looking, charming, well dressed. Make 'em laugh, man, and they'll like ya. And you've got a good shot to make 'em want you and love you too.

Did your age difference concern you?

Yeah, I thought at first she was putting me on or something. What was she doing with a guy like me? Because I'm 30 years older than Joan. I'm old, I'm 75 ... but I'm a young 75, my head don't believe I'm 75. I'm active, I do things. When I talk to someone my age it's like, wow, I can't talk to them, they're old people. People ask me all the time, "How do you stay hip?" I don't know, just one of those things; it's the way I think.

Let me ask you about your first wife, Joyce, whom you married twice. She was a singer, and you both decided to give up show business when you were 28. Why?

I was a kid, I thought show business was bad, evil. We wanted to get a couple of kids, live a nice, normal life. You have your own fantasy dream in your mind.

How come you married her twice?

It was difficult when we got divorced. We got remarried when our kid was a year and a half. I'd see her walking in the park with the kid, and we thought maybe it could work out if we got married again. But it was tough to work it out.

How confusing was it for you to wind up with a name like Rodney Dangerfield? It wasn't even your idea, but the idea of a club owner named George McFadden.

He owned the Inwood Lounge in Washington Heights. I didn't want the name. A friend of mine said, "That's a crazy name, keep it." I was so depressed that I figured what the hell, I'll become Rodney Dangerfield. My first wife said, "With a name like that, if you don't hit you're an idiot."

You were 43 when you made your comeback. How broke were you?

I owed $20,000. I had a wife home with two kids. I was living in a terrible toilet hotel in New York. And I was going back to show business. Everyone said, "This guy is finished." It was a tough struggle. I figured if I could just make a living at it, make maybe $500 a week, I'd be very happy. Then when things started to happen I didn't realize that the image I had, that nothing goes right,

"I figured, what the hell, I'll become Rodney Dangerfield. My first wife said, 'With a name like that, if you don't hit you're an idiot.'"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 163

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her back and closed her legs in a vise-like grip around Larry's head. She let out a scream that I thought would shatter the windows, and flooded Larry's face with a rush of fluids. Almost simultaneously my wife arched her back and came with a loud moan.

The only one who hadn't gotten off yet was me, and my wife promptly fixed that. She flipped over so her head was in my lap and deep-throated me. I could still feel Tatiana's teeth on my cock, and almost immediately I unloaded in my wife's mouth. Larry and Tatiana applauded as my wife swallowed my semen.

Later, as we were putting on our clothes, Tatiana gave my ass a playful squeeze. "Next time, you and me against those two, right?" No one disagreed, so she must have been right.—*T. R., Minnesota*

DREAM GIRL

I walk into your room. It's lit only by candlelight. The light dances off the walls, making only the area surrounding your bed visible, and even that barely so. The rest of the room seems to resist the light's advances, leaving it hidden in darkness. You lie on the bed, and as my eyes adjust you come into stunning view. Unlike the room, you openly invite the dancing flickers of light; it seems to consume you. Your hair is strands of gold, your body fine artwork. You arch your back, your hands above your head. I watch the curve of your hips, the goose bumps that break out on your beautiful skin.

My breath quickens, as does my heart. I can feel blood rushing everywhere in my body, I can feel my pores. I feel alive. I stand still as you squirm on the bed, arching your back, your legs slightly spread. You do not speak, do not call to me, though I'm sure you can feel my presence. Your mouth opens, but only to lick your luscious lips, bringing moisture to their arid domain. Your hot breath does not allow your lips to stay moist, though, and your tongue quickly darts out once again. I watch forever. I need nothing else. I have waited a lifetime for this—for you.

After what seems like days, but is actually only minutes, I step closer. I reach for my waist, pulling up on my shirt and sliding it over my head. Parts of me ache for release. My skin tingles. My hands slide down my body, unbuckling my belt, undoing my pants. They slide down my legs to the floor, where they are quickly met by the rest of my clothes. Now as naked as you, I stand at the foot of the bed. You no longer move. My hand moves down, grasping my cock, feeling it throb. It cries for you. It will not get what it wants ... yet.

I move to the nightstand, my eyes never leaving you. I watch your breasts heave as you breathe. I grab the baby oil and pop the top. I move back to the foot of the bed and crawl up on it. You instinctively spread your legs, your neatly trimmed pussy exposed for my desperate eyes. I can see that it's slick with your delicious juices. It glistens. I carefully avoid it as I position myself between your legs, bending your knees slightly. I squirt the oil onto your stomach and up between your breasts. At last I touch you. My hands slide up your stomach, spreading the liquid as they go. They rub your stomach and sides, stopping just below your breasts. More oil drips on your legs, and my now hot hands quickly follow. From your ankles they move up, making your entire legs slippery. Up your inner thigh, coming as close as possible to your nether lips, but not touching them. They slide up your stomach again, more oil, and onto your breasts. Squeezing them, pinching the nipples, rubbing the oil.

You squirm below me, your breath now rapid and hard, your body filled with chills. My hands leave you. Again the oil, but not on you. I squirt the oil on my chest, and it slowly spills downward. My hands find yours as they slide downward, again engulfing my throbbing cock, stroking it slowly as my back arches. I force them down onto my legs, and finally I'm covered in oil. I push your legs down, and again you lie flat on the bed. I get on top of you, as you have done to me so many times. My hands again on your body. Sliding up your sides, finding your breasts. Pinching and flicking at your nipples, making them stand erect, as I do. I push them together and slide my body up to them.

The candlelight makes our slick bodies glow, and I admire you as I slide my cock between your tits, squeezing them around it. My body moves up and down easily, my thumbs tease your nipples as I slide between. I don't want to speak, I just want you to feel me. As I slide upward, poking for the top of your tits, you raise your head, opening your mouth and taking my head in. I moan, and it is the first noise you have heard from me. I pull back, leaving your mouth. As I get to the bottom, I slowly slide upward again, through your tits and into your mouth. I lick up and down your slit slowly, lightly flicking your clit. You suck on me feverishly, your desire now great. I begin to move faster on you, my tongue licking and flicking at your now throbbing clit. My hands slide under your ass, my fingers to your pussy, parting your lips and entering you slowly, as I continue to work on your clit. You begin to shake and shiver as you reach orgasm. I pull you up so that my face is planted deep inside you, my fingers continuing to probe. You come in waves as I lap up all of you, pulling my prick out of your mouth.

I spin around, sliding down your chest and stomach and positioning myself between your still shaking legs. My hands reach for yours, our fingers entwined as I slide the tip of my cock inside you. You are wet and inviting as just the tip sits inside you. Your fingers grip mine tightly as I tease you. After what seems like an eternity, I thrust inside you, and we become one. I continue to thrust, harder and harder, and I cannot control myself. My mouth dives for yours and I kiss you hard. You can taste the remnants of your orgasm on my tongue, and it excites you. I pound inside you hard, feeling sweat break out on my back. I feel every inch of my body, every muscle, every pore. I throw my head back as I feel the impending explosion.

Then I wake up.—*K. L., California*

I had to lie down, and went to work on their still glistening meat—deep-throating them, licking their balls, caressing their anuses.

THE ECSTASY EXPRESS

Traveling first class on a European train is wonderful and lavish. I attended an international conference in Budapest, and took a few days off afterward to travel to Paris by train. It was a half-day/half-night affair in more than one way.

During the first leg, to Vienna, alone in the compartment, I stretched out luxuriously and enjoyed the beautiful scenery moving by, with awesome mountain ranges, green pastures, rivers, picturesque villages. In Vienna a young man in a business suit joined me. At first I was sorry to lose my privacy, but soon Evan and I started a conversation and exchanged our experiences in different countries.

We had dinner together in the diner,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

The Joke Man

This month's crop of zappers, snappers, and one-line knee-slappers from the comic cosmos of ...

Jackie Martling

• Why did God give blondes one more brain cell than he gave horses?
So they wouldn't shit during parades.

• An Italian kid, on a six-month cruise in the Navy, decides to send pictures to his mom and girlfriend. He takes a picture of himself naked, then rips it in half, intending to send the top half to his mother and the bottom half to his girlfriend. But he mixes them up.

When his mother gets his letter, she looks at the picture and says, "Atsa my Luigi ... long nose, droopy cheeks, and don't-a never shave."

• Did you hear about the guy who was half Greek and half Polish?
Zorba the Dumb Fuck.

• Harry says to Vinnie, "I sure would like some sex. Thank God I've got some money."

Vinnie says, "I want some too, but I'll have to go home and get the fifty bucks I lent my wife last week."

Harry says, "What makes you think she'll still have the fifty?"

Vinnie says, "She doesn't drink, and she has her own pussy."

• Why do you get paid more at the sperm bank than at the blood bank?
Sperm is handmade.

• Charlie goes up to a whore and says, "How much for a blowjob?"

She says, "A hundred bucks."

He tries to talk her down, but she won't budge, so he agrees to pay the hundred. Then he starts to jack off.

She says, "What are you doing that for?"

He says, "For a hundred bucks, do you think I'm gonna give you the easy one?"

• Aaron answers the telephone, and it's an emergency-room doctor. The doctor says, "Your wife was in a serious car accident, and I have some bad news and some good news. The bad news is, she has lost all use of both arms and both legs, and will probably need to be on a respirator the rest of her life."

Aaron says, "My God. What's the good news?"

The doctor says, "I'm kidding. She's dead."

• Why do dogs lick themselves?
Because they can't make a fist.

• Why do they hump your leg?
To dry themselves off.

• Why did God invent lesbians?
So feminists wouldn't breed.

• Georgie is walking down the street after a sex-change operation has transformed him into a beautiful woman. An old friend sees him and says, "Georgie, you look great ... you're beautiful!"

Georgie says, "Thanks ... but holy Christ, did it hurt."

His friend says, "When they cut open your chest and put in those implants?"

Georgie says, "No, that didn't really hurt."

His friend says, "When they cut off your dick and dug out a vagina?"

Georgie says, "No, that didn't really hurt."

His friend says, "Then what *did* hurt?"

Georgie says, "When the doctor drilled a fucking hole in my head and sucked out half my brain."

• What was Dick Morris's first mistake?
Taking a phone number from Hugh Grant.

• Two guys are sitting on a dock fishing. One guy reaches into his bait box, takes out a piece of bait, sniffs it, puts it on his hook, throws his line in the water, and pulls in a fish.

He reaches into his bait box, takes out a piece of bait, sniffs it, puts it on his hook, throws his line in the water, and pulls in a fish.

After a while the other guy says, "Wait one fucking minute. You reach into your bait box, take out a piece of bait, sniff it, put it on your hook, throw your line in the water, and pull in fish after fish. I'm sitting here right next to you, and I haven't gotten a friggin' nibble. What the hell are you using for bait?"

The first guy says, "Well, I'm a little embarrassed. I've got a friend who's an undertaker, and he sells me pussies to use as bait. I put them on my hook and the fish can't resist them."

The other guy says, "I can understand that. But why do you keep sniffing them?"

The first guy says, "Well, he's a low-life bastard. Every once in a while he slips in a few ass holes."

For more of Jackie Martling's universe of laughs, be sure to check out JokeLand's World Wide Web page at http://www.jackiejokeman.com. Or if you think you can stump the Joke Man with a joke he doesn't know, send it to JokeLand, c/o Penthouse *magazine, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. If Jackie doesn't know it, you'll receive a free copy of his* Sgt. Pecker *CD.*

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THE BIG, THE BAD ...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

some thing, but when we were alone, when he had done that, I just felt so guilty. I just felt really horrible about that.

Why did you suddenly feel guilty?

If the three of us were together it was different, but it's more personal if you're alone with a person. Also, I started getting real tired of the drugs, and I was losing a lot of weight. I was worn down and tired and bitchy all the time, and I just got so sick of it. We were with him one, two, or three days a week. And it got to the point where I just started feeling guilty. I'd be home with John and he'd be hugging me and kissing me, telling me he loves me, and I'm sitting there thinking—I wanted to kill myself—"What kind of person am I?" It was killing me. The night of the bust they were calling me to come over, but I wasn't going to leave Johnny. I was lucky.

How did you learn about the arrest?

The phone rang about three in the morning, and John answered the phone. It was Angie, a collect call from Dallas County Detention Center. John gave the phone to me, and Angie was hysterical: "Rachelle, don't say anything. I was arrested for D.W.I. That's what you tell John. Don't freak out and tell John. Rachelle, my life's fucked. I'm fucked. I got busted with all this coke. Oh my God, Rachelle, I'm scared, so scared. I don't know what the fuck to do. I think Michael's just going to leave me here. I said it [the cocaine] was all mine. I'm fucked, Rachelle. You don't know how much coke was there."

When did you next speak to Michael?

Angie called me the next day and asked me to meet her at a hotel. She was out on bail. Angie had told the cops that the drugs were hers. Michael was calling me because he was scared about Angie. He was saying, "Rachelle, please make sure she knows not to worry, that she'll be taken care of, she's going to be treated like a princess. Just comfort her and let her know she won't have to worry about a thing in her life again. What she did for me no one's ever done for me. Tell her I'll never forget that."

Did he say what she did for him?

We were hanging out, and they started talking about what happened the night of the bust. I got the whole story. They told me detail by detail what happened. The cops knocked on the door. Someone looked out the peephole, and the police were yelling, "Cops, cops, open the door." They had about three plates of cocaine on the table. Angie and Jasmine grabbed those plates, rushed to the bathroom to flush it [the coke] down the toilet. There was another guy partying with them, I can't remember his name, ran upstairs. He was trying to hide. Michael was in the living room by himself. Jasmine and Angie thought that all the coke that was there was on the plates. Little did they know that Michael had an extra rock of crack cocaine, and he put it in Angie's bag. The police started being cocky and asking questions, and I think Michael told them where the marijuana was—it was under the couch. They got the marijuana, and then they started looking through stuff, saying, "No, this can't be all there is, there's more stuff in here." One of the cops started going through Angie's duffel bag, and I guess he found the big old rock of cocaine. Angie said to me, "Oh my goodness, when I saw him pull that bag of cocaine out of that duffel bag, I almost had a heart attack." She just sat there and waited for someone to save her, and no one did.

> "My boyfriend, Johnny, knew I had been with other girls. He was fine with it. He thought it was cool."

Why didn't Angie tell the truth to the police?

Michael told her, "Baby, I'll step forward if you want me to," but then he made her feel like there was no way he could do that. And she said she felt that it [to take the rap] would be the easiest way out of the whole thing. She said she was crying, she was in jail for like 12 hours. And this little girl is like a little scared rabbit. She's so fragile and scared. And she went to jail for him.

Did Irvin tell you that the drugs belonged to him?

Oh, yeah. He said, "No one's ever done anything like this for me. I was freaking, I felt so sad. I wanted to stand up and say it was mine." But he didn't. He let her take the rap.

Nobody felt like partying after all that?

He wanted to get high that night. He was gonna go get some coke that night. He said, "Let's get high."

What happened between Michael and you?

After he got indicted we got together at the apartment of one of his friends, and he strip-searched me. He made me take off all my clothes, and then he gave me a T-shirt to wear. And then him and me and Angie sat there drinking. I had no problem with the search, but then he started scaring me. He wasn't acting like he used to act. He was accusing me of everything.

What happened next?

He knew I had spoken to the district attorney, and kept asking me questions. I really didn't tell him all of what I said. I was too scared to tell him everything. I thought he was going to do something. I've seen him lose his temper a few times, and he's scary. He talks really loud naturally, and when he gets mad, he'll scream and his veins pop out and he's just mean-looking. I've never seen him hit anyone, but it just seems like he could be mean. The last time he saw me he had a metal detector and he searched me. He was being a pervert with the detector, up and down my legs, in between my legs, and touching me and smiling and just trying to rub it on me. He was acting like he was searching me and not that he was doing it for his own pleasure. He kept going on like this with the metal detector, on the inside of my thigh, and he put his ring right by it and it went off. He said, "What the fuck is that, what is that?" And I'm trying to explain, "You're putting your ring right by the metal detector, Michael." And he said, "Don't you ever fuckin' yell at me." And then he'd move and I'd jump because he was scaring me. He said, "Baby, you never used to do that, you never used to jump. I'd never hurt you." He was as high as a kite. He couldn't talk right, he was all messed up. That's what scared me because he'd get so high, I didn't know what he was gonna do. He was so freaked out—I had a barrette in my hair and he put the barrette outside because he thought I had a tap in it. He also said if he suspected I was taped or fucking him over I'd never see John or the light of day again.

After you told Johnny everything that had been going on, he was arrested for attemping to have Michael killed. With all that went on, only Johnny went to prison. How do you look at things now?

I feel that everything that happened is because she [Angela] couldn't stand up and tell the truth. I'm not sitting here saying that I did nothing, but at least I was able to stand up and tell the truth. And I think this whole thing happened because these people could not. If these people would have told the truth from the beginning, none of this would have happened. None of this would have happened. This would have been forgotten. Michael would've been playing [at the time of this interview]. John would be home.

LEIGH AND JESSI

"Outstanding!" said Leigh, poring over the tumescent peaks and moist valleys of her close friend and fellow S&M advocate, Jessica McFee. "I love your skin," Leigh said. "I love to pull it and pinch it and punish it...." "I've been a naughty girl," Jessi said, "I deserve it all!"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

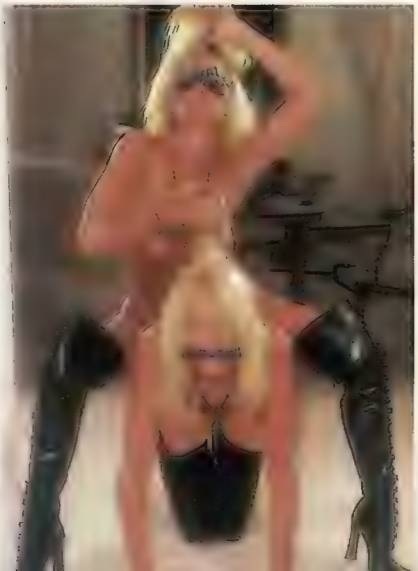
Leigh and Jessi laughed. S&M was a game they played with increasing gusto. Leigh was the Grand Dom and Jessi the submissive innocent. Leigh delivered the sexually charged punishment and Jessi accepted it … lovingly.

Wardrobe and accessories provided by the Fetish Factory, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Leigh was the smaller of the two; Jessi was five eleven in her bare feet. Leigh loved the physical disparity … dominating a bigger, stronger woman was kinkier and more exciting than dominating someone her own size or smaller.

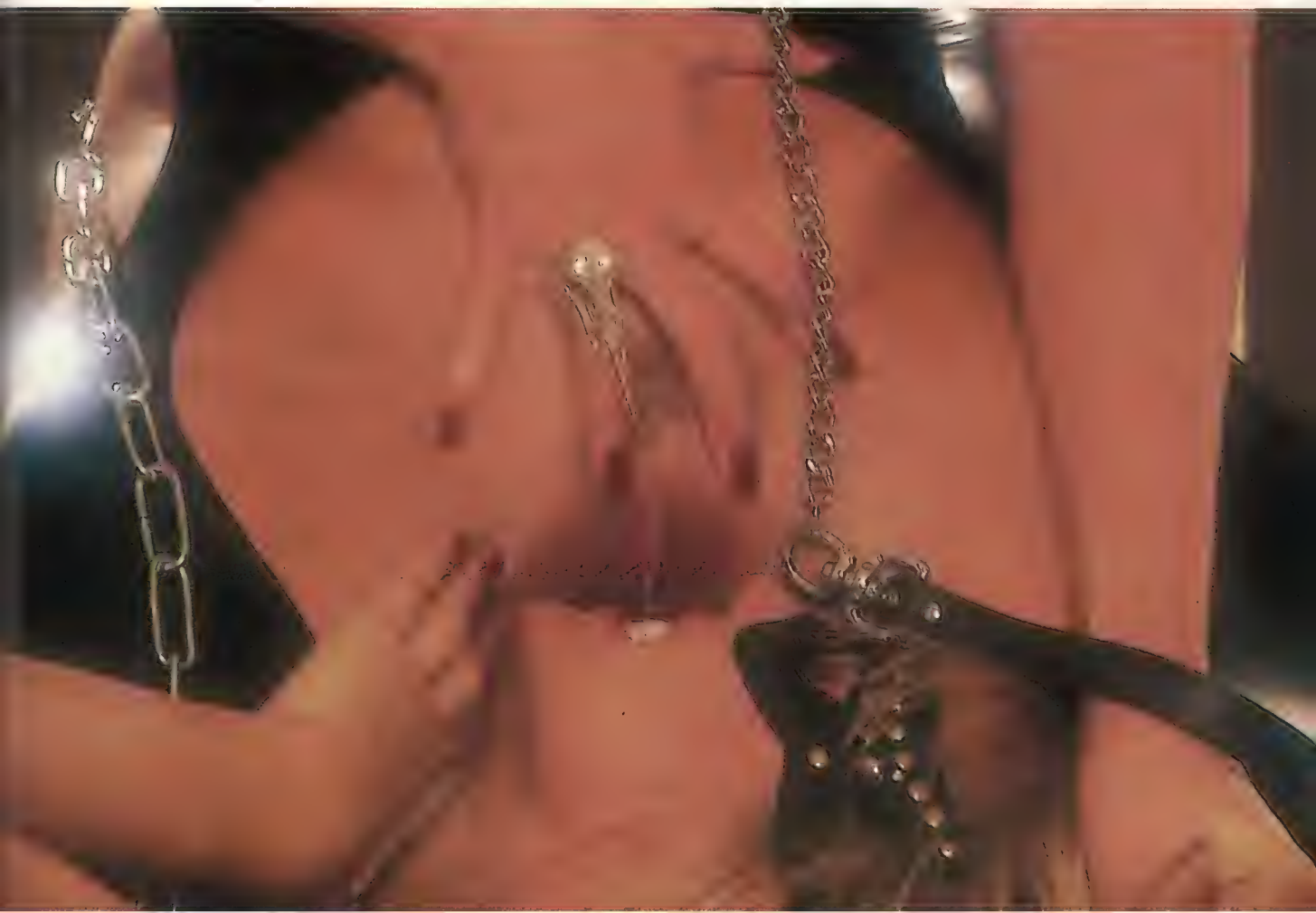
It's all very mental—no one ever really gets hurt. Jessi's bottom may glow a bit but, after all, it wouldn't be much fun if it didn't. Leigh likes to snarl. Creating the right mood is half the pleasure.

Jessi loved to feel the power and intensity that Leigh possessed. The electric snap-sting of her wand made Jessi gush inside and turned her pouting nipples into hardened pebbles. Her submission was magical and complete.



Sometimes Jessi was put on a collar and leash, but she never felt humiliated. Instead, in her own words, she felt "liberated." Leigh would alternate stern orders with gentle terms of endearment.

It was a complex game with exotic but exactin rules. Leigh delivered h punishment in an act of love, not abuse, and Jessi's submission was evidence, not o fear, but of adoration fo her feisty paramour.



Held tight in Leigh's grasp, Jessi felt completely content. She had served her mistress well and was being deliciously rewarded. It was the subtle nature of their game and, indeed, the game of their life.

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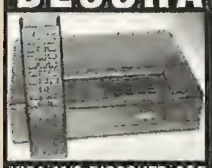

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DANGERFIELD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

was that good. It moved people. The first "no respect" joke I wrote was: I played hide-and-seek, nobody ever looked for me. And when it caught on, I wrote literally hundreds and hundreds of "no respect" jokes.

Must every joke be a complete story?

When I was with William Morris, going back about 30 years, they said to me after an appearance on the "Ed Sullivan Show," "You don't make sense. Part of your act you're talking about your girl, and part of it you're talking about your wife." So I said, "What do you want, to make sense? Every joke is its own story, its own individual beat. It doesn't have to have continuity." Each joke stands by itself.

It's surprising you've never written a book. Paul Reiser, Jerry Seinfeld, Brett Butler, even Regis Philbin, all have best-selling books. Why not you?

I could do a book very easily. Every publisher has called saying they want a book, a book, a book. I started writing one, but then I realized that I don't want to put certain things in a book. I don't want to put in my experiences with women or girls, that's not something to talk about. Not that I've had that many, I had less than most. As a kid in show business I was never into that bag. So I won't give them the juice they want for a book. I'm not going to get into the drugs that I've been involved with. So my story wouldn't be all that exciting. It's just a struggle in show business to make it. But if someone wanted to know the true story of coming back to show business twice and what you go through to make it, that could be a book. If they want to know about life and how I think of people and the sayings I have, like when I say, "Whenever you do something in life the anticipation is always greater than the realization," that's what I mean. I have many things like that. It could be an interesting book, and it could make a good movie too. I was going to write a book about all the women who turned me down. In fact I wrote a joke recently: Safe sex, that's what's important. My whole life was practicing safe sex. In fact I want to thank all the girls who turned me down. And a few who turned me over.

Deep in your heart, do you consider yourself a sexy guy?

No. Girls like me, but at my age I don't claim to be sexy. I always felt I was too fat to like. I'm heavy now, but not as heavy as I was. I've lost about 14 pounds recently. A sexy guy was Burt Lancaster, he was really dynamic.

Ever date a classy girl?

What is a classy girl? One whose family is wealthy? Who's in a big position? Who's honest? I used to do a joke: She told me she hates to hear dirty jokes. And every time I told her one, she had heard it.

What is great sex?

Great sex to me is when I'm the only one able to talk.

How do you make your wife scream during sex?

You wipe your dick on the curtains.

If you could change something about your first sexual experience, what would it be?

I would have made it a different girl.

Do you ever worry that you'll run out of ideas?

No, for some reason they're like songs—there are eight notes in a song, yet they're endless. And with jokes, that can never stop, there are so many things to say. You can do a thousand jokes on your wife's cooking. Wife jokes, they never stop. This guy's very sad, he lost his wife. I said, "What happened, she found her way home?"

What's your worst fear?

Two things: being trapped with people whose company you don't want to be in. And flying, which still bugs me. I try to do as little flying as possible. I don't like to leave L.A. at all. I'm comfortable here.

What about a fear of failing?

There's no failing now. Early on, sure, you wonder if you're going to be good. But now, it's like when a great singer goes out, he doesn't fear, he knows what to do, he does his number. Or a doctor, he has no fear. When you know what you're doing there's no fear.

You certainly seem to know what you're doing. How would you like to be remembered?

I think I'll be remembered in a positive way. I've contributed an image to the country that they tell me will go on. Fifty years from now they'll still know the guy who used to say, "I don't get no respect." I've been thinking of doing a lot of half-minute TV commercials wishing people a Happy New Year ten years from now, 20 years from now. After I'm dead for ten years just pop up: "Hi, this is Rodney Dangerfield saying, Happy New Year, okay? Hey, I've got to go take a shower. Where I am it's kinda warm." Something like that. Do a joke. So after I'm dead I could keep coming back for 20 years, still be around. But is it stupid to prepare something after you're dead? That's really a show-business mentality, isn't it?

If there is such a thing as reincarnation, what would you like to come back as?

I'd like to come back as an olive in a martini, so I could get drunk and then eaten.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143

where the conversation became more personal and intimate. I found out he was married with two children, just like me. We commiserated with each other about the difficulties of being apart from one's partner for any length of time. I did not tell him that my husband and I have an open marriage, and share our bedroom activities with various single men and women for threesomes as well as spouse-swapping.

Back in our compartment I began to feel drowsy. It was dark outside. I pulled down the corridor curtains, took my shoes off, leaned back, placed my feet on the opposite seat next to Evan, and fell asleep. A pleasant sensation woke me up. I felt Evan's hands giving me a gentle foot massage. I kept my eyes closed and enjoyed his exquisite touch. Then, peeking between my eyelashes, I realized that I had slid farther down the seat while my short skirt had slid way up my thighs, exposing my garter belt and bare thighs above the stockings. My first impulse was to sit up and straighten out, but then an exhibitionist whim made me change my mind.

I sighed, shifted position slightly, and let my legs fall apart enough to give Evan a good view of my lace panties. I was aroused now, and felt a pleasant mushiness penetrating the lower part of my body. Evan's hands moved to my ankles and calves. Oh, he did it much too slowly. When he finally reached my knees I felt the tingle in my pussy that precedes the emission of moisture. After what seemed like an eternity, his fingers reached the top of my stockings and touched my bare skin. By now I was delirious with desire, and moisture seeped through my panties. I half-opened my eyes and observed Evan's gaze fastened on my crotch. When our eyes met he hesitated. "Oh, please, continue," I whispered.

The train slowed and came to a stop in Strasbourg. There were footsteps in the corridor. I straightened up. The doors opened and closed again. We were still alone. The train moved on, and we resumed our position. I lifted one leg and placed it gently between Evan's legs. I immediately felt his huge erection. By now he had reached my sex. Slowly he rubbed up and down over my soaked panties. My swollen cunt lips pushed the fabric into two ridges. I almost swooned with lust, and pushed my pelvis toward his hand. Finally he reached up with both hands and stripped my undies off.

I spread my legs wide open. He took the invitation, kneeled down, and lapped up my juices. In broad strokes his tongue moved up and down, and each time he reached my clitoris I let out a yelp of delight. Finally he slipped a finger deep into me and tongue-brushed my love button until my entire body started shaking uncontrollably. A massive orgasm sent me into seventh heaven.

When I got hold of my senses I wanted to return the favor. His cock was already free, and I marveled at its size and beauty. It was so hard and yet so tender to the touch. Clear lubricant oozed out and ran down the sides. I closed both hands around the shaft and slid them slowly up and down. Oh, how sensuous it was to feel the veins, and especially the firm ridge, glide through my hands. I reached one hand down to his balls and with the other grasped the base of the pole. I leaned over and took the top half of his penis into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the tip. He could hold back no longer. As he erupted in powerful spurts, I swallowed all of his come.

I was again wild with desire. I pushed the seat cushions forward to form a large surface and lay down on my side, skirt hiked way up, my ass pointing toward Evan. He understood, joined me in spoon fashion, and penetrated my super-wet pussy with his marvelous tool. In this fashion we enjoyed a slow but high-intensity fuck all the way to Paris. Small orgasmic waves hit me every so often. Finally the train slowed. I reached back, moistened a finger, and inserted it in Evan's anus. With powerful thrusts he hit the innermost reaches of my love tunnel, and for the first time I went over the top as he groaned his pleasurable release.

This time we straightened up for good. He leaned over and kissed me tenderly. We parted at the platform, where he was met by his wife. I am still sorry we didn't exchange addresses, for I am sure his travels occasionally take him to California.—*T. W., California*

THE BLIND DATE FROM HEAVEN

I was set up on a blind date with Jodi, so I prepared a very romantic dinner in the hope of maybe getting some play and improving my rather meager sex life. As it turned out, "getting some play" is an understatement for what happened.

When I went to pick her up her horniness was quite apparent; she greeted me at her door in nothing but a skimpy robe. Her moist love nest and her muff could easily be seen through the thin fabric. She had a set of tits that guys only dream of sucking. I could see her excitement as her diamond-hard nipples poked through the material. I decided to play it cool and let her make the first move.

She led me to the couch and asked if I'd like a drink. When she came back

CONTINUED ON PAGE 195

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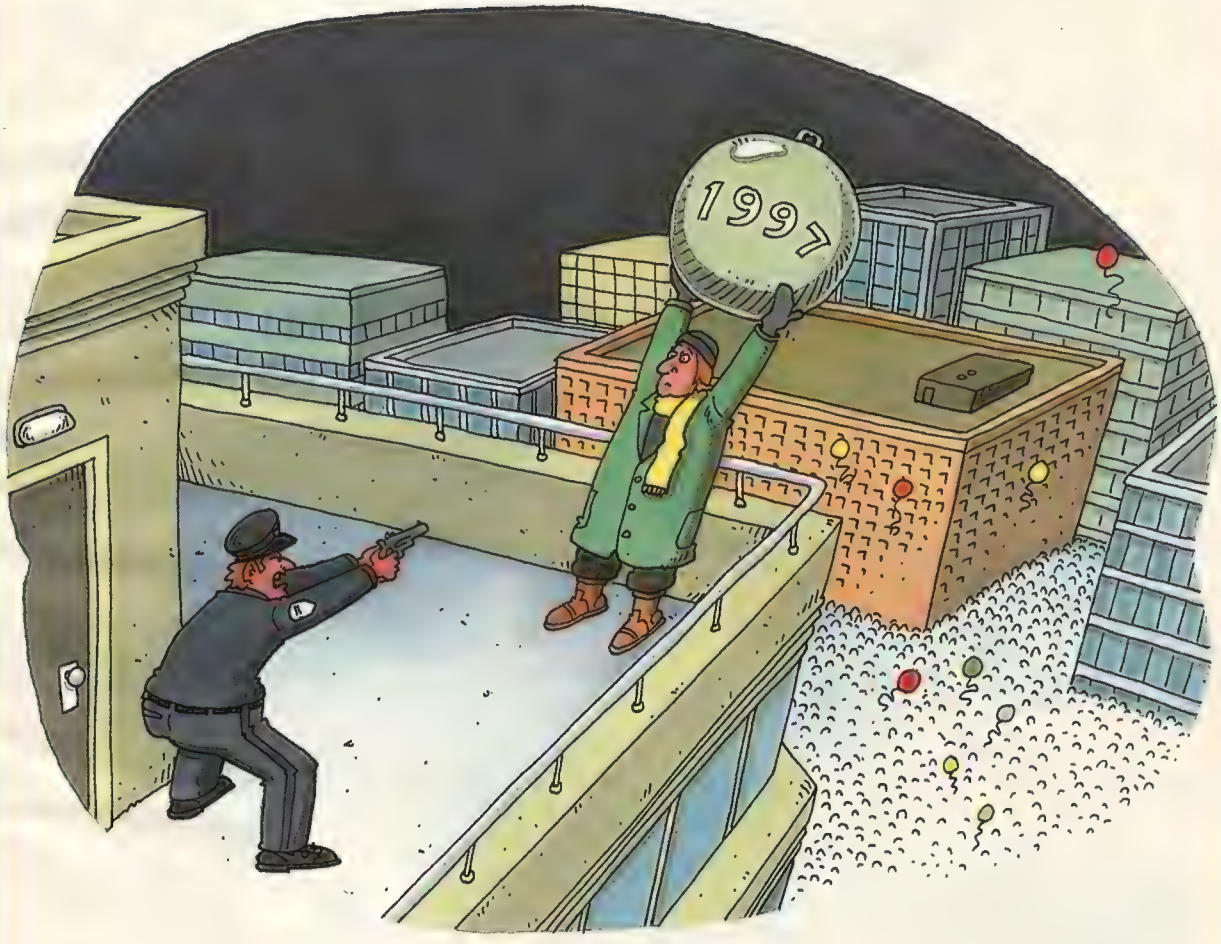

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"Vomit! My tip is vomit!?"

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BEDTIME STORIES

EROTIC FICTION BY BONNIE BOXER

HOT SAUCE

The first time I encountered Rosa at the corner bodega it was as if my pussy had been hit by lightning. I'd just stopped in for some hot sauce, and there she was, selecting ingredients for some sort of secret recipe of her own—molasses, thick and syrupy; pieces of hot, gnarled ginger; and cloves of garlic, the world's most suggestive aroma. Her jet-black hair hung in a shining braid all the way down her back; her brow was furrowed with concentration. She was wearing a faded denim jacket and very tight, very new blue jeans. Her nail polish was a dark, metallic blue; even her lipstick was blue.

This was clearly a woman who didn't mind attracting attention, and she certainly caught mine. There's something about a beautiful woman in deep contemplation that does it for me every time. I found myself following her from aisle to aisle, like a woman in a trance. A trail of musky perfume emanated from her as she sashayed down the rows, picking items off the shelves to check a price or read the ingredients. I would've sworn that she was completely unaware of my covert attentions, but after a few minutes she

ILLUSTRATION BY RAYMOND VERDAGUER

spun around, cocked her head, smirked at me, and said, "Look, honey, if there's something you don't see on the shelves of this here store, maybe you're just not looking in the right place."

The next thing I knew I was helping her carry her groceries up the five flights to her nearby apartment. And I'd forgotten all about my search for hot sauce.

Rosa's place was chock-full of the stuff that dreams are made of: sexy posters of k. d. lang, Madonna, and Selena on the wall; cushy pillows "casually" tossed across the red velvet couch; a faux-bearskin rug conveniently arranged before the fireplace; candy dishes filled with peppermints, lollipops, and other alluring treats; an impressive collection of votive candles; and adult magazines and videos positioned strategically about the room. This was a girl who clearly understood and operated on the Pleasure Principle—my kind of gal.

"Cherry soda?" Rosa called from the kitchen as she started unloading the groceries, her voice a mix of coy and sarcastic.

"Sure," I answered, but by the time the word was out of my mouth she was already drawing near, beverage in outstretched hand. I reached for the glass, but Rosa withdrew it with a teasing smile. Like a traffic cop she motioned for me to stand still, then advanced again, holding the cool glass to my lips, tilting a sip of sweet soda into my mouth. She did it with such authority, I was taken aback. I swallowed hard, then watched, eyes glued to her dark-blue nail polish, as she brought the glass to her lips, drained its contents, and set it down on the table behind her. A mesmerizing display.

"There now," she said with a smirk, "that wet my whistle. How about yours?"

I wasn't sure what to say. I was still a little shocked by what she'd done, taking such a liberty with someone she had only just met. But I could feel my nipples beginning to pucker against my bra, and I couldn't blame that on the cold soda.

As if reading my thoughts, Rosa took a long, leisurely glance at my breasts, fixing her stare on them. I followed her gaze, and sure enough, my nipples were poking through my tight sweater like gumdrops. I was embarrassed, and would have tried to explain it away with some pitiful excuse—but before I could open my mouth Rosa had sealed my lips with hers and was pressed up against me, kissing me hard. Her mouth was a sweet mix of pink soda and blue lipstick, an intoxicating brew. Her tongue slipped between my lips, a hot little cherry bomb, sizzling and explosive. I closed my eyes and inhaled her musky scent, letting myself drown in sensation. As I ate the lipstick right off her lips, I began to feel my pussy throb under my short skirt. I pressed my pelvis against hers; I could feel her jeans against my leg, and the sensation made me swoon. I curled my fingers through her belt loops and held on tight, feeling her breasts crushing mine, her entire body pushing against me, creating the kind of friction that leads to one thing only: fire.

I thought we were going to do it standing up, and was relieved when she escorted me with confidence over to the sofa. My relief—and lust—increased greatly when she knelt between my legs and began licking my skirt with her beautiful pink tongue, like a kitten. The skirt was pulled taut against my skin, so I could feel the strokes through the material. It was meant to drive me wild. She knew I wanted her mouth on my pussy, but she wasn't the type to rush. She was going to make me wait—maybe even beg—for it.

The afternoon sun slanted into the room, catching us in its caressing rays. My body warmed to it, stretched out into the pleasure rippling through me. Very slowly her fingers began moving up and down my calves, along my panty hose. Her fingernails raked my skin lightly, then harder, until they'd made little tears in the hosiery on either calf. She pushed her fingers into the holes and made direct contact with my skin, then slowly ripped the panty hose to shreds with her nails, careful not to hurt my vulnerable flesh, but making her point in no uncertain terms. The sound of ripping material was delicious. Once the panty hose were dispensed with, Rosa began a more powerful form of massage with her strong, competent fingers. Inch by inch she moved up my inner thigh, all the way up beneath my skirt, until she came to my black silk panties. When her finger reached my mound, we both gasped: I was soaking wet. She smiled up at me, and knowing that she could feel in the wet black silk my desire for her—so palpable and undeniable—made me feel unbearably open and exposed. I whimpered with embarrassment and lust.

Rosa took this as a signal to bury her face under my skirt and begin nibbling at my panties. Her movements grew more and more intense, as if she were struggling to control herself. Her teeth grazed my cunt through the silk, and I pushed myself hard against her. Her tongue was tantalizingly warm through the heat-conducting material. In a moment I felt her grasp the underwear with her teeth and slowly pull it off me, all the while continuing to rake my bare legs with her fingernails, like a lioness within striking distance of the first warm-blooded meal of her adult life.

My clit started throbbing harder; I imagined it glowing under her tongue, a helpless firefly trapped in a jar. I watched her head bobbing up and down on me, her eyes blissfully closed as she worked my pussy eagerly. "*¡Ay, que rica!*," she murmured as she started lapping at me with little flicks of the tongue. "You taste so good! Who needs groceries?" This was a girl who clearly loved pussy and knew just what to do with it. She nibbled my outer lips, suckled the clit, and stroked the entire area lightly with her tongue until I could barely stand it. When her tongue forcefully poked my hole and began fucking me that way, I reached around behind her head and grabbed her braid, pulling her toward me, urging her on. I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter as the pressure increased. My cheeks were warm and flushed; her lioness claws on my thighs were

sending me into outer orbit. But just as I was approaching the moment of truth, she lifted her face, leaned back, casually wiped her lips with the back of her hand, and purred, "Ah, *mi corazon,* you didn't think Rosa would let you get off *that* easy, did you?"

I was so inebriated with desire I could barely think straight, let alone fathom Rosa's question. Every cell in my body was poised on that tiny clitoral island in the sea of my pussy. I could scarcely believe she had stopped; the sensation of her mouth on my cunt was still reverberating, creating little waves of pleasure and longing. I moaned in frustration as she rose, walked away from me, and began pulling down all the window blinds in the living room and lighting candles here and there. Within moments my afternoon with Rosa had been transplanted into a Gothic lesbian love den, full of shadows and mystery and flickering yellow light.

Immediately upon creating this transformation, Rosa was back, lying on top of me on the red velvet couch. As we kissed I could smell my most intimate scent on her mouth and chin mingling with the aroma of her perfume. Her breasts were again pushed against me, pliant and cushy. My hungry mound seemed to have a will of its own, and was grinding hard against her pelvic bone like there was no tomorrow. But was it her pelvic bone? It suddenly occurred to me that Rosa had a visitor between her legs, a suspicion confirmed a moment later when she sat up, unzipped her jeans, extracted a long, thick dildo, and began to stroke it seductively. The sight of her working that dick would have been a turn-on no matter what, but this was no ordinary dildo; it glowed in the dark, shining between her legs like a beacon. It was an exotic, otherworldly blue—vaguely metallic, like her nail polish. I suddenly felt as if I were being seduced by a Martian. But at that particular moment, my clit still rock hard, I truly didn't care if she was from this galaxy or another.

"This little guy has your name on it, baby," Rosa whispered, cradling the mock cock between my open thighs. And then, grinning like an angel, she rammed it in.

I moaned in ecstasy and surprise. I was so wet that it slipped right in—a delicious sliding sensation echoing through my cunt. The walls of my pussy just closed right up around it; I wasn't about to let it go.

But Rosa wanted to fuck. Rosa wanted to ride. Rosa wanted to take me places.

"Let the glow-in-the-dark rodeo begin!" Rosa cried in a fake Tex-Mex accent. "Yee haw!"

She rode me like a pro. The smooth rubber cock rolled in and out of me like a stallion in a hurry. She pushed in hard, pounding against the tunnel of my cunt, then pulled out again, real slow, pausing with just the head of the cock at my open hole as I strained to take her back inside me, throbbing with unbearable emptiness. She pressed all the way back in, kissing me softly on the mouth, nibbling my lips, then withdrew again, this time teasing my soaking wet clit with the dildo. She dragged the dildo up and down along the outside of my pussy as if buttering bread. Every time it touched my clitoris I almost flew off the couch, my hips thrusting up toward her, trying to get her to enter me again. Just when I thought I couldn't stand another moment without her cock inside me, she'd plunge back in, nice and strong. Her rhythm was perfect, keeping me balanced between overwhelming need and fulfillment. With every thrust I'd whimper with gratitude. With every withdrawal I implored her to penetrate me once more. I wanted to come so bad I could hardly stand it. My cunt was quivering wildly, becoming wetter and more inflamed with every stroke of her glowing sword.

Meanwhile Rosa was also getting close to coming. Each time the dildo rammed into me, its flat, flared base pressed hard against her clit, bringing her closer and closer to her own orgasm. Watching her pleasure build drove me wild. Her eyes were closed; her mouth opened with every thrust as she let out a little moan of pleasure. Her body was hot; I ran my hands along her back and down to her ass, circling the cheeks through her jeans with my palms, then running my fingers up and down along the crack, that most sensitive and forbidden region. Rosa growled as I did this, and the fucking took on a more urgent rhythm. She was plowing into me, so smooth, so hot, so powerful—and our bodies were pressed together, nipples hard against each other, faces cheek to cheek, our warm breath and our moans mingling, becoming more humid with every thrust. She sucked my earlobe as we approached our moment of release. The exhaustion and animal motion were so compelling that all we could do was work it until our bodies could take no more.

At last Rosa let out a long, loud wail as she hurled her cunt—and the cock—against me one last time. I knew she was coming; the dildo thrust into me so hard that it released my own explosive orgasm. We writhed together, our cunts greedily pushing against each other to extract every remaining wave of pleasure that had built up inside of us. As the throbbing subsided we kissed again, our tongues wrapping around each other the way our arms and legs were now intertwined. We lay like that for a while, dozing off and on as the candlelight flickered on the walls and the afternoon on the other side of the window shades eased silently into night.

After a time Rosa looked at me and smirked in her devilish way. "Well, *chica,*" she said, "I hope this isn't premature, but all that food you helped me carry home is gonna go bad if I don't do something with it. I don't make a habit of cooking for strangers—but if I do whip a little something up, any chance I could tempt you into staying for dinner?"

"That depends," I said, lowering my mouth to her already-hard nipple, "on what you're planning for dessert."

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE
humor@generalmedia.com

MOST IMPOSSIBLE NEW YEARS RESOLUTIONS
ALWAYS LEAVE THE TOILET SEAT DOWN
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NEVER CHEAT ON YOUR TAXES
A PROSTITUTE IS LISTED AS A MEDICAL EXPENSE?
I WAS GOING BLIND WITH MASTURBATION.
NEVER AGAIN DRINK TOO MUCH TO HAVE SEX
ANOTHER LATE NITE WITH CONAN O'BRIEN.
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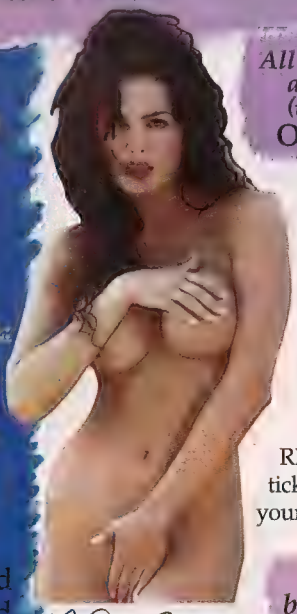

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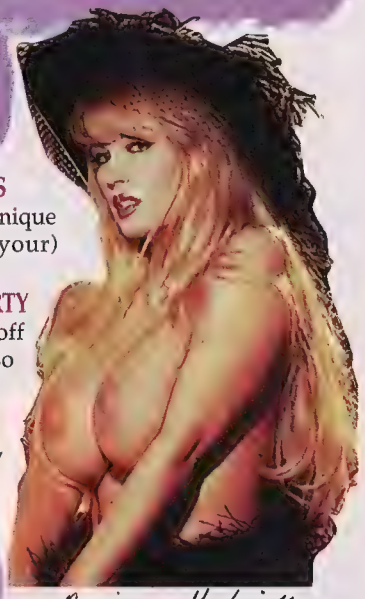

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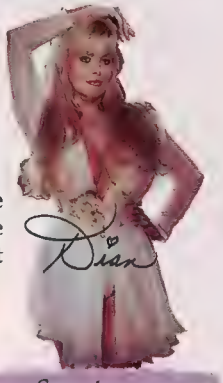

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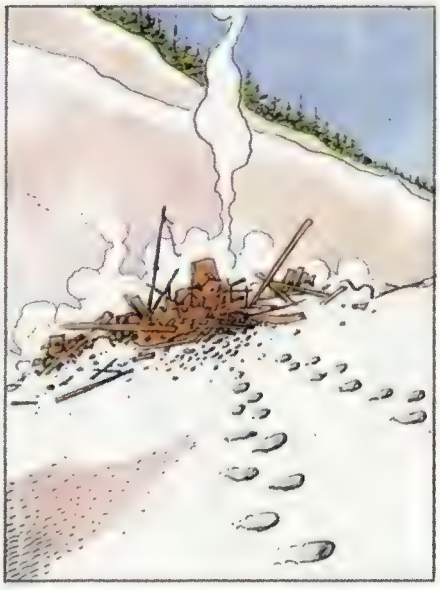
episode 9

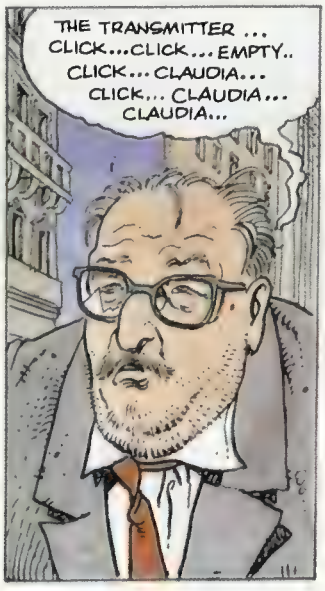
by Milo Manara

UGH!
WHY, FEZ! YOU OLD BUGGER! I'M ALWAYS RUNNING INTO YOU!
OH, IT'S YOU, CONTINI. SORRY, BUT I'M IN A HURRY!
YOU WON'T GET AWAY, YOU BASTARD!
HEY, FEZ, WAIT! YOU WANNA HEAR THE LATEST?
SOME OTHER TIME, CONTINI... I'M IN A REAL HURRY!
YOU KNOW YOUR PAL IN GENEVA, DR. KRANZ? WELL, HE'S BEEN ARRESTED FOR FRAUD!
WHAT? WHAT'D HE SAY?
IT'S TRUE! IT'S ALL HERE IN BLACK AND WHITE! HIS INVENTION WAS A FRAUD!
GOD! IT'S TRUE! IT WAS ALL A PIECE OF FRAUD! THIS TRANSMITTER WAS JUST AN EMPTY BOX!
HAH! HAH! OF COURSE THE DOCTOR TOLD EVERYBODY THE FIRST ONE WORKED FINE!
I'M SURE NO ONE TOOK A JOKE LIKE THAT SERIOUSLY! IT WAS TOO CRAZY! HAH! HAH! I THOUGHT ALL ALONG... A MACHINE THAT...
AN EMPTY BOX?! SO... SO... MY WIFE... WHAT ABOUT...
... MY WIFE...

WHORE!!!
OH, ALEARDO... ALEARDO...
DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU HELL WHORE! YOU LYING SLUT!
YOU WERE NEVER PREYED ON BY A MONSTER! THE MONSTER WAS YOU, SLUT, YOU WHORE!
ALEARDO...
MY DIAMOND!
NOW, I'LL MAKE YOU SPIT THAT DIAMOND OUT! I COULDN'T GIVE A SHIT ABOUT YOU!
I WON'T LET YOU TREAT HER LIKE THAT!
SCREW THEM ALL, CLAUDIA...COME ON... LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
IS WHAT HE SAID TRUE? THAT THE TRANSMITTER ...
YES, IT'S TRUE... I ALWAYS KNEW IT. I'M A DOCTOR. I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BELIEVED SUCH A SCHEME WOULD WORK! I'D NEVER HURT YOU! I'D SOONER SOMEONE TORE MY HEART OUT! I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH, CLAUDIA!
STOCK
TAKE THAT, YOU GODDAMN VOYEUR!
I'D JUST AS SOON SEE YOU A SLAVE OF THAT CRETIN THAN BE MARRIED TO A BITCH IN HEAT! BUT YOU'LL PAY FOR IT!
LET'S START OFF WITH MY DIAMOND!
HOLD HER TIGHT WHILE I PULL IT OUT!
NO! NO! LEAVE HER ALONE!
LET'S KILL THIS SNAKE!

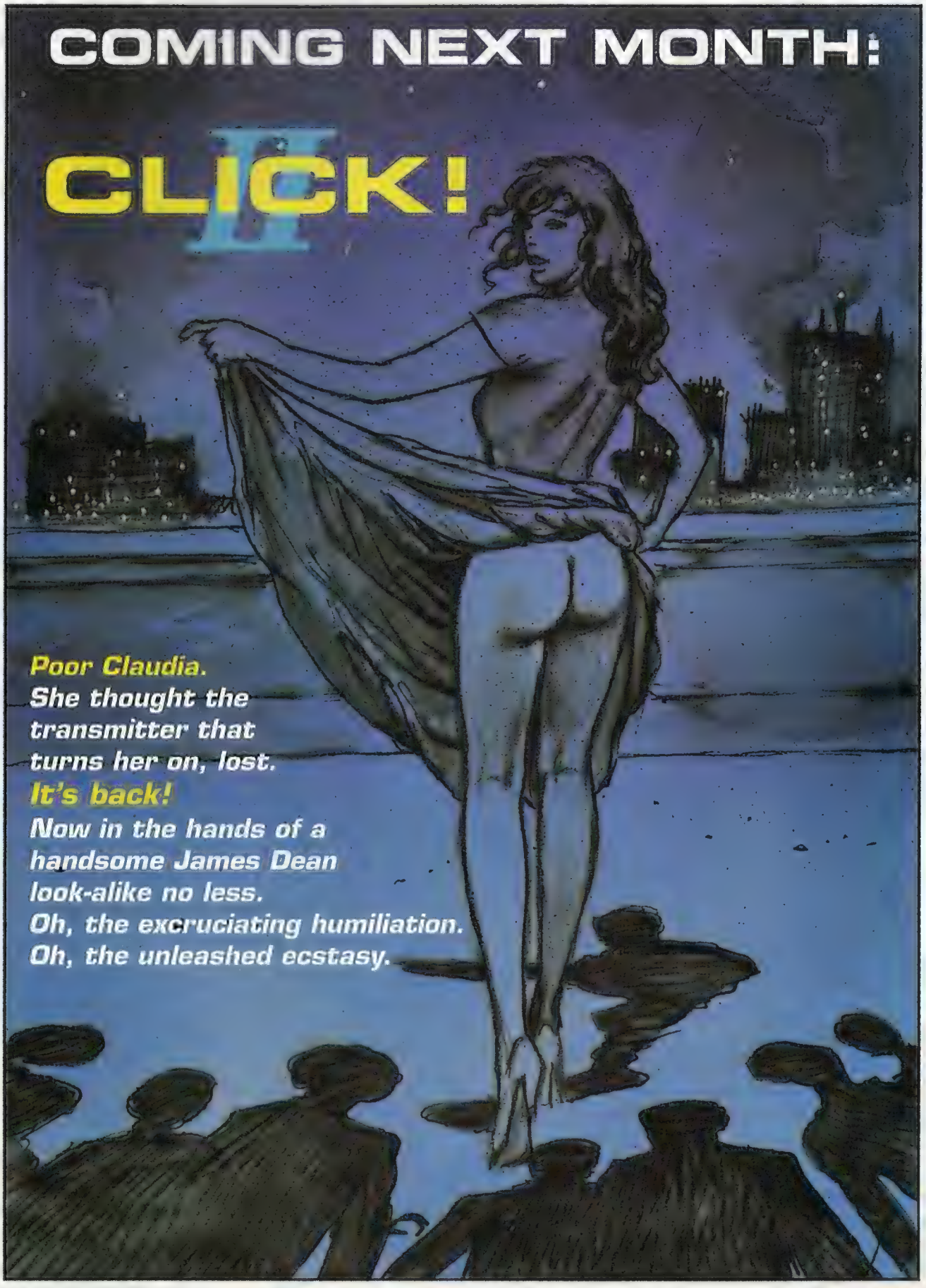


GOOD TIMES NEVER LAST FOREVER, AND THIS BIT OF FUN HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH. TO WIND UP THIS STORY, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT WHAT CLAUDIA'S UP TO: SHE'S BACK TO HER OLD HABITS AS RICH-BITCH HOUSEWIFE. THERE WAS AN ATTEMPT TO FIND THE TRANSMITTER, REAL OR FAKE, BUT IT FAILED... LAST TIME ANYBODY SAW CHRISTIANI, HE LOOKED A LITTLE WEIRD...



NO! THERE ISN'T ANY TRANSMITTER!.. WHERE IS THE TRANSMITTER?... THERE ISN'T ANY... ISN'T ANY...
K-i-k!
MAYBE IT IS ONLY AN EMPTY EMPTY BOX... BUT ANYONE WHO'S GOT IT... HMMM... PLEASE...
... TURN IT UP ALL THE WAY!

THE END!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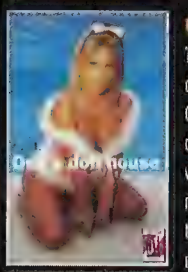

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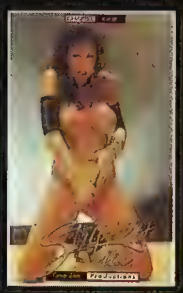

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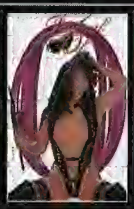

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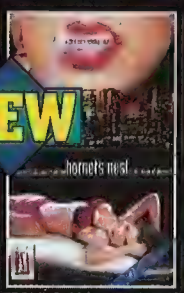

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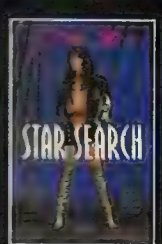

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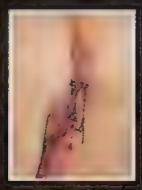

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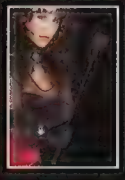
Ona Zee's B&D essentials



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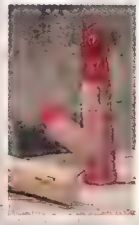

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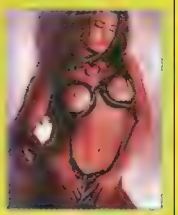

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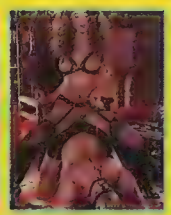

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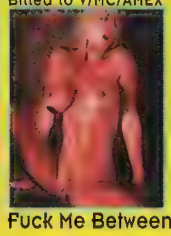

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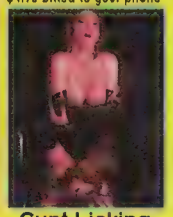

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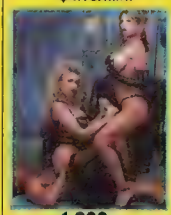

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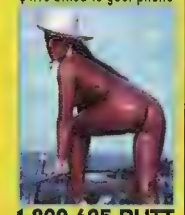

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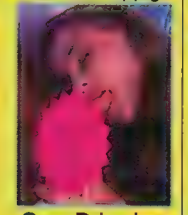

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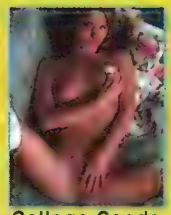

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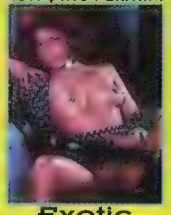

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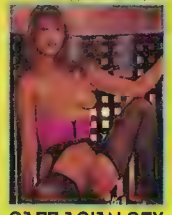

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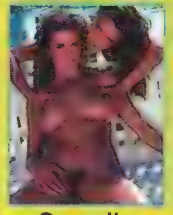

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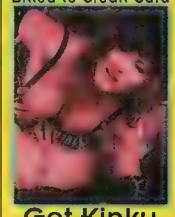

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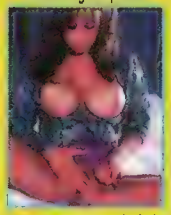

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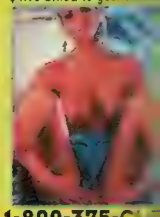

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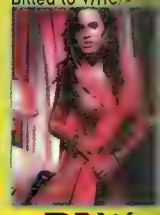

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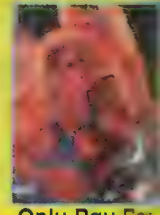

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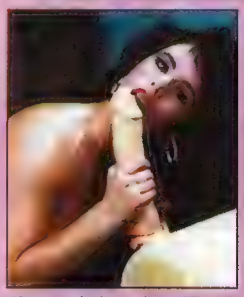
LIQUID Pantyhose



Liquid Pantyhose Dream 1

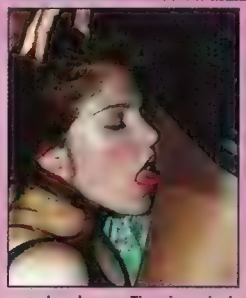
Misty works you spellbound with her nylon sparkling body. She will make your mouth water as she dazzles you with a hot, very sexy leg show! Let Misty and Melissa get you off as they transfix you with a very wild girl-girl scene-making out and licking each others nylon pussy and bringing each other to shuddering climax with a 10 inch dildo! Hot!! Don't miss this one!!

FGLQ-D1 65mins. $39.95

Liquid Pantyhose Dream 2

Misty and Melissa are back again with a great girl girl pantyhose leg show! Misty begins with low angle up the skirt shots of her long shimmery nylon legs and pussy! Then she sucks off a big 10 inch dildo which squirts into her mouth as she dribbles milk from her beautiful red lips! Melissa then enters wearing shimmery coffee pantyhose. These two girls devour each other, while sucking off two 10 inch dildos! Hot!

FGLQ-D2 65mins. $39.95



Lesbians In Pantyhose 1

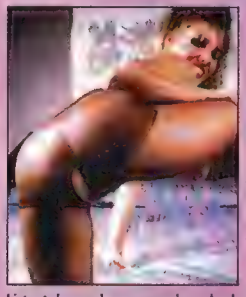
This has got to be the hottest girl-girl pantyhose tape on the market! 19 year old Kaitlyn dominates 25 year old Ilsa. She smears bright red lipstick all over her shiny suntan crotch. With deep open mouth kisses and simulated fucking they masturbate each other to a shuddering climax through shimmery suntan colored pantyhose!

FGLQ-LP1 40mins. $39.95

Lesbians In Pantyhose 2

This video, which is over 30 minutes, features succulent brunette Lynx and ravishing young blond bombshell Mary. Sitting on each others nyloned lap, they grind up and down on their panty- hosed pussys. They give each other hot, wet open mouth kisses getting glossy red lipstick all over their beautiful brown nipples and shiny suntan pantyhose!

FGLQ-LP2 40mins. $39.95



Milky Way Fantasy

Sexy fiery new adult star - Jen Teal wearing crotchless suntan colored pantyhose shows off great legs, tits, ass and beautiful bare pussy! Listen to her soft sensual moans as she penetrates herself with different big dildos! Let Jen Teal dazzle you In very sexy & shimmery pantyhose! Watch for a surprise milky finish to a very hot 1/2 hour tape! First class solo girl tape!!

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Pantyhose Nirvana

Wearing a pair of coffee colored, crotchless pantyhose, Jen Teal will fascinate you with her hot sparkling, nyloned ass! Yes! Sparkling! Listen to her as she moans and runs her long red fingernails along her pantyhosed encased thighs, ass and legs! Devastating close-ups! Watch the lights play off her sexy legs as she walks into and away from the camera!!! Last scene she's on the bed showing off her shaved pussy surrounded by nylon!

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Pantyhose Climax

She's back-voted best new adult star for 1995. Jen Teal is now under exclusive contract and we have the only pantyhose footage available on video. Watch Jen Teal soak her tits in baby oil, then pull her shiny pantyhose up over her firm breasts while she walks back and forth into the camera, always looking you right in the eye! After a great leg show on the bed, Jen Teal does a three minute climax with a 10 inch, liquid filled dildo!!

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Pantyhose Shimmer

This girl is simply a knockout in pantyhose, very sexy legs, great ass! Beautiful tits! All for your viewing pleasure. Jen Teal pulls a short tight black mini over her pantyhosed, shiny ass and legs! Standing and sitting on a glass table, skirt removed for low angle close-ups! She dribbles milk from her glossy red lips, to form a pool around her hot tight ass!!! She finishes an hour by sucking a 10 inch dildo to a milky climax! Wow!!

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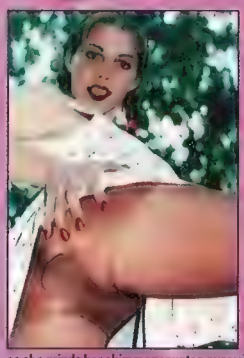

Pantyhose Playmates 1

We wish all pantyhose fans could see this tape just for the second scene with Cindy. She has a China doll face with deep, deep blue eyes. She is wearing only a short white mini skirt, crotchless coffee colored pantyhose that sparkle in the lights, high heels and deep glossy red lipstick. All we can say is Let the show Begin—and what a show it is!

FGLQ-PP1 60mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Playmates 2

Watch this hot bodied blond from all kinds of angles as her suntan colored pantyhose sparkle in the light! Standing over your face, she walks back and forth into the camera with nothing but high heels and pantyhose. Then, low angles of ilsa on the bed wearing a shiny black mini skirt and bright, glossy red lipstick as she grinds her shimmery suntan pussy into the camera!

FGLQ-PP2 40mins. $39.95

Pantyhose Playmates 3 & Natasha's European Pantyhose 2

Beautiful Latino Girl Miranda, star of Dirty Debutantes #42, is very hot in this 30 minute solo. Miranda has a very pretty face and knows how to tease you as she bends over looking back at you between her hot nyloned legs!

The next thirty minute solo is of stunning Russian girl Natasha! She looks you right in the eyes, very seductively, as she puts on a great pantyhose show with more breast oiling, soaked pantyhose stuff! Natasha then climaxes with a 10 inch dildo that squirts!

FGLQ-PP3 60mins. $39.95

Natasha's European Pantyhose 1

Spend the night with beautiful Russian girl Natasha! She poses, walks around, and soaks her tits and pantyhose in baby oil. She then gives a 10 inch dildo a great big blow job that causes it to squirt all over her mouth and face. Don't make any plans because this tape is over 105 minutes long! Great nylon pantyhose tape!

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Big busted blonde Candy, wearing coffee colored sparkling pantyhose —low angle & very up close camera work.Remember the exercise videos with girls in pantyhose, only a lot hotter! Next scene Candy is wearing shiny black pantyhose and tight black & white mini skirts! Great up skirt shots! Sucks dildo to a milky climax!!!

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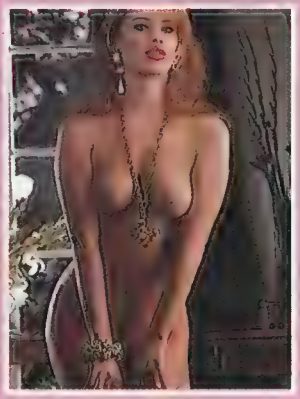

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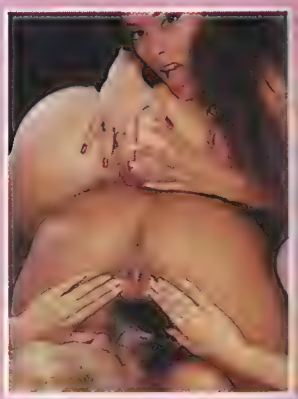

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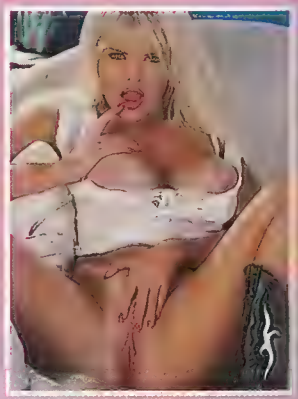

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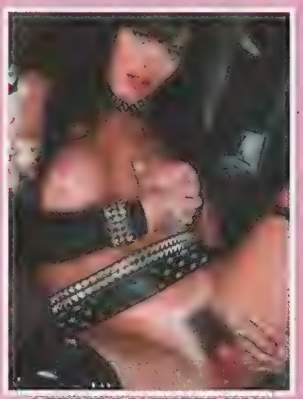

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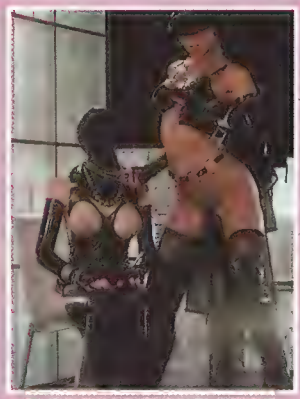

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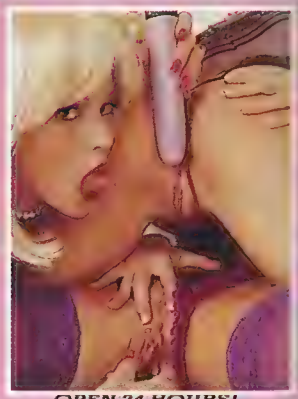

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LIGHT HER FIRE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

And if you need any more evidence of the sex appeal of the cigar, I have two words for you: Rhett Butler.

So it's easy to see why women are attracted to men who smoke cigars. But why have so many women taken up smoking themselves? Their reasons are as plentiful as tobacco plants in Cuba.

First, of course, there's the resurgence in popularity of cigar smoking in general. Edgar Cullman, Jr., points out that it's an affordable luxury in today's troubled times. "A cigar may cost $5, but a BMW costs a lot more," he says. In addition, as Joel Sherman notes, both men and women appreciate the more varied and complex cigar flavors that are now available.

Finally, as a paticipant in a recent forum conducted by Davidoff, a premium cigar manufacturer, explained, "We must eat low-fat foods; sex is no longer safe. That leaves cigars to bring enjoyment and laughter."

It's a busy Wednesday night at Club Macanudo, an elegant cigar bar on Manhattan's East Side where hundreds of humidors line the walls—many crowned with plaques bearing the names of the club's celebrity patrons. Male or female, almost everyone in this upscale, equal-opportunity smoke-filled room is sheathed in an expensive suit and smoking a cigar.

Genevieve, a striking brunette who works on Wall Street, is seated at the bar, and she's trying a cigar for the very first time. "My boyfriend got me involved with cigars," she says. "He loves them, so I thought I'd give them a try. I grew up watching my father smoke them."

There must be something in the genes, because Genevieve puffs her Macanudo Portofino with such panache you'd never peg her for a cigar virgin. "It's exciting, it's sexy ... and it tastes good," she concludes.

It's not uncommon for a female smoker to cite a beloved male role model as one of her reasons for taking up cigars. For author Edmark the sensory experience reminds her of her uncle Ralph. The young woman in magazine publishing used to steal her father's smokes when she was ten. "I'd always prepare my dad's cigars for him," she recalls. "I'd cut the ends off, do the whole ritual. I work for my father's company now, and one day on my desk I found a box of cigars that he'd left for me as a gift. I thought, Would my father ever have believed he'd be giving his daughter a box of cigars?" She laughs softly at the memory. "It was a beautiful gesture."

Often when a husband or boyfriend is a cigar smoker, curiosity will eventually get the better of his better half. Lawyer Rose's fiancé is a well-known cigar aficionado in New York smoking circles. About a year ago Rose finally decided to give stogies a whirl because she was "tired of sitting there like a lump" when he lit up. Now she never goes out without cigars in her purse, and makes a point of offering all her female friends an after-dinner smoke.

Edmark says she took up cigar smoking on a dare. She was in Santiago, Chile, in a business delegation that included the mayor of Dallas. One evening after Edmark returned from an embassy party she came upon several male delegates in the hotel lobby. They were smoking Cuban cigars, which still can't be legally obtained in the United States.

"I was giving them a hard time, and they said, 'Come on over and try one,'" Edmark recalls. "I have five brothers and I've always taken a dare, so I sat there in my black dress and pearls, and lit up and really enjoyed the whole thing."

When Edmark returned home she told a man she'd just begun dating about her adventure, and he revealed that he too enjoyed cigars. "He let me into the fraternity. He taught me how to cut a cigar, how to light it ... and I'll be darned if I didn't go and marry the guy."

Edmark and her husband now have what she calls a "dedicated smoking room," complete with humidors, cutters, antique cigar-making equipment and accessories, and his-and-hers leather smoking chairs.

Of course a woman doesn't always need the company of a man to enjoy a smoke. Joanne, 47, works in a New York City law office. She's married to a smoker, but when she arrives home after a hard day she likes to lock the bathroom door and soak in a bubble bath with a glass of wine and a cigar. "It's very pleasurable," she says. "It takes you out of the realm of reality and lets you escape for a little while. It's your time, and you don't have to talk to anybody."

Many single women find cigar smoking helps make them less self-conscious when stepping out alone. "It gives you something to do with your hands," says Edmark. "You can belly up to a bar all by yourself and light up and you look entertained.

"Playing with a cigar is a lot of fun. The goal is to keep the ash on as long as possible. You're looking at it, making sure it doesn't burn unevenly. There's a lot of looking, playing, drawing it slowly, blowing smoke rings ... and if you don't meet anybody for the evening, at least you've had a nice cigar."

Odds are, however, that if you're a woman smoking a cigar in public, you'll make plenty of new friends, both male and female. Smokers are quite a congenial bunch, always eager to share information and cigars.

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Upstairs at Sal Perillo's Señor Swanky's is a casual, cozy lounge festooned with colorful neon signs and sequined sombreros in a decor that Perillo describes as "something out of Greg Brady's bachelor pad." Young cigar smokers of both sexes gather in the lounge to watch "Melrose Place" together or just hang out.

Constance met her boyfriend at a cigar party here. "I saw him walking up the stairs, and I thought, 'Oh my God, who's that gorgeous guy?' He had a cigar in his mouth, and I said to myself, 'And he smokes too.' We've been in love ever since."

The ritual of the smoke can quickly become a prelude to a kiss. "The act of lighting a cigar is very intimate and personal," Edmark writes in *Cigar Chic*. "When a gentleman offers to light your cigar, the act can be a romantic overture, like the sharing of food.

"Carefully consider the message sent by a refusal or an acceptance. A woman's request that a man light her cigar can also be a romantic overture."

For many women, breaking out a cigar can be a business boon as well. Jane, who offers cigars to clients on the golf course, says, "In a business setting men will warm up to you faster if you smoke cigars than if you ask them to put theirs out."

Constance notes that being a cigar smoker has opened up a whole new world of networking opportunities. "Now I can go to cigar parties, dinners, and clubs that used to be for men only, and I can take clients to some of the beautiful, elegant new cigar places."

Men have even come to accept women as cigar authorities. Joel Sherman's daughter Michelle is the Nat Sherman national sales director, and she runs smoking events all across the country. "Men giggle when she first gets up to talk," her father says, but quiet down quickly when it becomes obvious that Michelle's knowledge of the subject vastly exceeds their own.

"Grandmothers and mothers are introducing their offspring, male and female, to the mystique, the romance, the pleasure of cigar smoking—an intimacy once shared mostly by grandfathers, fathers, and sons," writes Edmark.

Perched prettily on a chair at Club Macanudo, Marilyn, a 24-year-old administrative assistant who recently learned that her grandmother had rolled and smoked her own cigars for 50 years back home in Puerto Rico, discreetly surveys the roomful of well-dressed, confident, cigar-smoking men before her. "It's appealing to women to see a man who's comfortable with his cigar, who knows his brand," she says with a satisfied smile. "It shows a passion for flavor, and passion in a person is always attractive."

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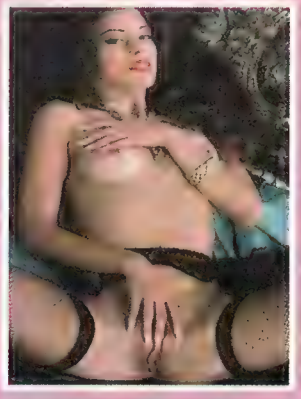

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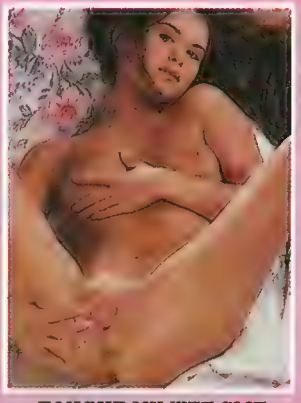

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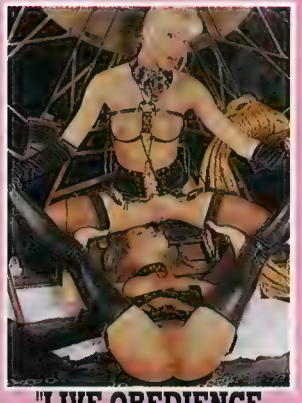

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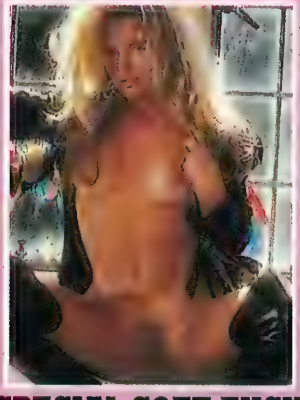

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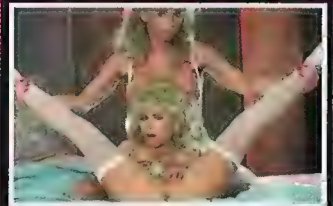

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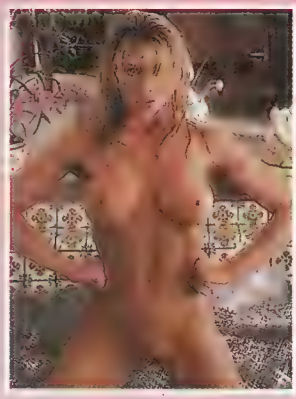

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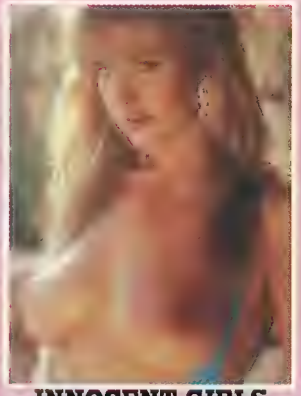

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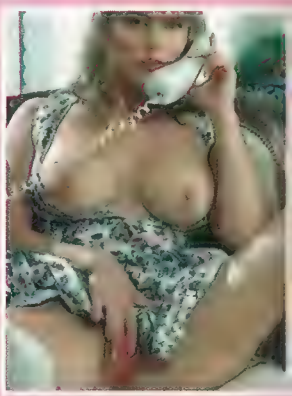

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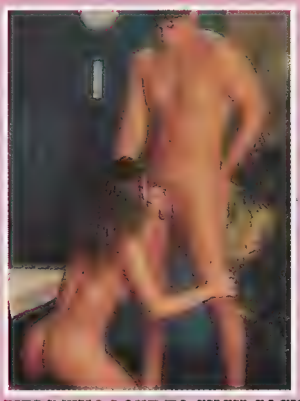

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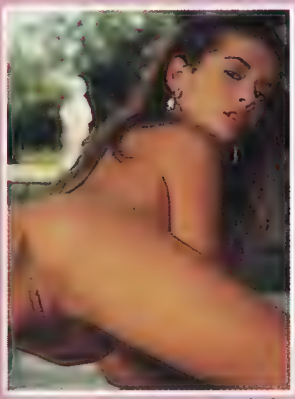

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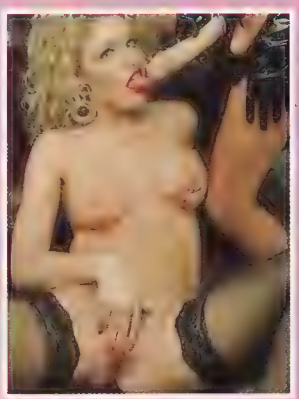

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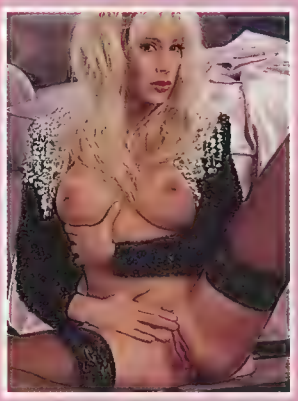

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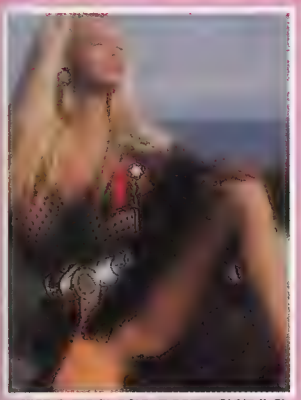

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KENNEDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

as saying his group now had "plenty of money" to mount an anti-Castro operation, and declared that his backers would go ahead "as soon as we take care of Kennedy." Thomas Mosley, the Chicago F.B.I. agent, reported to Hoover that Echevarria had boasted, "Our new backers are Jews," an apparent allusion to wealthy Cubans who had had their properties nationalized when Castro seized power and who were now prepared to help fund anti-Castro efforts. In this exchange there is the suggestion of a quid pro quo: The Mafia would provide the cash—or already had—for an all-out assault on Cuba, once the exiles took care of Kennedy.

The F.B.I. learned that the "30th of November" group was associated with Juan Francisco Blanco-Fernandez, the military director of Commandos L, the Directorio Revolucionario Estundiantil, one of a handful of Cuban-exile groups described by the H.S.C.A. as "the most violent and frustrated." Unlike others, the House committee reported, "they did not merely talk about anti-Castro operations, they actually carried out infiltrations into Cuba, planned and sometimes attempted Castro's assassination, and shipped arms into Cuba. These were also the groups whose leaders felt most betrayed by U.S. policy toward Cuba and by the President; they were also those whose operations were frustrated by American law-enforcement efforts after the missile crisis."

The November 30, 1963, F.B.I. memorandum discloses that the arms deal described by Echevarria was being financed "through one Paulino Sierra Martinez by hoodlum elements in Chicago and elsewhere." Martinez ran the Junta del Gobierno de Cuba en el Exilio, described by the H.S.C.A. as "a coalition of many of the more active anti-Castro groups that had been founded in April 1963," and that existed primarily to support the activities "of the more militant groups, including Alpha 66 and the Student Directorate, or D.R.E., both of which had reportedly been in contact with Lee Harvey Oswald." Most of the junta's financing, moreover, "came from individuals connected to organized crime."

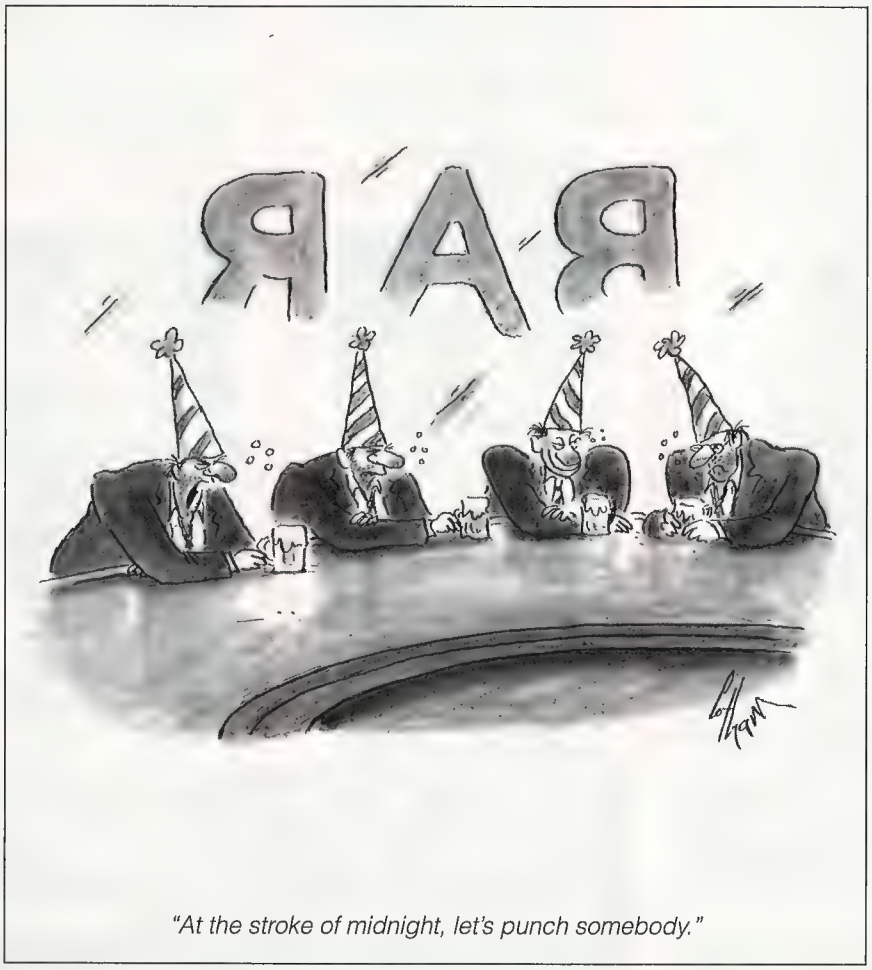
The Secret Service urged an investigation of the alleged plots by these Cuban-exile groups, especially Echevarria's "30th of November" group. The F.B.I. responded that the group was not likely to have been involved in any illegal acts, despite Secret Service evidence to the contrary. After the F.B.I. received primary investigative responsibility for the assassination, the Secret Service turned over its files to the bureau. The F.B.I. promptly dropped the Echevarria case. The Warren Commission was never informed about any aspect of it. Late last year, however, the board made public an F.B.I. document that at last provided the reason behind the bureau's reluctance to share what it knew. Ebelia Echevarria, the activist's father, was an F.B.I. informant, the document showed. The F.B.I. had quashed the investigation of Homer Echevarria in order to protect its covert relationship with his father.

Another declassified document may, as we've said, add fuel to the conspiracy fires. The board recently discovered a memo that refers to "the 1 October intercept on Lee Oswald," and also reveals the possible existence of another copy of that intercept that was found after the assassination. The intercept appears to be from electronic surveillance of a telephone call purportedly made by Oswald to Soviet embassy officials in Mexico City. The discovery of the document could help resolve the question of whether an audiotape still exists of Oswald's voice. If it does, it would satisfy critics that the voice is that of Oswald. Of course if the voice were that of an imposter, as the late New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison claimed, it would point to others having been involved with Oswald in a possible conspiracy.

In the end Henry Graff, formerly chairman of Columbia University's history department and a respected author of presidential biographies, says that after having reviewed thousands of pages of documents, he believes the Warren Commission reached the right conclusion—even if it was routinely lied to and misled by the F.B.I. "I have found nothing to suggest there was anything but a single gunman. What put him up to it and whether this was just one of those random acts of history, I don't think we'll ever know."

For all that, the board will continue its work through next summer, leaving open the possibility that it may still uncover some bombshell. At least one Kennedy intimate wishes the board well, regardless of the outcome. "I still feel sick that a great life was apparently taken in a mindless act, and for that reason, if it were a right-wing conspiracy or something of that sort, I would want to know and I would want the world to know," said Kennedy's adviser.

Adds board member William Joyce, referring to the immediate aftermath of the assassination, "I often recall Malcolm X's comment about 'chickens coming home to roost' and thinking, 'What an appalling thing to say.' Thirty years later I think he was absolutely right."



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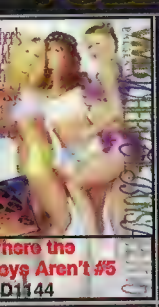

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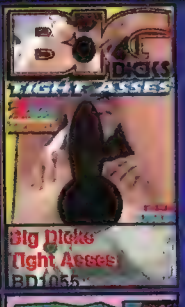

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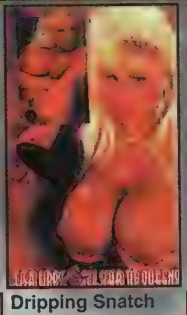

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"You've already partied enough—you're dead."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 164

with it from the kitchen her robe was untied, inviting me to view the most perfectly trimmed pussy I had ever seen. This was my cue. I got up and embraced her in a monstrous wet, deep kiss. As my tongue raced around in her mouth, her hand unleashed my flagpole, which she ran her long nails over. She knew what she was doing as she cupped my balls. I thought I'd come right there, but I held on.

I quickly shed my clothes, and Jodi lost her robe. We made our way to the bedroom to continue our lustful embrace there. She begged me to fuck her, but I thought I'd tease her first with a little nipple sucking. I started with the left one, and it tasted quite exquisite, but I needed to have some of that right

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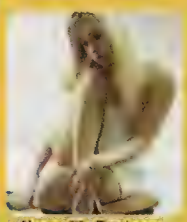
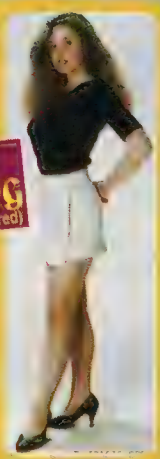


Yana, 32, Engineer



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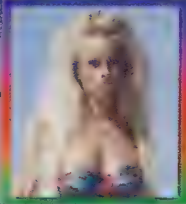

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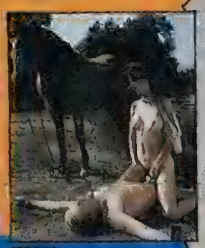

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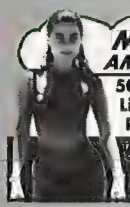

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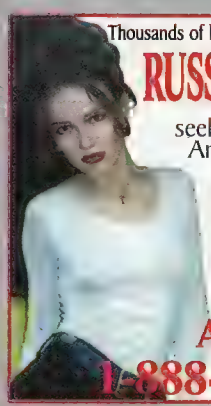

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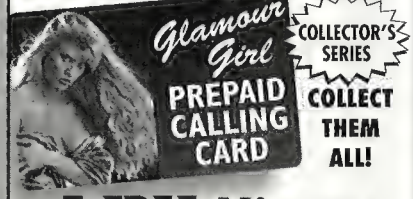

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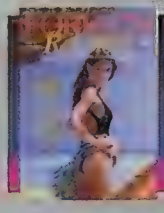

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morsel too. After a minute her heavy breathing was making me so hot, I didn't know who was teasing whom.

She kept moaning, and I knew it was time to fuck her. I put her on her back and climbed on board my love train. She looked at my cock, which was bigger than I have ever seen it, and exclaimed, "Your cock is so big, I hope it will be nice to me." When I entered her tight little box, she let out a yelp. I started slowly, but our rhythm of love quickened to a blistering pace. After a dozen strokes I felt that familiar boiling feeling in my balls. I fired what felt like a gallon of my spunk right up her canal. Her pussy gripped my cock like a vise, milking my dick dry. After I hopped off her she told me that I was the most incredible fuck she'd ever had. I didn't even get the chance to rest before her horniness kicked back in, and she ordered me to eat her out.

This was my dream date. I went down on her muff and decided to feast on the furburger before me. I remembered a Sam Kinison act where he suggested forming the letters of the alphabet with your tongue when you ate out a girl. I decided to try it, and by the time I got to cross my T, she was going wild. My tongue explored every nook and cranny of her bowl of love pudding. With my thumb on her clit and my tongue in her cunt, she was screaming and her legs were clamping my head. I thought I was going to suffocate in the object of my lust. What a way to go!

I decided that I'd had enough and started a trail of kisses to her mouth, paying special attention to her titties. Once I reached her lips I wanted to give her a taste of what she'd given me. As our tongues intertwined she knew what I was up to. She erotically whispered, "I can taste myself and it's turning me on."

We lay there like a big sex pretzel, and fell asleep in each other's arms. Needless to say, we never made it to the restaurant, but we'd both eaten well.—*M. M., Indiana*

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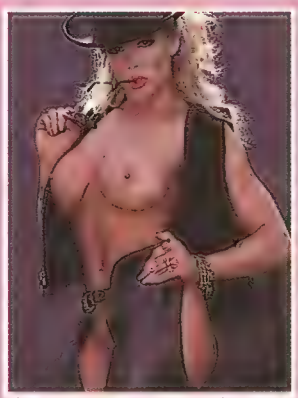

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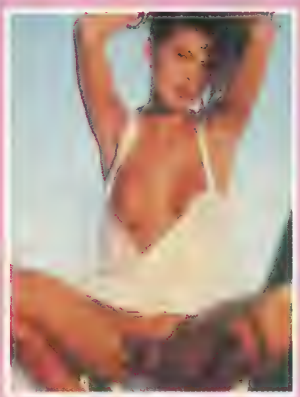

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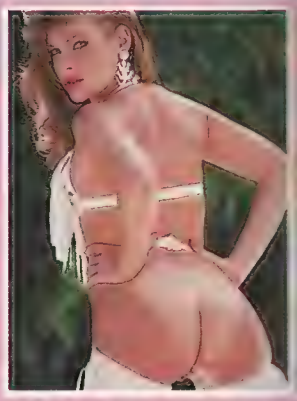

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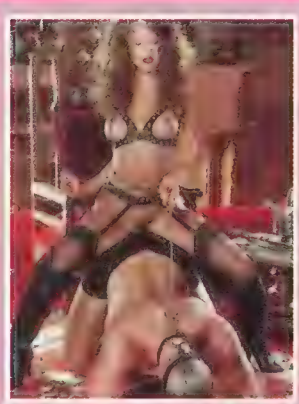

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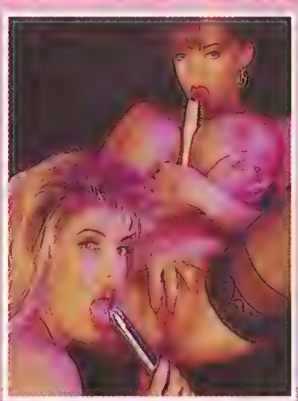

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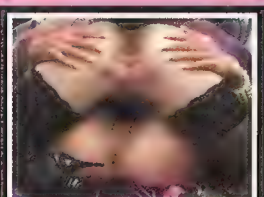

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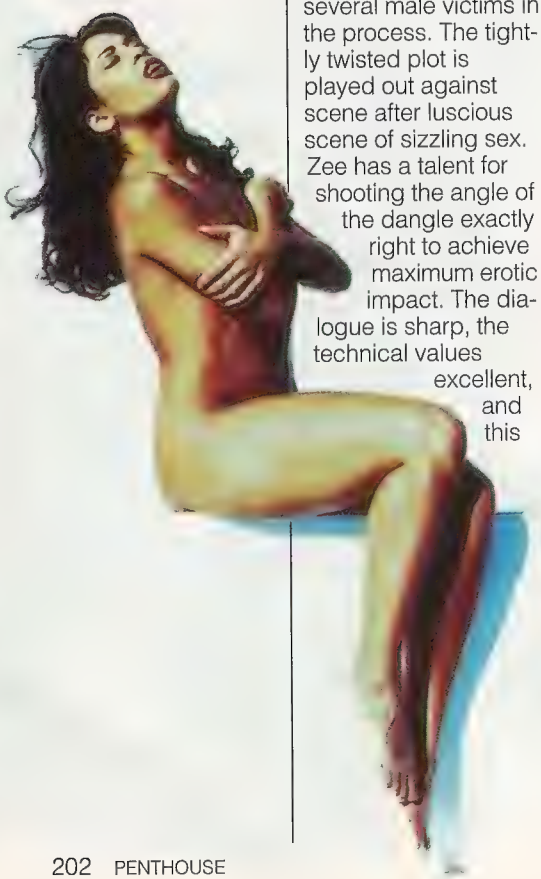
X RATED VIDEO

By Al Goldstein

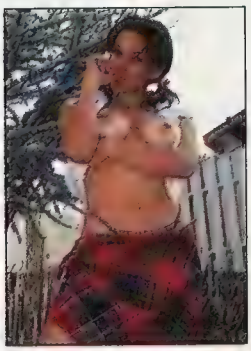
Ona Zee's new video is filled with enough fuck-and-suck action to raise a corpse.



PENTHOUSE PICK
Deadly Sin
(Ona Zee Productions) ♟♟♟
Former porn star Ona Zee has quietly become one of the most well-regarded producer-directors in adult entertainment, and with *Deadly Sin* she shows why. It's a noir crime thriller that's packed with enough fuck-and-suck action to raise a corpse. We're present at a *Usual Suspects*–style interrogation of one "Trixie Tina," who was born "Dorothy" (in Kansas, no less) but is now a fading porn star. Trixie concocts one last scam to make a bundle, betraying several male victims in the process. The tightly twisted plot is played out against scene after luscious scene of sizzling sex. Zee has a talent for shooting the angle of the dangle exactly right to achieve maximum erotic impact. The dialogue is sharp, the technical values excellent, and this one's what we've come to expect from Ona Zee—a winner.

MIND FUCK
Head Trip
(VCA) ♟♟♟
The opening scenes of *Head Trip* are deceptive. Director Justin Sterling sets us up to believe we're in the midst of that shopworn porn cliché, the sex-heavy world of the future. But what we're seeing is only the head trips of our hapless Everyman, Jimmy (played with quiet effectiveness by Steven St. Croix). Jimmy is plagued by his imaginary friend from childhood, Taylor, all grown up now and driving him around the bend with sex fantasies. The action is suitably inflamed by the fact that Taylor, as played by Shayla La Veaux, comes on as a trashy trailer-park version of Sharon Stone. The sex scenes are, more likely than not, screaming bar-top couplings in the wasteland of Jimmy's id. Stay with this one; it's worth the ride.

COMING OUT
Freshness Counts
(Elegant Angel) ♟♟♟
Everything worth doing is worth paying someone to do right, and sex is no different. Straddling the chasm between amateur video and the professional stuff, following in the footsteps of Ed Powers and John Stagliano, producer Patrick Collins recruits an uneven collection of novice players. No fancy trips to Budapest or Brazil here, just good old straight-ahead American girls, getting it on with a few pro studs and some new amateur recruits. If this is your poison, go ahead and pounce.



I WANT MY XTV
Shane's World, Volume 1
(Odyssey) ♟♟♟
This enjoyable but uneven attempt to bring the world of MTV into adult video features a recreational vehicle named "The Pounder," packed with three male and three female porn stars, led by the indomitable poontang pixie Shane. Lots of slice-of-life stuff: The R.V. gets stuck in sand, the shower clogs, the canopy blows off on the interstate, and the travelers discover what they at first think is a dead illegal alien. The patter is anything but snappy, but there's no shortage of sex: The group is forever flashing titty, slurping dork, creaming jeans. They ride dune buggies and moon everyone in sight. All good, dirty fun, dished up in a choppily edited style that wants to be MTV but manages only to be above-average adult video.

FRENCH KISS
Foreign Tongues, Part Two: Mesmerized
(Vivid) ♟♟
"N'J Debahia" sounds like someone trying to talk and eat pussy at the same time, but it's actually the name of the exotic French star showcased in this follow-up to *Foreign Tongues*. Director Michael Zen again tries to get too cute, while his cast and crew gamely try to follow. The women are all incredibly beautiful hardbodies, and the studs are studly enough, but a rote, by-the-numbers feel weighs down every scene.

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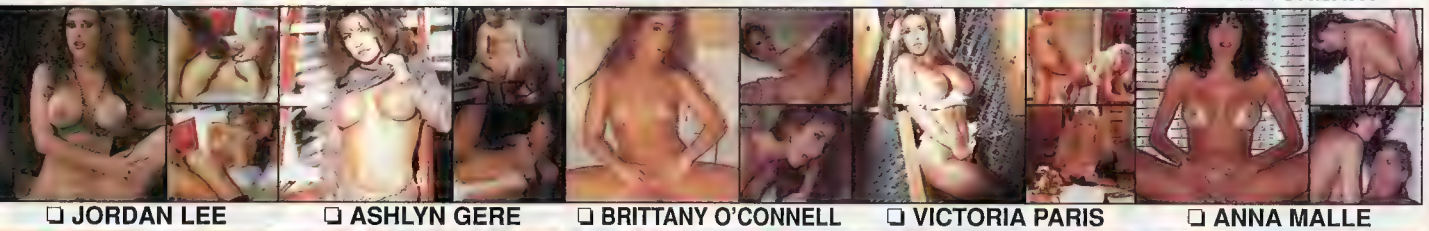

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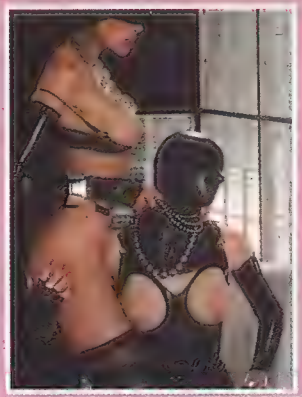

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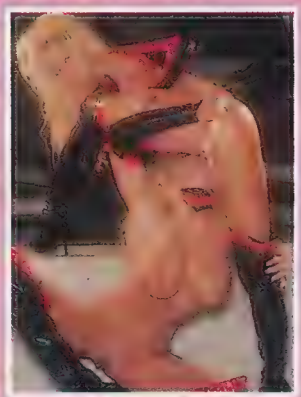

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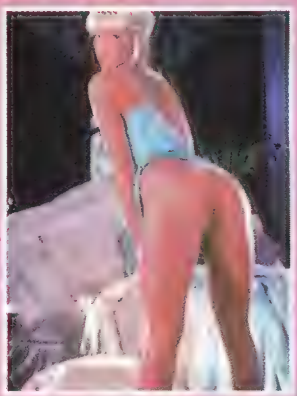

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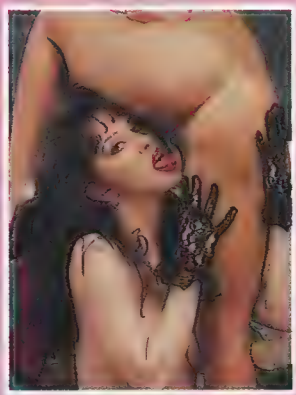

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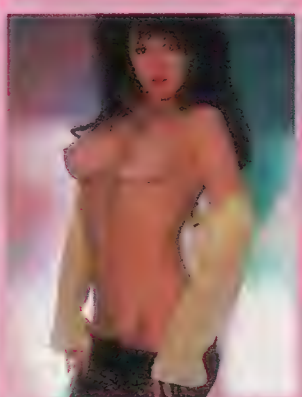

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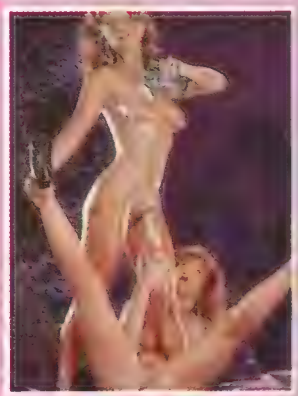

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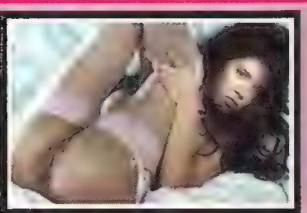

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

riage, and so, although your lady is married to someone else, you want her to get a divorce and marry you so that you can make an "honest woman" of her, but she has forestalled your goal by being honest to the man she already has.

HAPPY COUPLE

With all the problems you deal with in your work I thought it would be nice to change the pace and tell you that my lovely wife and I (28 and 36, respectively) have a wonderful relationship, sexually and in all other respects as well. We are free of hangups and taboos, and we respect each other as individuals. We abide by natural law also. I mean that when her eyes are diverted in the direction of some 20-year-old "model," I don't worry about it—it's just nature at work. By the same token, when I notice or comment on another beautiful woman, she doesn't worry.

I believe that there are far too many men who want to control their wives or girlfriends. That wasn't right in 1895, and it damn sure isn't right in 1996. Anyway, we've been married for two-and-a-half years, and are more in love now than the day we were married.

To all the poor troubled souls out there I would say this: Just respect your mate, treat him or her with decency and honor. Yes, I do honor my wife, Jen. She loves me to death, is strong-willed, intelligent, driven, faithful, and beautiful. Look for the good in your mate—it's better than always finding fault with them. And guys, if you go out with "the boys" for a drink after work, the very least you can do is call your gal and let her know that you're all right. Sometimes it's the obvious things that are the most unnoticed.

Thanks for your column. Few things stay the same these days; it's nice still to read you after all these years. Best wishes from both of us.—M. R., Minnesota

Thank you for your lovely letter. I can stand any amount of ego massage. I had hoped, however, that my column was not totally changeless but had improved over the years along with my knowledge of human eccentricity, sexual experience, and command of the English language.

I must of course disagree with you on the subject of men controlling women. Many of the letters I receive have the opposite point of view, which is that women have been controlling men for far too long, that it was wrong in 1792, worse in 1895, and is absolutely unforgivable in 1997, but there does not seem to be much the poor darlings can do about it, despite the efforts of the

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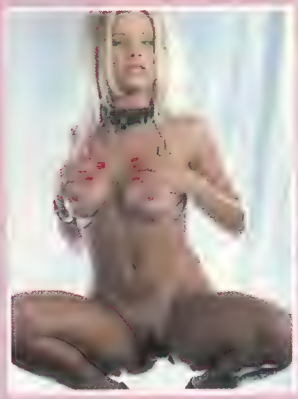

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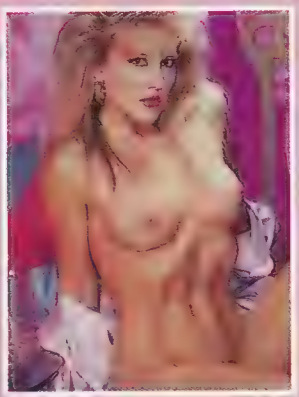

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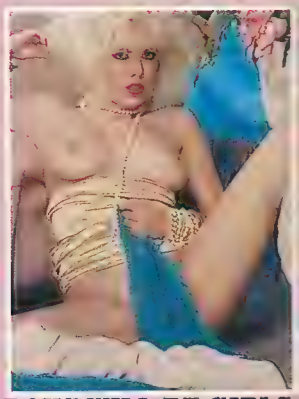

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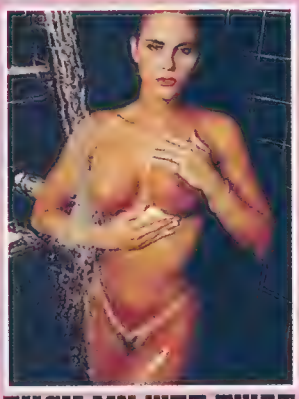

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fundamentalist feminists to throw a wooden shoe (*sabot* in French, hence "sabotage") into the machinery.

One of my exes complains bitterly about his girlfriend, who goes out with her ol' buddies and calls him from wherever she is. He picks up the phone, and when he finds out that it's her he says, "Why are you calling me? If it's to tell me that you aren't here, I actually noticed that. I presume it is to tell me you're not coming home yet, but next time, instead of wasting our money on the damn phone, I would prefer you to get your evah-lovin' ass back here and tell me in person."

Needless to say, faced with that level of male-chauvinist-piggery, she stays out a lot longer. He hasn't worked it out yet. I am thinking of starting a correspondence course called "Telephone Comportment and Answering for Men."

CLIT FIT

I have a question I hope you can help me with. I have a fondness (some might call it a fetish) for clits. I like them all; however, the larger clits really do it for me. The bigger the better. I look through every photo layout searching for large, exposed clits; hoods pulled back with the bare clit totally exposed. Very rarely do I get to see a fully exposed clit, and a large one even more rarely. I search for videos starring porn actresses who have big clits. I am a fan of Holly Ryder, Lotta Top, Vanessa Del Rio, Alicia Monet, etc., but I would really like to find a video of nothing but women with large, fully exposed clits. Or a magazine that focuses on clits.

In the January 1996 Penthouse *your answer to C.C. of Michigan, on page 38, states that you are aware of "erotic movies" showing "various women of assorted colors with clitorises more than two inches long." Please tell me the names of these movies and where and how I might obtain them. I'm sure I'm not the only one who would be most appreciative of information on big clits. Thanks.*—B. K., South Carolina

How we love to give our passions pompous scientific nomenclature (i.e., long Latin names). The original meaning of "fetish" is: "Something, esp. an inanimate object, that is believed in certain cultures to be the embodiment or habitation of a spirit or magical powers." Sexually, a fetish is an object whose spirit, or magical powers, causes sexual arousal in the fetishee.

One of the commonest queries I get is: "Am I normal?" and it is a question desperately seeking the answer yes. You, on the other hand, are actually hoping that I will negate your normality. You want me to say, "Hey, man, you are weird. That is sure some strange fetish you have." Tough shit, baby. You are just normal. Liking and being sexually aroused by a woman's genitalia is so normal it is almost abnormal in this day and age. On your terms you could say that I (and thousands of other women) have a dick fetish, because when I see a beautiful erect example of male meat, the divine phallus, a firm upstanding cocky, I get horny. I cream my panties, like the guys who write me letters are always saying their girlfriends do. I want it. I want to look at it, touch it, hold on to it, caress it, suck on it, and finally slide it into any part of me it will fit. But that does not mean I have a penis fetish, it simply signifies that I am an excessively, wonderfully, marvelously normal female.

You are hopefully my male counterpart, in that you cream in your underpants (men don't actually do this, I found out, and if they do it means there is something wrong with them); you get horny when you see a good-looking clitoris.

Let us have a moment's silence in honor of the lady, it might have been Emily Prager, who said, "Of course God isn't a woman. If God were, She would have made sure men had periods and She would have put the clitoris somewhere they could find it!" So you have solved man's first problem; you know where it is.

Now you want me to hunt out clit videos for you. Well, I was in this place somewhere in New Orleans, with all these guys. One was my then wonderful lover, and someone popped in this video, which nobody was really watching until someone else said, "Hey, come and look at the size of this chick's clit!"

Sure enough, the girl in the movie had a clitoris that was about two or three inches long, and we all gathered round and watched it. We rewound the tape and watched it again, but nobody remembers whose house we were in, whom the tape belonged to, or what it was called. But it does exist, so you can have a wonderful time searching to see if you can locate it. Maybe some other reader can tell us all what it is called and where to find it.

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse,* 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10172-0003. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse.* Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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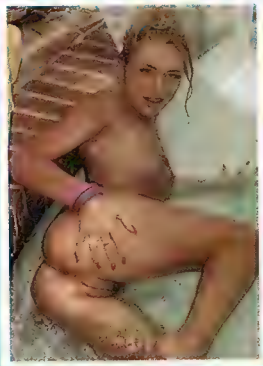

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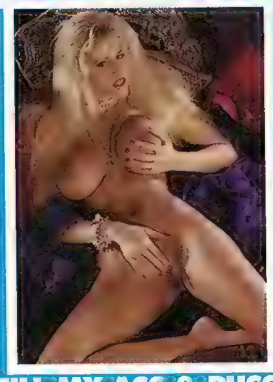

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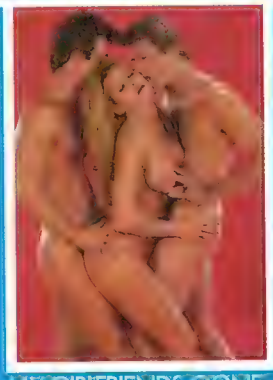

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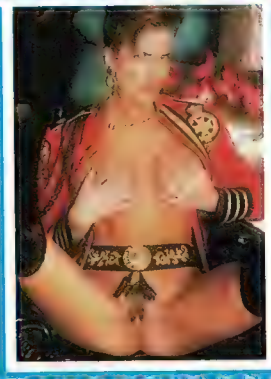

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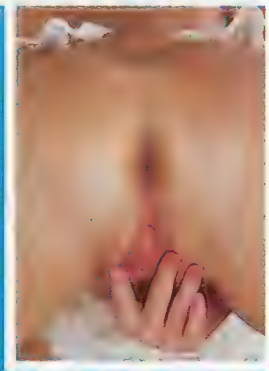

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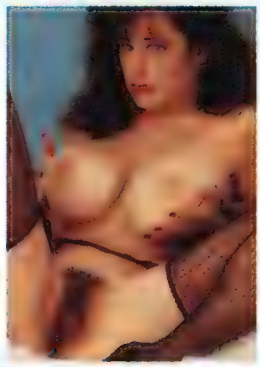

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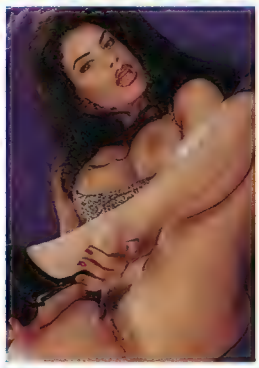

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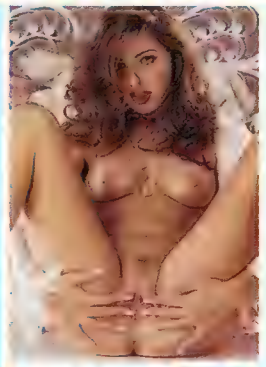

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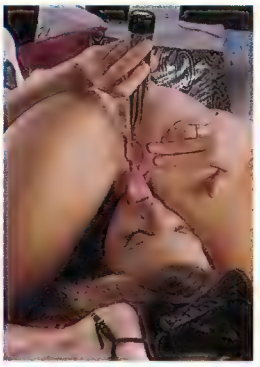

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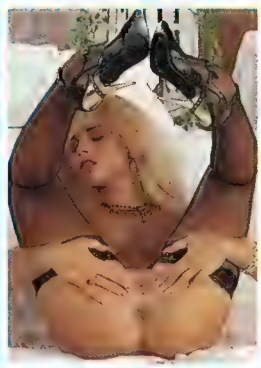

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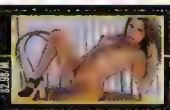

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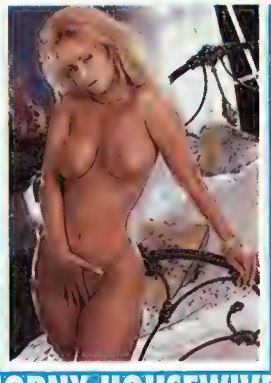

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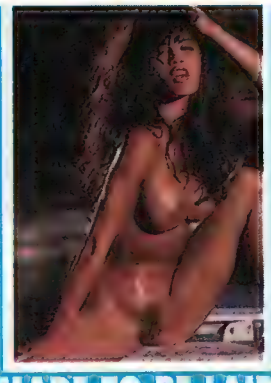

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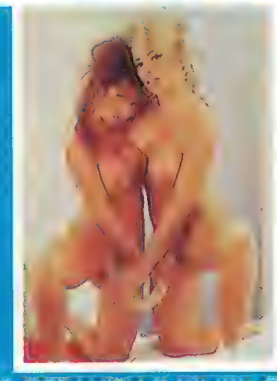

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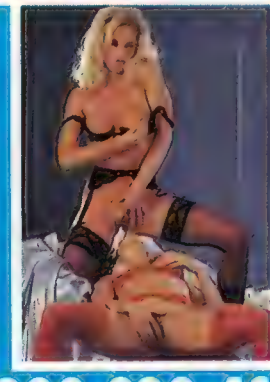


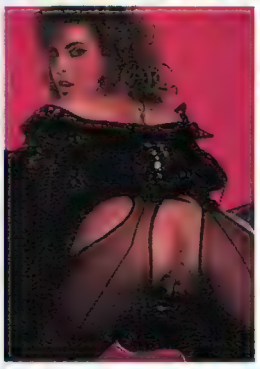
1-800-980-4S E X
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
HORNY GIRLS WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-900-666-1515
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

SPICY ORIENTAL SUCK OFFS!
1-800-752-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$
$2.50-4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
TELL US HOW-WE'LL DO IT!
1-900-993-2524
$2.50-4.99 MIN NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

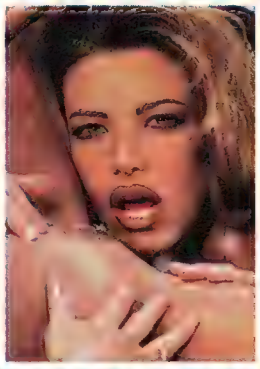
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-S$_7$T$_8$U$_8$D$_3$

1-800-BLOW-JOB
2 5 6 9 5 6 2
18+ V/MC $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



LIVE OUT YOUR SEXUAL FANTASY!
GET OFF INSIDE MY HOLES!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-775-JUDY (5839)
BILLING IS TO YOUR HOME PHONE
1-800-503-2888
V/MC $2.99 $4.99 MIN. MUST BE 18+
OTHER OPTIONS: 1-702-364-1968 DIRECT CALLBACKS
OR 011-592-566-039 INT'L LD. RATES APPLY

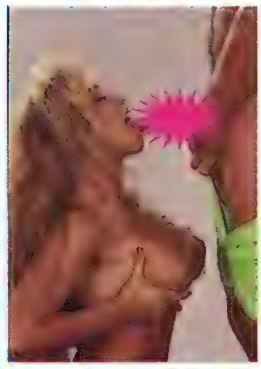


2 HORNY GIRLS & YOU
1-800-WET-F*CK
1-800-938-3825
1-800-WET-SLIT
1-800-938-7548
011-995-328506
V./MC./AMEX./DISCOVER $4.99/MIN. 18+

LICK HER WETT PUSSY
WE WILL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SEC.!
1-800-ASS-F*CK
1-800-277-3825
1-800-EAT-MY ASS
1-800-328-6927
1-954-704-7040
800# $4.99/MIN. 954# INT'L. RATES APPLY 18+

LICK MY WET CLIT
1-900-W9E3T8T8-C2L5I4T
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!
WET, WILD, HOT F*CKING PETS
1-900-W9E3T8-4P7E3T8
UNCENSORED ORGY SEXLINE!
1-900-W9E3T8-0217
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 18+

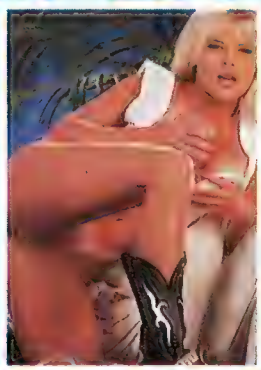
LIVE HORNY, KINKY GIRLS
WILL GET YOU OFF
1-800-605-O6R7G4Y9
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-4400
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+



VOTED WILDEST SEX LINE SPECIAL TREATMENT!
1-900-745-1194
$2.50 - $3.99 MUST BE 18+
ULTIMATE LIVE HARDCORE!
1-800-207-4688
ALL BILLING OPTIONS LIVE! 24 HRS.
CANADIAN CALLERS
1-900-870-1088 1-800-207-4688

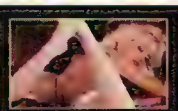
MY GIRLFRIEND'S GONE & I'M HORNY!
1-800-842-HUNK
BILLED TO V./MC./AMEX./DISC. CARDS
HOT MAN TO MAN ACTION!
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-4-GAY!
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

MY PUSSY'S DRIPPING WET!
1-800-365-WETT
SLIDE IT INTO MY HOT CUNT!
1-800-923-CUNT
UNCENSORED FANTASIES!
1-900-938-1155
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 800# MC./V.



ALL ANAL FETISH!
1-800-376-4ASS
STICKY, WET & NASTY!
1-800-WET-4PET
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! NO C.C. NEEDED
1-900-938-2300
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 800# MC./V.

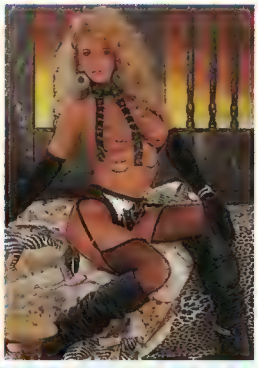
HOT + NASTY GIRLS!!!
1-800-HOT-GIRL



HORNY + WET!!!
1-800-HOT-SLUT

18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



SUBMIT TO MY PLEASURES

1-800-249-L5A2I4D3

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

LEATHER LOVERS TASTE THIS

1-900-993-2660

$2.50 - 4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

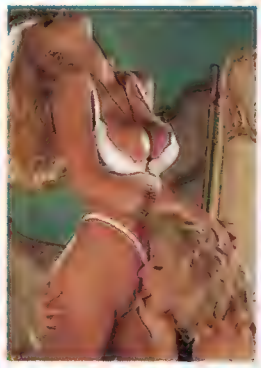
TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1-ON-1

1-800-939-1-0 6N 5-1

$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

1-900-666-P7I4N6K5

$1.98 PER MIN. 18+



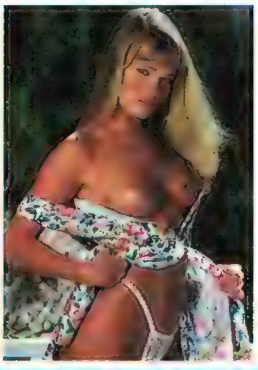
SELECT-A-SLUT

YOU GET IT YOUR WAY EVERY TIME

1-800-218-4V8I4P7

1-900-537-2030

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



DISCREET SEX SERVICE
CALL AS MUCH AS YOU WANT

1-800-511-2428

1-800-518-5425

ADULTS 18 & OVER

TOTAL ECSTASY

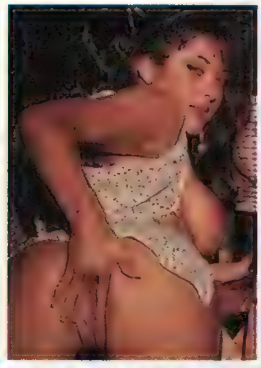
TOTALLY *FRESH:*

1-800-486-9768

TOTALLY HARDCORE:

1-954-927-9909

THE BEST IN THE NATION



I'D LIKE TO WHISPER IN YOUR EAR!

$1/MINUTE

1-800-274-9999

MC/V/AMEX. NO CALL BACKS

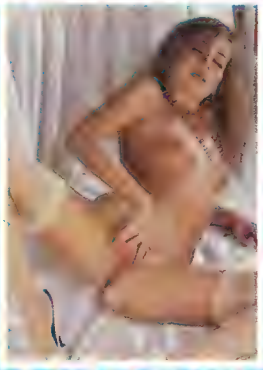
LIVE 24 HRS., 1 ON 1
ALWAYS WET, ALWAYS WILD

1-800-364-W9E3T8T8

YOU KNOW WHERE I LIKE IT

1-800-213-4A2S5S7

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

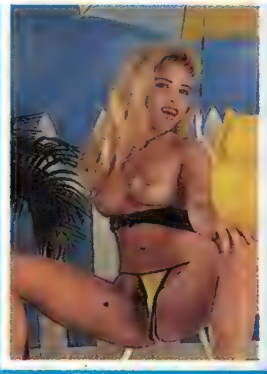


HOT & HORNY WOMAN WILL TURN YOU ON

1-800-294-2-T8O6-1

1-900-666-1199

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



CUM FEEL MY WET PUSSY!

ALWAYS LIVE! ALWAYS 1 ON 1!

1-800-214-1-T8O6-1

1-900-537-1818

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

1-800-BLOW-JOB

2 5 6 9 5 6 2

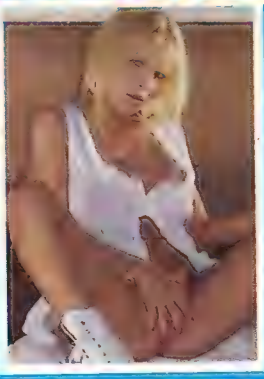
HOT & NASTY GIRLS

1-800-H4O6T8-G4I4R7L5

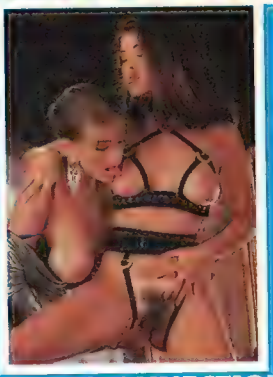
18+ V/MC
$2.50-$4.99
Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

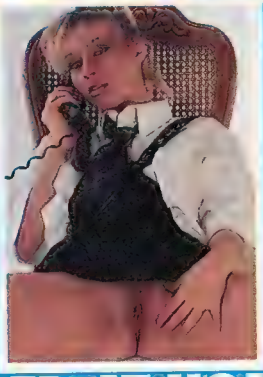
NEW
SEX CALL SAMPLES
1-800-488-0514
1-800-495-7710
1-800-501-7825
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



MASTURBATE WITH ME!
I'LL MAKE YOU CUM IN 30 SECONDS
1-800-251-1-T$_8$0$_6$-1
1-900-666-1177
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

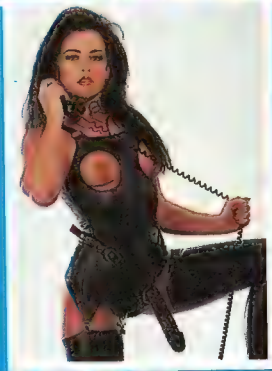


FETISH CONNECTION
1-800-294-F$_3$♥$_8$C$_2$K$_5$
CHEAP SEX! NO C.C. NEEDED!
011-592-279-997
CALL NOW! I'LL MAKE YOU CUM!
1-900-725-3437
900/976: FROM $1.99-$4.99/MIN. $20 INT'L I.D. APPLIES 18+

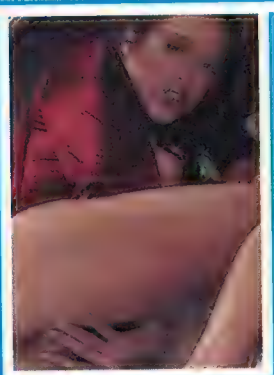


COED AT HOME
GENUINE
LIVE 1^{2}1 SEX
ALL CALLERS CONNECT—GUARANTEED
NO REFUSALS—NO BLOCKING—NO I.C.
011 683 6667
INTERNATIONAL I.D. RATES APPLY

KINKY LESBIAN SEX!
1-800-395-2on1
CUM BETWEEN OUR TITS!
1-800-678-TITS
UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L I.D. RATES APPLY
011-683-8071
1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. ID MC/VISA 18+



LET'S RAM EACH OTHER UP OUR ASS! CALL ME...
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED WITH
1-800-815-LISA (5472)
1-702-364-1616
CREDIT CARD USERS: 1-800-280-9388
$2.99 MIN. $4.99 MIN. MUST BE OVER 18
OTHER OPTIONS: 011-592-565-107
KINKY FETISHES. INT'L I.D. RATES APPLY
DIRECT CALLBACKS: 1-702-364-1745



HORNY HOUSEWIVES WAITING
FOR YOUR ROCK HARD PIECE
1-800-990-4S$_7$E$_3$X$_9$
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-674-2020
$2.98 PER MIN 18+

GET SOME BROWN SUGAR!
1-800-869-X$_9$T$_8$S$_7$Y$_9$
$2.50-4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
KINKY COEDS ON CALL
1-900-993-1800
$2.50-4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

FUCK US BOTH
1-800-926-20$_6$N$_6$1
DEEP THROAT COCKSUCKING
1-800-285-H$_4$E$_3$A$_2$D$_3$
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$ 4 T$_8$W$_9$O
1-900 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. ID MC/VISA 18+

Hump my Ass & Pussy
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-B$_2$U$_8$T$_8$T$_8$
1-800-H$_4$O$_6$T$_8$-T$_8$W$_9$A$_2$T$_8$

1-800-SPANK-ME
1-800-772-6563
18+ V/MC/AMEX $2.50-$4.99 Minute

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

HOT SEX SAMPLES

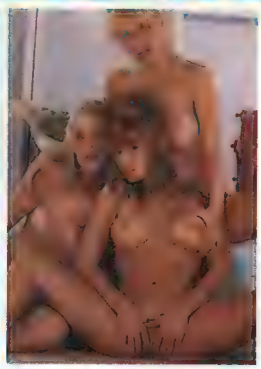
FIND OUT HOW - TRY IT NOW

1-800-488-0517

1-800-506-5425

1-800-508-8255

ADULTS 18 AND OVER ONLY



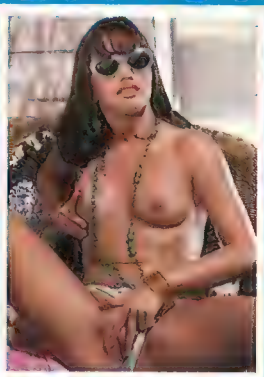
COLLEGE COEDS ARE WARM, WET + READY FOR YOU!

1-800-980-O$_6$R$_7$G$_4$Y$_9$

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-3555

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+



HOT! HORNY! SEXY!

DON'T MISS OUT!

1-800-319-B$_2$A$_2$B$_2$E$_3$

1-900-666-2244

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

ALWAYS 2 HORNY GIRLS WAITING!

1-800-395-2on1

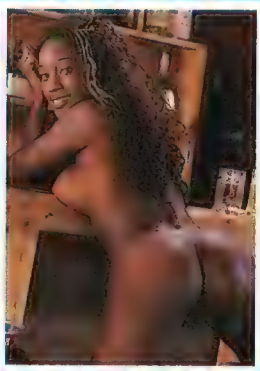
DO US DOGGIE STYLE!

1-800-937-BUTT

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. NO C.C. NEEDED!

1-900-938-1919

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE. 800# TO MC/V



1-800-DARK SKIN

1-800-327-5754

1-800-FUCK CATHY

1-800-382-5228

011-592-579-978

$4.99/MIN. 011# INT'L RATES APPLY. 18+

••ULTRA CHEAP ORGY••

011-592-59-L$_5$U$_8$S$_7$T$_8$*

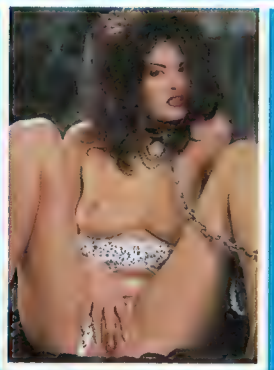
WE'RE READY, WILLING & SUCKABLE

1-900-725-2330

CUM TRY OUT EACH HOLE

1-800-520-F$_3$♥$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

800/900 FROM $1.99-3.99/MIN. 011 INT'L RATES APPLY. 18+



WET YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES WITH HARDCORE KINK!

1-800-224-R$_7$O$_6$X$_9$Y$_9$

1-900-666-1133

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

JOIN OUR KINKY 3SUM!

1-800-568-3SUM

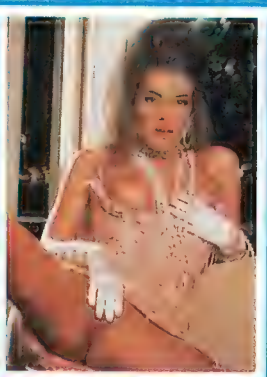
CROSSDRESSING FANTASIES!

1-800-577-TSTV

UNCENSORED FANTASIES! INT'L. ID. RATES APPLY

011-592-246-208

1-800 CALLS BILLED PER MIN. TO MC/VISA. 18+



STICK IT IN MY WET PUSSY!

1-800-766-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$

I WANT TO SUCK YOUR COCK!

1-800-879-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED!

1-900-W$_9$E$_3$T$_8$T$_8$-10$_6$N$_6$1

$4.95 PER MIN. OVER 18 ONLY

1-818-609-9141

CREDIT CARDS/CHECKS 18+

$1 XXX LIVE!

HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!

1-818-758-9769

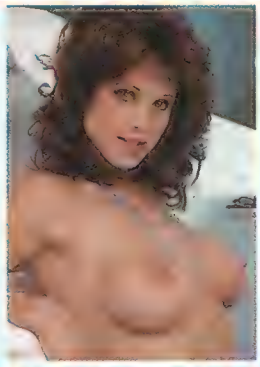
ONLY $1/MIN. 18+

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

3-GIRL ORGY FEST!
1-800-316-L5I4V8E3
UNCENSORED NASTY 1 ON 1!
011-592-279-270

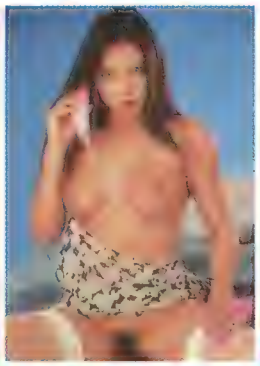
ANYTHING GOES! LIVE SEX !
1-900-725-3437
800/900 FROM $1.99 - 5.99/MIN. OTI INT'L L.D. APPLIES 18+

LICK MY LOVE JUICES
011-592-599-535
011-592-588-754
011-592-247-751
INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

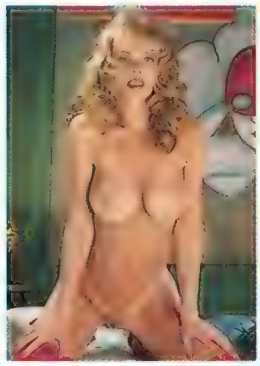


HOT FANTASY
INDULGE YOURSELF
1-800-268-8535
"HALF HOUR FLAT RATE"
V/MC/AMEX MUST BE OVER 18
INTERNATIONAL CALLERS 1(416)924-1852

I'LL GET YOU OFF IN MY ASS!
LIVE GAY PHONE SEX!
1-800-795-9996
$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-9996
$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

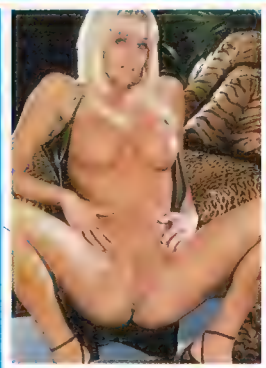


TRY ME, I'LL EXCITE YOU!
1-800-666-SEXY
(7399)
IT'S TOLL FREE
VISA/MC
OPEN 24 HOURS
MUST BE OVER 18

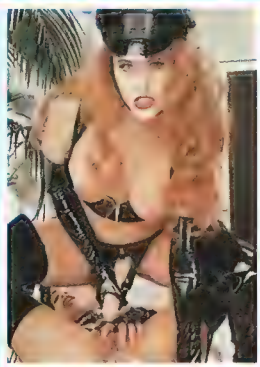


I LOVE IT ON TOP!
LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX
1-800-372-4V8I4P7
1-900-666-3311
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

FRESHER, PINKER PUSSY
1-800-905-P7U8S7S7Y
$2.50 4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE
CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME
FOR JUICY FOREIGN BABES
011-237-750-011
INT'L L.D. APPLIES 18+ ONLY



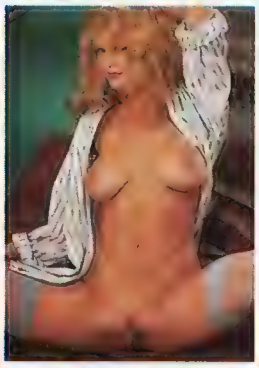
FIRST TIME OFFERED IN THE USA
ALL NEW! ALL LIVE! INTERNATIONAL
HOT ENGLISH GIRLS
011-44-171-814-1326
DOMINANT BRITISH BITCHES
011-44-171-814-1327
CREDIT CARD CALLERS ONLY!



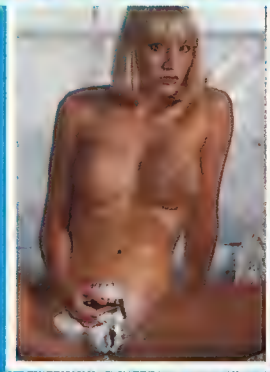
KINKY 2 GIRL PARTY LINE!
1-800-254-KINK
LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING SESSIONS!
1-800-955-WHIP
BILLED PER MINUTE TO MC/VISA 18 OR OLDER
1-900-WE TAME U
$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1750 SCREAMERS 1-800-717-1150
BIG ONES ONLY 1-800-724-2280 BEST PHONE SEX ACTION 1-800-449-1003
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN



I'LL MAKE YOU CUM & CUM
1-900-725-0160
LIVE 1 ON 1 SEX TALK
1-800-425-2C$_2$U$_8$M$_6$
TALK DIRTY FOR CHEAP
011-592-599-023
800#'S FROM $1.99 - $.99/MIN. DTI INT'L LD. APPLIES 18+

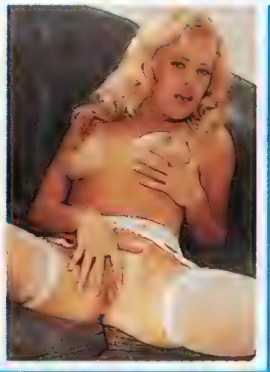


☎ 69¢ SEX... TOO F*CKIN' NASTY FOR THE US! 69¢ ☎

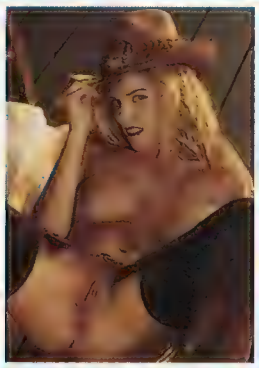
DIRTY ANAL BABES	011-592-587-388
YOUNG WICKED CUNTS	011-592-587-488
WET SWOLLEN PUSSY!	011-592-571-050
TENDER & SHAVED	011-592-571-051
HARDCORE 2 GIRL ORGY!	312-422-O$_2$R$_8$G$_7$Y$_9$
SELECT-A-SLUT	312-263-S$_7$L$_5$U$_8$T$_8$
FANTASTIC FUCK-A-THON!	312-263-F$_3$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$

LICK MY DRIPPING WET C♥NT
1-800-WET-C♥NT
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET-C♥NT
LIVE OBEDIENCE TRAINING
1-900-WE-TRAIN-U
800#'S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX
900#'S $4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 18+

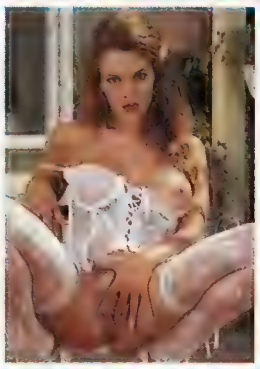
CALL US NOW WE WILL MAKE YOU CUM
1-800-230-4S E X$_9$
$1.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-1122
$1.98 PER MIN. 18+



$1.^{99}/MINUTE! LIVE!
1-818-758-9769
ONLY $1./MINUTE 18+
HARDCORE DOMINATION FETISH!
1-818-609-9141
AS LOW AS $1.65/MINUTE/CC/CHECKS
BI COURIOUS? 1-800-509-W$_9$A$_2$C$_2$K$_5$



KINKY SEX OF ALL KINDS
BE READY TO CUM!
1-800-208-1-O$_6$N$_6$-1
1-900-674-1188
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+



THE ULTIMATE SEDUCTION!
HARDCORE UNSENSORED LIVE 1 ON 1
1-800-321-4V$_8$I$_4$P$_7$
1-900-666-2288
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

MY HOT CUNT IS WATING FOR YOUR TONGUE!
1-800-571-S$_7$U$_8$C$_2$K$_5$
1-900-674-1166
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

STRANGE & UNUSUAL
DIFFERENT DESIRES, FORBIDDEN DREAMS
1-800-396-4F$_3$U$_8$C$_2$
1-900-674-1020
$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+

PHONE SEX SAMPLES 1-800-588-1810
LESBIAN CONTACT 1-800-720-2230

HOT SEX SAMPLES 1-800-766-4489
HIDE'N SEEK 1-800-748-4420

ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN
INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS

DIRTIEST STUFF EVER
1-800-207-8105
1-800-720-2290
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

DO ME NOW
CALIFORNIA DREAM GIRLS
415-788-GIRL
4475
1-900-344-1112
$19.95/CALL

BAD GIRLS
1-800-600-0087
I GET NASTY
1-818-758-3888
VISA-MC-AMEX-DISC-CHECKS-PHONE

COME TASTE BOTH WORLDS!
1-800-945-BI-BI
1-800-756-BI-SEX
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+
WET, JUICY & DEEP!
1-800-568-NASTY
1-800-999-6666
CALLS AS LOW AS $1.99/MIN.
V/MC/AMEX/D MUST BE 18+

CALL US NOW!
WE WILL MAKE YOU COME!
1-800-WILD SEX
(1-800-945-3739)
$1.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-3700
$1.98/MIN. 18+

SAMPLE THESE
TRAMPS NOW CALL
1-800-997-4780
1-800-258-5231
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

HOT SAMPLES
1-800-588-2180
1-800-770-6230
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

WANNA GET LAID?
1-800-48-FUCK U'S'
38258
011-683-8074
800# $4.95/MIN. INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY 18+

CHICKS WITH DICKS
1-800-726-TSTV
(8788)
011-592-246-014
800# 4.95/MIN. INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY ON 011/18+

1-800-HOT-GIRLS
1-800-HOT-LIVE
1-800-HOT-LICK
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC $2.50-$4.99/min.

1-800-SPANK-ME
(1-800-772-6563)
1-800-SPANK-US
(1-800-772-6587)
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC $2.50-$4.99/MIN.

1-800-USA-FUCK
(872-3825)
1-800-XXX-ORGY
(999-6749)
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY V/MC/AMEX

SPECIAL SEX
FIRST TIME PHONE
1-800-815-6670
1-800-440-9150
ADULTS OVER 18

PHONE SEX SAMPLES
1-800-997-4740
1-800-871-1131
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

SHE-MALES
BIG BREASTS, BIG COCKS
1-800-361-3280
Donna's LIVE Phone-Sex
(Since 1982) 15 Min. call $9.95 MC/V/MO
No Gimmicks
203-931-7825

SIZZLING PHONESEX!
We're friendly, hot & so horny!
Only $14. 2 girls $25. Credit Cards
SUE or JENNY 415-441-7832
COLLEGE GIRLS
Live, Uncensored, & Enthusiastic - 24 /hr.
$1.99/min. CC/CHECKS BY PHONE/MO
614-263-2633
1-900-382-2633 3.99/Min

HOT WET HOLES 1-888-233-FUCK
FREE PHOTO to all new callers CHECKS-V/MC/AMEX/DISC

HYPERSEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

HornyShrink: I lift my mouth up off your cock, the head barely touching ... then swiftly take it all in again.

HotBlooded: My hips buck with the rhythm of your strokes....

HornyShrink: Sucking faster and harder, tasting your salty pre-come.

HotBlooded: Trembling uncontrollably as I convulse, filling you with my juices.

HornyShrink: I swallow it all, licking my lips to catch every drop.

HotBlooded: Incredible. I'm feeling better already.—*S. R., Montana*

FAST TRACK

One of my favorite cyber experiences was a virtual train ride. I met a man named Rick2929 in a chat room, and he invited me to ride the rails. We were seated across from each other on leather seats that moved to the rhythm of the train. I stared at him, then slowly parted my legs to show my lace panties. Rick moved next to me and slid an eager hand between my legs, pinching and squeezing my swelling clit. Then he sat me on his lap in the rocking car, pulled my panties aside, and slid his huge cock between my cunt lips. He grabbed my tits, pulling the nipples until I moaned with pleasure as I lowered myself onto his shaft. I clenched my pussy muscles around his cock as the train entered a long, dark tunnel, then began slamming up and down. "Give me that cream, baby!" I cried, as I felt his balls swelling with come. Our screams and moans reached a crescendo as the train burst out into the sunlight, and we collapsed, exhausted, on the leather seats.—*C. H., Illinois*

CREDITS

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SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

INTIMATE, DISCREET AND UNINHIBITED FOR DISCRIMINATING ADULTS

1-800-U-DUCK-ME
1-800-HOT-BUTT
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC $2.50-$4.99/MIN.

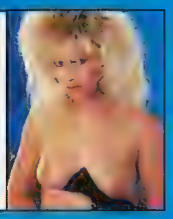
MISTRESS ELENA KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED! CALL NOW
415-282-7744
MUST BE 18+. MULTIPLE BILLING OPTIONS.

TRASH TALK COLLEGE GIRLS
LIVE, UNCENSORED & FUN!
1-216-226-7874
1-900-382-0001
1.99/MIN.-MAJOR CC/ELECTRONIC CHECKS
3.99/MIN.-PHONE 24 HRS-18+-C&R

KINKY OLDER WOMEN
1-800-781-5565
18+ $1.99-3.99/MIN

HOUSEWIVES AT HOME
1-818-597-2600
http://www.housewives.com

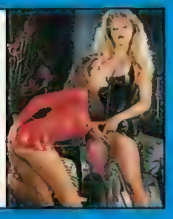
PHONE SEX PARTIES
1-800-741-4480
1-800-742-4450
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



TALK TO HORNY GIRLS
LIVE 1 ON 1!
1-800-325-4SEX
(1-800-325-4739)
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-1117
$2.98/MIN. 18+

CUM TASTE MY PUSSY
IT'S SWEET LIKE CANDY
1-800-FUCK CANDI
382-5226
1-800-SEXY ONE
739-9663

1-888-HOT-CLIMAX
Toll Free (468-2546)
1-888-FUCK-CLITS
Toll Free (382-5254)
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY V/MC/AMEX



HOT HORNY WOMEN
CALL FOR SAMPLES
1-800-210-8802
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

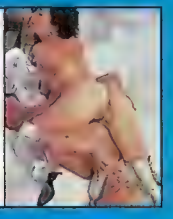
1-800 ASK 4 ASS
CROSS DRESSING FANTASIES
1-800-963-TSTV
1-800-458-KINK
1-800 WE FUCK U
BILLED TO MC OR V. 18+

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900 WET 4 HER

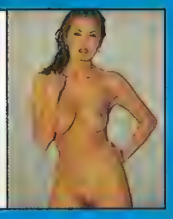
PICK YOUR PLEASURE
1-800-588-1840
1-800-731-3370
ADULTS OVER 18.

1-800-HOT-STUFF
1-800-HOT-DATE
1-800-HOT-SLUT
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC $2.50-$4.99/min.

1-800-HOT-BABES
(468-2223)
1-800-HOT-PUSSY
(468-7877)
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY V/MC/AMEX



WE DO IT YOUR WAY
HARDCORE, 1-ON-1 & ORGY
1-800-200-ORGY
(1-800-200-6749)
$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING 18+
1-900-666-4700
$2.98/MIN. 18+



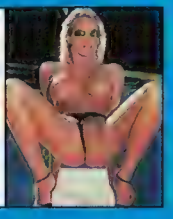
SAMPLE THEIR SEX
BY PHONE
1-809-563-0551
011-237-737-115
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY

Personal Erotic Consultants Answer Every Call!
1-800-496-7680

JOIN OUR KINKY ORGY
1-800-370-FUCK
3825
1-800-266-CUNT
2868
1-888-SEX-VIXE'N'
739 8493

GET DOMINATED!
1-800-I-SHAVE-U
474283 8
011-44-171-814-4959
800#-$4.95/MIN. - INT'L TOLL RATES APPLY 18+

1-800-HOT-TITS
1-800-HOT-TWAT
V/MC ADULTS OVER 18 $2.50-$4.99/MIN

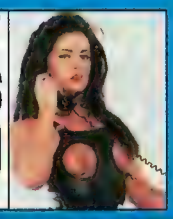


1-800 WET TITS
(1-800-938-8487)
FUCK MY
1-800-WET CUNT
1-800-EAT TWAT
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
1-900-WET CUNT
$4.95/MIN.BILLED TO PHONE. 800#'s BILLED TO V/MC.

PRIVATE SAMPLES
HOT, NAKED & WAITING
1-800-967-0112
1-800-811-9500
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

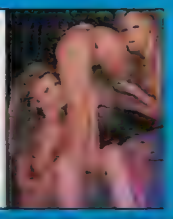
HOT SEXY SAMPLES
1-800-340-4990
1-800-373-3041
Adults over 18
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS NEEDED.

FIND OUT HOW
BEST SEX SAMPLES
1-800-997-4790
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.



1-800-HOT-4SEX
1-800-HOT-LADY
1-800-HOT-STUD
ADULTS OVER 18 V/MC $2.50-$4.99/MIN

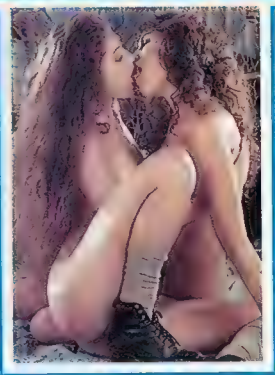
PUMP OUR WET PUSSIES!
1-800-OIL MY AS'S'
645 6927
1-800-361-FUCK
3825
1-800-BIG BUTT
244 2885



1-800-470-HUNK
1-800-587-1-ON-1
1-900-484-EDGE
1-900-484-LADY

QUICKIE
011-592-1849
1-664-410-1803
1-758-455-5404
011-239-3601

SAFE SEX-THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN

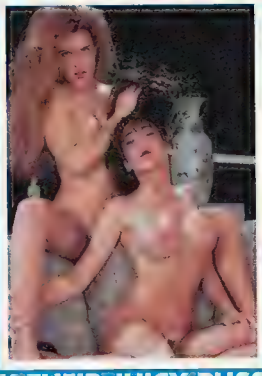


WET LESBIAN LIPS & YOU GET OFF FAST

1-800-672-2-T8O6-1

1-900-674-2255

$3.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS CHECKS BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+



LICK THEIR JUICY PUSSIES

1-800-240-L5I4V8E3

TOTALLY UNCENSORED • LIVE 1 ON 1

1-900-725-2650

LET THEM SUCK YOU DRY!!

011-592-247-500

800/900 FROM $1.99-5.99/MIN. DI INT'L D APPLIES 18+

HOW MANY GIRLS CAN YOU DO?

1-900-993-1576

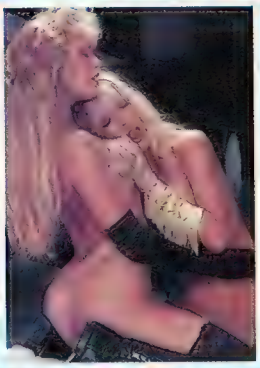
LIVE 1 ON 1 WET & HORNY

1-800-566-2C2U8M6

CUM TELL US HOW YOU WANT IT

011-592-247-634

800/900 FROM $1.99-2.99/MIN. DI INT'L D APPLIES 18+



ALWAYS TWO HOT CUNT EATING LESBIANS!

1-800-840-L5I4V8E3

$2.98 PER MIN. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS/ CHECK BY PHONE OR DIRECT BILLING. 18+

1-900-666-9090

$2.98 PER MIN. 18+

1-800-HOT-HOLE

1-800-468-4653

1-800-HARD-ROD

1-800-427-3763

1-800-CUM IN ME

1-800-286-4663

$4.99/MIN. ADULTS ONLY 18+

WE'LL USE & EXCUSE YOU!

1-800-300-4S7I4N6

$2.50-4.99 MIN. V/MC/AE

CANADIAN CALLERS WELCOME

GET 2 BONUS MINUTES FREE!

1-900-993-2116

$2.50-4.99 MIN. NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED 18+

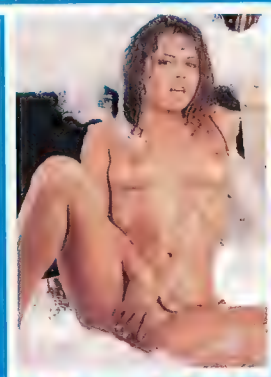
WE WANT YOUR MEAT

011-592-588-752

011-592-247-750

011-592-599-534

INT'L LONG DISTANCE RATES APPLY



WET CUM DRIPPING BLOW JOBS

1-800-879-W9E3T8T8

I WILL SUCK YOUR DICK

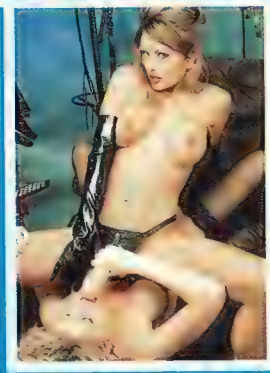
1-900-W9E3T8T8-O6R7A2L

F*CK MY WET HOLE!

1-900-W9E3T8T8-H4O6L5E

800#S BILLED/MIN. TO V/MC/AMEX

900#S 4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE 18+



FUCK MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOUTH

1-800-831-O6R7A2L5

2 HOT GIRLS TAKE YOU ON!

1-800-945-2 O6N6 1

NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED

1-900-WETT-2 ON 1

1-900-938-8266

$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE • 800#S BILLED TO C. CARDS

LIVE, 1 ON 1 AND ORGY 1-800-771-ORGY

$2.98/MIN. ALL MAJOR C.C. DIRECT BILLINGOR CHECK BY PHONE. 18+

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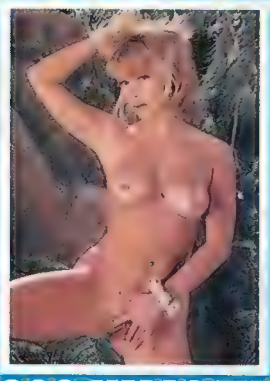

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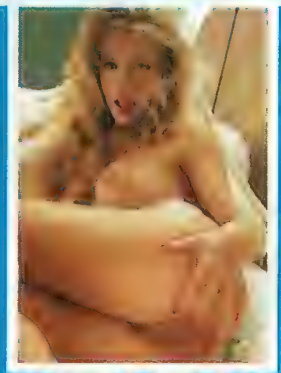

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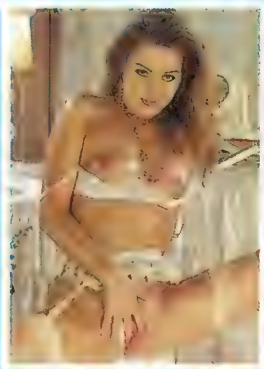

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CUM IN HER WETT ASS
1-800-766-W9E3T8T8
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
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$4.95/MIN. BILLED TO YOUR PHONE.800# TO MC./V.

I WANT YOU UP & IN
BETWEEN MY LEGS NOW!
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1-900-674-2211
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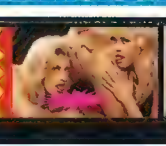

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COMING IN THE FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE

HARD FACTS

Back in June we reported on MuraZon, a new pill from Paris that promised to vastly increase a man's potency. In "Men's Health & Fitness" we return to the story for a follow-up report from some of that pill's first customers in the United States and elsewhere, as well as an exclusive interview with the scientist behind the discovery. Also in this section get ready to pick up lots more good stuff to help make you stronger, harder, smarter—and just plain better. For example, you'll learn about a common food supplement that boosts male fertility, an easy-to-make energy-boosting morning shake, and five pre-season golf training secrets guaranteed to save you a stroke each.

BLASTING THE F.B.I.

When Federal Bureau of Investigation chemist Frederic Whitehurst takes the stand in the trials of the accused Oklahoma City bombers he'll come armed with impressive credentials. A Ph.D. chemist who's been with the bureau's forensic lab for a decade, Whitehurst has earned glowing performance appraisals and an F.B.I. commendation for his work on the World Trade Center bombing. He's ideally suited to tighten the noose around the necks of accused bombers Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols. But Whitehurst is going to testify for the *defense*—and the government fears he will lay bare a festering scandal and soil the pristine image of the F.B.I., just as testimony in the O. J. Simpson case tarnished forever the Los Angeles Police Department and its crime labs. Ryan Ross and John Kelly profile this angry whistle-blower whom prosecutors have more than once chosen to ignore—to the detriment of their cases.

THE REAL LARRY FLYNT

According to those who know, Oliver Stone's new film, *The People vs. Larry Flynt,* bears about as much resemblance to the real story of the notorious *Hustler* magazine publisher as Stone's *JFK* did to the truth behind the Kennedy assassination. Attempting to capitalize on this Hollywood fantasy, and to rev up what *The New Yorker* calls "Flynt's reputation rehab," hustling Larry has also penned *An Unseemly Man,* a so-called autobiography, which promises to join O.J.'s *I Want to Tell You* and Dick Morris's forthcoming literary blat in publishing's all-time Hall of Shame. An inside source presents a very different picture of Flynt from the glorified First Amendment hero portrayed by Woody Harrelson in Stone's movie. In this case we guarantee that truth is truly stranger than fiction.

A RING RUNS THROUGH IT

From practically the day that they are born, men are taught that one biological imperative outranks all others: Cherish your penis and keep it out of harm's way. So when Gavin Edwards told male friends that he was considering enhancing his genitalia with a piercing, most of his buddies reacted in a decidedly discouraging fashion. They tried to dissuade him with speeches that included words like "insane," "gangrene," and "rusty spike through your flapmeat." But Edwards was not deterred, and next month he graphically takes readers through the procedure and his adjustment afterward. "Having a ring through your kielbasa presents etiquette questions that Emily Post never imagined," he says. You'll find out what they are when you read February's "Penis Page."

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